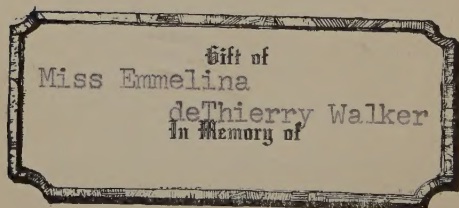


A.C. Turnley
Kewswick
1902

Lent -



There is life for a cork 498

What a precious 264

HYMNS

OF

Consecration and Faith

FOR USE AT

GENERAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCES,
MEETINGS FOR THE DEEPENING OF THE
SPIRITUAL LIFE,
AND
CONSECRATION MEETINGS.

FIRST EDITION COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION
COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
Mrs. EVAN HOPKINS.

London:
MARSHALL BROTHERS, KESWICK HOUSE,
10, PATERNOSTER ROW.



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1902

HYMNS

Consecration and Faith

GENERAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE

MEETINGS FOR THE DEFEATING OF THE

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY

WILSON'S MUSIC AND GENERAL PRINTING COMPANY LIMITED,

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CONSECRATION MEETINGS

Rev. J. M. MOUNTAIN

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

Mrs. EVAN HOPKINS

London:

W. & A. G. BROTHERS, 10, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4.

PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

THE task of a Compiler, though one of privilege and pleasure, is a task beset with ever-increasing difficulties; and in sending out this new and enlarged edition of HYMNS OF CONSECRATION AND FAITH praise must be rendered, first of all, to Him Who so graciously inclined the hearts of His people to give generous and valuable help in a work at once delicate and difficult.

Heartly thanks are due, not only to those whose permission to use beautiful Hymns and Tunes has enriched our volume, but also to those who, by prayer, sympathy, suggestions, or information, helped on the cause. It was not possible to meet the views and wishes of everyone who wrote; nor did the space at our command and the special objects of the book admit of our using all that was valuable amongst the material generously offered; but all was gratefully considered. On the other hand, the omission of a few much-desired favourites is due to the fact that they were practically unobtainable.

Early reference must be made to the varied but unfailing kindness of Eugene Stock, Esq., who not only granted ready permission to include valuable Hymns and Tunes, the property of the "Church Missionary Hymn Book," including several by the late gifted Miss S. G. Stock, but also obtained permission for the use of others from the same source. Our Missionary Section owes a heavy debt to Mr. Stock and his co-workers in the "Church Missionary Society Hymnal." To E. J. Bellerby, Esq., Mus.Doc.; A. J. Foxwell, Esq.; C. H. Forrest, Esq.; Harold Green, Esq.; and Miss Phyllis Skene, especial thanks are due for abundant help in contributing to the musical part of the collection, many of the Tunes being written expressly for this work. To Dr. Bellerby we are further indebted for a careful revision of the music; a work undertaken freely for Christ's sake, and all the more generous because, in certain cases, his critical taste and knowledge came into conflict with Tunes which are inserted here for other reasons than artistic. It is only fair to state plainly that Dr. Bellerby is in no way accountable for the choice of the Tunes.

To Canon Aitken; R. L. Allan, Esq.; Miss Bradshaw; Lady Carbery; H. Hankinson, Esq.; H. J. E. Holmes, Esq.; H. E. Govan, Esq.; Rev. W. J. Mayers; Rev. F. B. Meyer; G. E. Morgan, Esq.; H. W. Pewtress, Esq.; Rev. J. Stephens; G. Wilson, Esq.; Dr. C. Vincent, and others, we are indebted for useful hints and help, as well as for other favours; whilst prominent mention must be made of Messrs. Clowes & Sons, who, on behalf of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," kindly granted the use of Nos. 122, 143, 174, 251, 310, 347, 379, 403, 503, 543, and 554, on generous terms. On behalf of "The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer," Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited, kindly granted the use of Hymns 20 and 26 by the Right Rev. Bishop Bickersteth, and with his consent. For Hymn 422 we are indebted to the same sources. To the kindness of Victoria, Lady Carbery, we owe—in addition to her own contributions—valuable Tunes from "The Book of Praise"; and to Messrs Morgan & Scott we gladly acknowledge our indebtedness for the use of copyrights from their well-known books "Sacred Songs and Solos," and "The Christian Choir"; the inclusion of No. 538 being a special favour, granted at the request of many. To the same firm we are indebted for the use of two Hymns by the late Miss E. G. Cherry (Nos. 125 and 437), with the Tunes written for them by the Rev. J. Mountain; and for Hymn 574.

By an arrangement with the Musical Board of the Salvation Army, several of their choicest melodies are here reproduced; whilst to "Hymns of the Gospel" (Messrs. Marshall Bros.), "Songs of Victory" (R. L. Allan, Esq.), "Hymns of Heart and Life," "The Parochial Mission Book," and "Mission Hymns" (Messrs. John F. Shaw & Co.), we are also laid under obligation; and to "Music and the Higher Life" (Messrs. Reid Bros.) for No. 529.

Through Arthur Mercer, Esq., conspicuous kindness has been shown by the "South African General Mission" in allowing the use of so many of the Leaflets of the Mission.

We could gladly give more detailed acknowledgment with regard to many other helpers, whose Hymns and Tunes, *under their own names*, enrich our collection, and to whom we tender thanks equally hearty and sincere, *e.g.*—

PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

To Archbishop Alexander, for the Hymns of the late Mrs Alexander; Mrs. M. B. Alexander, for No. 428; Mrs. Freda Hanbury Allen; A. C. Ainger, Esq.; J. Adcock, Esq.; H. Baker, Esq.; Rev. Norman Bennet; Miss Lucy A. Bennett; W. S. Bambridge, Esq., Mus. Doc., for No. 200; Miss C. S. Beatson; R. H. Boys, Esq.; Rev. W. St. Hill-Bourne; Rev. W. Boyd; Mrs. Bevan; Mrs. Blow; Peter Bilhorn, Esq.; Josiah Booth, Esq.; G. F. Cobb, Esq.; Messrs. The John Church Co.; Messrs. Castell Bros., for the use of Hymns 123, 147, and 207; Mrs. Cousin; Rev. G. Cousin; K. L. Clemens, Esq.; F. G. Cawston, Esq.; P. G. Cole, Esq.; Rev. Reg. F. Dale, Mus. Bac., for No. 501; Rev. W. R. Deck; Miss G. A. Davies; Rev. F. G. Ellerton, for Hymns by the late Rev. J. Ellerton; the representatives of the late Miss E. S. Elliott; E. O. Excell, Esq.; Rev. Preb. H. E. Fox; Mrs. Fox, for the Hymns by late Rev. C. A. Fox; Miss Bertha Fennell; S. Trevor Francis, Esq.; Dr. W. B. Gilbert, for Nos. 94 and 141; John E. Gaul, Esq.; Miss May Grimes; H. Green, Esq.; Rev. G. Grubb; Rev. J. Temperley-Grey; the late T. H. Gill, Esq.; Horace E. Govan, Esq., for several Hymns from "In His Presence," by the late W. J. Govan, Esq.; Dr. H. Guinness, for No. 405; Miss Groome; H. J. E. Holmes, Esq.; Rev. A. Havergal-Shaw, for additional Hymns and Tunes by the late Canon Havergal and Miss Havergal; F. D. How, Esq., for Hymns by the late Bishop Walsham How; Miss V. Hemsley; W. Crofton Hemmons, Esq., for Nos. 58, 269, and 358, from the "Bristol Tune Book"; Rev. E. Husband; R. W. Hayne, Esq., for the use of Nos. 215, 232, 311, and 418, by the late Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.; Rev. J. Holroyde; Rev. J. Stuart Holden; Rev. J. P. Hobson, M.A.; Walter Hateley, Esq.; and Mr. S. V. Hayes; the Rev. Father Ignatius, for Nos. 7 and 475, from the "Llanthony Abbey Hymns"; W. H. Jude, Esq., for 529; W. J. Kirkpatrick, Esq.; Dudley Kidd, Esq., M.D.; D. Kingham, Esq.; the S.P.C.K., for Hymns 224 and 334; Rev. Canon Lyon; W. Luff, Esq.; Rev. G. Matheson, D.D.; Miss M. Millington; Mrs. Maxwell; Mrs. Monsell, for Hymns by the late Rev. D. Monsell; the Right Rev. Bishop Moule; Mrs. Moule; Archbishop Maclagan; Herbert Matson, Esq., for Hymns by the late Rev. W. T. Matson; Dr. James G. Mackay; the late J. W. MacGill, Esq. (since passed away); J. H. Maunder, Esq.; Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., Ltd., for permission to retain in the collection "Lux Eoi" (No. 339), by the late Sir A. Sullivan; Messrs. Nisbet & Co., for additional Hymns by the late Dr. Bonar, and for No. 215; Miss Jacob, for Hymn No. 379, by the late Miss C. M. Noel; Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, Mus. Doc., for Nos. 307 and 549; A. Page, Esq.; Dr. A. L. Peace; F. Pincott, Esq.; Miss B. Porter; Miss A. M. Potter; Major Poole, for Nos. 327 and 561, by the late Mrs. Eva Travers Poole; the representatives of the late Rev. W. Pennefather; Dr. Rankin; Mrs. Gibbs (Ada Rose); Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard; Rev. C. C. Scholefield, for No. 545; S. Smith, Esq.; C. Butler-Stoney, Esq.; M. W. Stubbs, Esq.; Mrs. L. Shorey; Miss Clara Stainstreet; Mrs. H. M. Sturges; Miss M. L. Stocks; Rev. A. B. Simpson; Mrs. W. B. Simpson; Miss J. S. Stuart; Miss Stone, for Hymn 16, by the late Rev. J. S. Stone; Rev. Preb. Godfrey Thring, for Hymns 307 and 433; Miss Emmeline G. Thistleton, and Miss May Chevenix-Trench; Miss A. L. Waring; Miss M. Whiting; Miss Whiddington; Mrs. Watson; Rev. H. G. Warren; Mrs. M. Wood; J. M. Wigner, Esq.; W. Spencer Walton, Esq.; the sons of the late Bishop C. Wordsworth, for Hymn 340; Mrs. Valch, for Tune 47, by the late J. Walch, Esq.; Rev. F. G. Wesley, for No. 77, by the late Dr. Wesley; Mr. W. Walker; and to others.

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THE COMPILERS.

NOTE.—Warmest thanks are due to Miss LUCY A. BENNETT for the many Hymns she has contributed to this Collection, and also for the kind and indefatigable assistance she has rendered in preparing this Edition for the press.

THE EDITOR.

HYMNS OF Consecration and Faith.

PART I.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

No. 1. Come in, O Come!

RIGHT REV. DR. MOULE.
Bishop of Durham.

MORECAMBE. 10. 10. 10. 10.

ATKINSON

1. Come in, O come! the door stands o - pen now; I knew Thy
2. A - las, ill - or - der'd shews the drea - ry room; The house-hold -
3. Yet wel - come, and to - night; this dole - ful scene Is e'en it -

1. voice; Lord Je - sus, it was Thou; The sun has set long
2. - stuff lies heap'd a - midst the gloom, The ta - ble emp - ty
3. - self my cause to hail Thee in; This dark con - fu - sion

1. since; the storms be - gin; 'Tis time for Thee, my Sa - viour, O come in!
2. stands, the couch un - dress'd; Ah, what a wel - come for th'E - ter - nal Guest!
3. e'en at once de - mands Thine own bright pres - ence, Lord, and or - d'ring hands.

4. I seek no more to alter things, or mend,
Before the coming of so great a Friend;
All were at best unseemly; and 'twere ill
Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still.

5. Come, not to find, but make this troubled heart
A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art;
To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin:
Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in!

No. 2.

Whiter than Snow.

J. NICHOLSON.

II. II. II. II. with Refrain.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole, I want Thee for
 2. Lord Je - sus, let no - thing un - ho - ly re - main, Ap - ply Thine own
 3. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to

1. ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
 2. blood and ex - tract ev - 'ry stain; To get this blest cleans - ing I
 3. make a com - plete sa - cri - fice; I give up my - self and what -

1. out ev - 'ry foe— Now wash me, and I shall be whi - ter than snow.
 2. all things fore - go— Now wash me, and I shall be whi - ter than snow.
 3. -ev - er I know— Now wash me, and I shall be whi - ter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow, Now wash me, and I shall be whi - ter than snow.

4. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
 By faith for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
5. Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought Thee Thou never saidst No!
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 3.

The Quiet Hour.

E. MAY GRIMES.

(S. A. G. M. Leaflets, by permission.)

6.5.6.5.

H. GREEN.

Slow.

1. Speak, Lord, in the still - ness, While I wait on Thee;
 2. Speak, O bless - ed Mas - ter, In this qui - et hour;
 3. For the words Thou speak - est, "They are life" in - deed;

1. Hush'd my heart to list - en - In ex - pec - tan - cy.
 2. Let me see Thy face, Lord, Feel Thy touch of power.
 3. Liv - ing bread from Hea - ven, Now my spi - rit feed!

4. All to Thee is yielded,
 I am not my own;
 Blissful, glad surrender—
 I am Thine alone!
5. Speak, Thy servant heareth!
 Be not silent, Lord;
 Waits my soul upon Thee
 For the quickening word!

6. Fill me with the knowledge
 Of Thy glorious will;
 All Thine own good pleasure
 In Thy child fulfil.
7. Like "a watered garden,"
 Full of fragrance rare,
 Lingering in Thy presence,
 Let my life appear.

No. 4.

Be Thou Supreme.

REV. J. TEMPERLEY GREY.

REDCLIFFE, C.M.

P. SKENE.

1. Be Thou su-preme, O Je - sus Christ, Nor creed, nor form, nor word,.....
 2. Be Thou su-preme, O Je - sus Christ, Thy love has con-quer'd me;.....
 3. Be Thou su-preme, O Je - sus Christ, My in-most be-ing fill;.....

1. Nor ho - ly church, nor hu - man love, Com-pare with Thee, my Lord.
 2. Be - neath Thy cross I die to self, And live a - lone to Thee.
 3. So shall I think as Thou dost think, And will as Thou dost will.

4. Be Thou supreme, O Jesus Christ,
 Thy life transfigure mine;
 And through this veil of mortal flesh,
 Lord, let Thy splendours shine.

5. Be Thou supreme, O Jesus Christ,
 My soul exults in Thee;
 To be Thy slave, to do Thy will,
 Is my felicity.

I.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

No. 5.

Is this All?

(By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.)

DR. H. BONAR.
Plaintive.

10.4. 10.4. 10.4.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Some-times I catch sweet glimpses of His face, But that is all;
2. And is this all He meant when thus He spoke, "Come un - to Me!"
3. Oh, come and see! oh, look and look a - gain! All shall be right;

1. Some-times He speaks a passing word of peace, But that is all; Some-
2. Is there no deep - er, more en - dur - ing rest, In Him for thee? Is
3. Come, taste His love, and see that it is good, Thou child of night! Oh,

1. times I think I hear His lov - ing voice Up - on me call, Up - on me call.
2. there no stea - dier light for thee in Him? Oh, come and see, Oh, come and see!
3. trust thou, trust thou in His grace and pow'r, Then all is bright, Then all is bright!

4. Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy
But love His love; [thoughts,
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove: [all!
Take Him for what He is, oh, take Him
And look above.
5. Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage
And steadfast peace; [doubts
Thy love shall rest on His, thy weary
For ever cease; [grace
Thy heart shall find in Him and in His
Its rest and bliss!

No. 6.

Love of Jesus, all Divine.

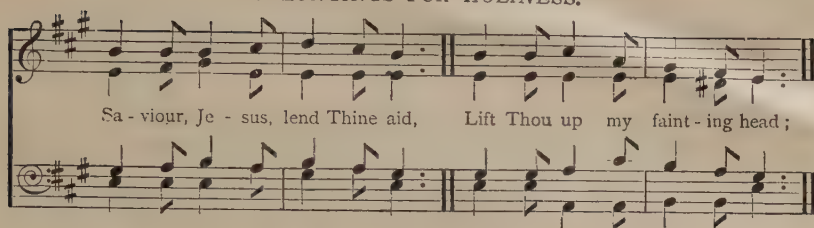
BOTTOMME.

7.7.7.7. D.

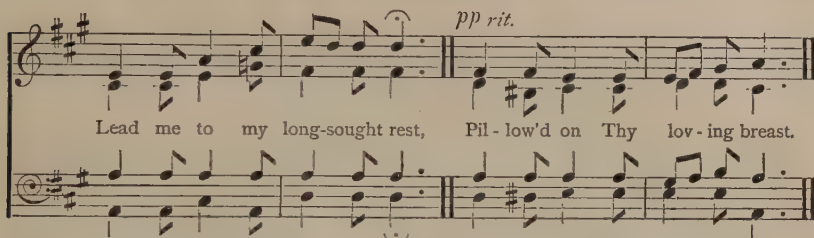
Old Melody.

1. { Love of Je - sus, all di - vine, Fill this long - ing heart of mine, }
{ Ceaseless strug - gling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the end - less strife. }

I.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.



Sa - viour, Je - sus, lend Thine aid, Lift Thou up my faint - ing head ;



Lead me to my long-sought rest, Pil - low'd on Thy lov - ing breast.

2. Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me ;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place.
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour ;
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3. Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy ;
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

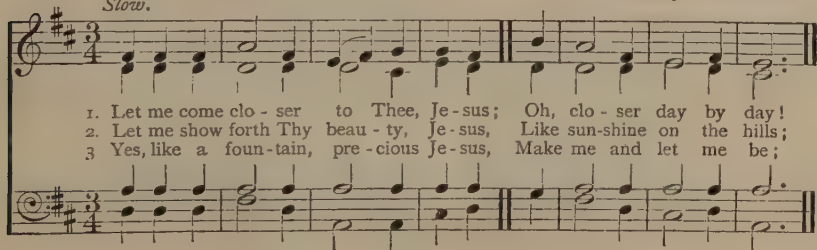
No. 7. Let me come Closer to Thee, Jesus.

9.6.9.6.

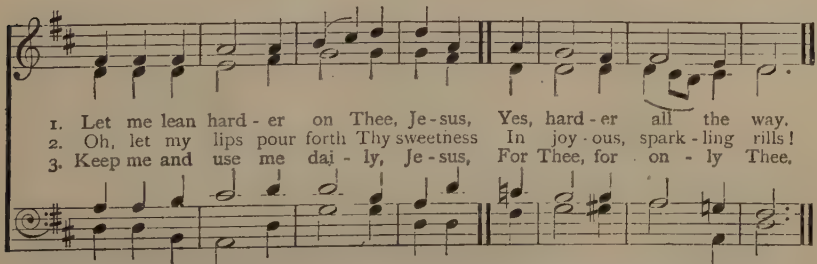
From "Llanthony Abbey Hymns," by per.

CANON J. H. LESTER.

Slow.



1. Let me come clo - ser to Thee, Je - sus ; Oh, clo - ser day by day !
2. Let me show forth Thy beau - ty, Je - sus, Like sun - shine on the hills ;
3. Yes, like a foun - tain, pre - cious Je - sus, Make me and let me be ;



1. Let me lean hard - er on Thee, Je - sus, Yes, hard - er all the way.
2. Oh, let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness In joy - ous, spark - ling rills !
3. Keep me and use me dai - ly, Je - sus, For Thee, for on - ly Thee,

4. In all my heart and will, O Jesus,
Be altogether King !
Make me a loyal subject, Jesus,
To Thee in everything.

5. Thirsting and hungering for Thee, Jesus,
With blessed hunger here,
Longing for home on Zion's mountain—
No thirst, no hunger there.

No. 8. Low at Thy Pierced Feet.

REV. JAMES STEPHENS.

6.4.6.4.6.4.4.

J. S. MITCHELL.

Swly.

1. Low at Thy pier - ced feet, Sa - vour of all, Help - less and
 2. Sin - ful my life hath been, Un - clean, un - clean; All my in -
 3. By all Thy grief and pain, For - give me now; Be - fore Thy

Earnestly.

1. sor - row - ful Pros - trate I fall. O cast me - not a - way,
 2. - i - qui - ty Thine eye hath seen; Cleanse Thou my soul to - day,
 3. cross in shame Low - ly I bow. Lord, let that blood of Thine

dim.

1. For - give my sin this day, For - give my sin, All, all my sin.
 2. Wash all my sins a - way In Thine own blood, In Thine own blood,
 3. Wash now this soul of mine: Wash Thou my soul, Wash Thou my soul.

4. Thou didst for me endure
 Dread Calvary;
 Sin's punishment and shame
 All, all for me.
 On Thee my guilt was laid,
 By Thee my debt was paid,
 To set me free,
 To set me free.

5. Lord, I accept Thee now,
 Accept Thou me;
 I have delayed too long,
 And grieved Thee.
 By all Thy love to me,
 I give myself to Thee;
 Make me Thine own,
 All, all Thine own.

No. 9.

No, not Despairingly.

1.
 No, not despairingly,
 Come I to Thee;
 No, not distrustingly,
 Bend I the knee.
 Sin hath gone over me,
 Yet is this still my plea,
 Jesus hath died,
 Jesus hath died.

2.
 Ah, mine iniquity
 Crimson hath been;
 Infinite, infinite,
 Sin upon sin;
 Sin of not loving Thee,

Sin of not trusting Thee—
 Infinite sin,
 Infinite sin.

3.
 Lord, I confess to Thee
 Sadly my sin;
 All I am tell I Thee,
 All I have been.
 Purge Thou my sin away,
 Wash Thou my soul this day;
 Lord, make me clean,
 Lord, make me clean.

4.
 Faithful and just art Thou,
 Forgiving all;

Loving and kind art Thou,
 When sinners call:
 Lord, let the cleansing blood,
 Blood of the Lamb of God,
 Pass o'er my soul,
 Pass o'er my soul.

5.
 Then all is peace and light
 This soul within;
 Thus shall I walk with Thee,
 The loved Unseen—
 Leaning on Thee, my God,
 Guided along the road,
 Nothing between,
 Nothing between.

Dr. H. Bonar.

No. 10. To Thee my Spirit turns.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

7.6.7.6.

J. H. KNECHT.

Plaintive.

1. To Thee, O bless-ed Sa-viour, My spi-rit turns for rest;
2. In Thee my trust a-bid-eth, On Thee my hope re-lies,

1. My peace is in Thy fa-vour, My pil-low on Thy breast,
2. O Thou whose love pro-vid-eth For all be-neath the skies.

3. My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart.

4. My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness divine;
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life to Thine.

5. Give me a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

6. Oh for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!

No. 11. I Hunger and I Thirst.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

6.6.6.6.

Austrian Melody.

Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.

1. I hun-ger and I thirst; Je-su, my man-na be; Ye
2. Thou bruised and bro-ken Bread, My life-long wants sup-ply; As

1. liv-ing wa-ters, burst Out of the rock for me,.....
2. liv-ing souls are fed, O feed me, or I die,.....

3. Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4. For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

No. 12. My Sins, my Sins, my Saviour!

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

GOLDEN CITY. 7.6.7.6. D.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. My sins, my sins, my Sa - viour! They take such hold on me,
 2. My sins, my sins, my Sa - viour! How sad on Thee they fall!
 3. My sins, my sins, my Sa - viour! Their guilt I nev - er knew,

1. I can - not dare look up - ward, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee.
 2. Seen through Thy gen - tle pa - tience I ten - fold feel them all.
 3. Till with Thee in the des - ert I near Thy pas - sion drew.

1. In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace;
 2. I know they are for - giv - en; But still their pain to me
 3. There - fore my songs, my Sa - viour, E'en in this time of woe,

1. My sha - dow and my sun - shine, The bright - ness of Thy face.
 2. Is all the grief and an - guish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
 3. Shall tell of all Thy good - ness To suff - 'ring man be - low.

No. 13. Hark, my Soul, it is the Lord.

W. COWPER.
Grave.

7-7-7-7.

R. REDHEAD.

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord: 'Tis thy Sa-viour, hear His word;
2. I de-liv-ered thee when bound, And when bleed-ing, healed thy wound;

1. Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee—"Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou Me?"
2. Sought thee wan-d'ring, set thee right; Turn'd thy dark-ness in - to light.

3. "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes! she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4. "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My reign shalt be;—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore:
O for grace to love Thee more.

No. 14. For ever here my Rest shall be.

C. WESLEY.

MIZPAH. C.M.

dim.

C.

1. For ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy-ing Sa-viour, and my God, Foun-tain for guilt and sin,

1. This all my hope and all my plea— For me the Sa-viour died!
2. Sprin-kle me ev-er with Thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart,

4. Th'atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love,

No. 15. Thou Hidden Love of God.

TERSTEEGEN.

ST. CATHERINE. 8.8.8.8.8.

J. G. WALTON.

1. Thou hid-den Love of God, whose height, Whose depth un-fath-om'd, no man knows,
 2. Thy se-cret voice in-vites me still, The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
 3. 'Tis mer-cy all—that Thou hast brought My mind to seek her peace in Thee;

1. I see from far Thy beau-teous light; In-ly I sigh for Thy re-pose;
 2. And fain I would; but though my will Seems fix'd, yet wide my pas-sions rove;
 3. Yet while I seek, but find Thee not, No peace my wand'ring soul shall see;

1. My heart is pain'd, nor can it be At rest, till it find rest in Thee.
 2. Yet hin-dran-ces strew all the way; I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.
 3. Oh, when shall all my wand'rings end, And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

4. Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with Thee my heart to share?
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there:
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in Thee.

5. Oh, hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me, may live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling sin survive;
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

6. O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there;
 Make me Thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

7. Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 "I am Thy Love, Thy God, Thy all";
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

No. 16. Weary of Earth, and Laden.

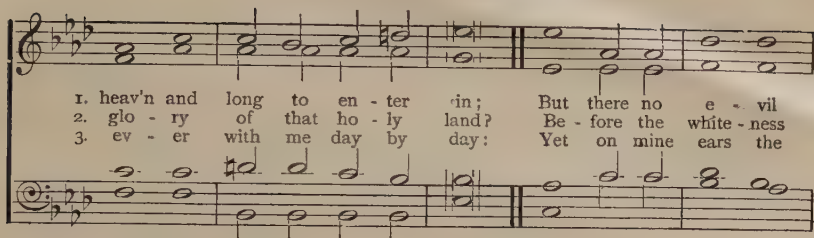
S. J. STONE.

ELLERS. 10.10.10.10.

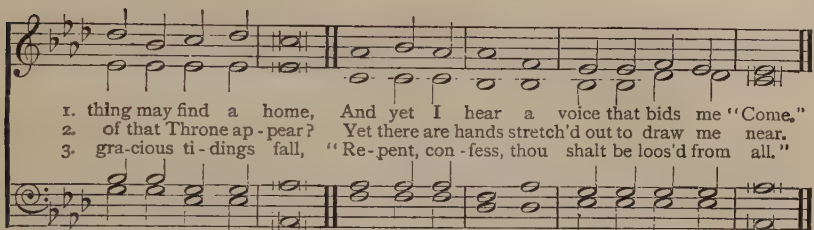
DR. E. J. HOPKINS.
 From "Book of Praise," by per.

1. Wea-ry of earth, and la-den with my sin, I look at
 2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure
 3. The while I fain would tread the heav'n-ly way, E-vil is

I.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.



1. heav'n and long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil
 2. glo - ry of that ho - ly land? Be - fore the white - ness
 3. ev - er with me day by day: Yet on mine ears the



1. thing may find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
 2. of that Throne ap - pear? Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
 3. gra - cious ti - dings fall, "Re - pent, con - fess, thou shalt be loos'd from all."

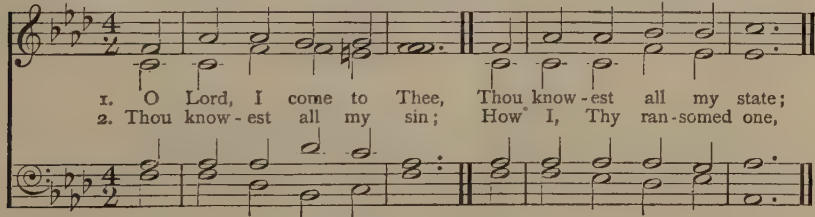
4. It is the voice of Jesus that I hear; [near,
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me
 And His the blood that can for all atone,
 And set me faultless there before the Throne.
5. 'Twas He who found me on the deathly
 wild,
 And made me heir of heaven, the Father's
 child,
 And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
 Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
6. Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous
 Lord;
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the
 golden crown; [down,
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid
7. Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
 Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
 Like ointment sweet, let my devotion prove,
 Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love!

No. 17. O Lord, 3 Come to Thee!

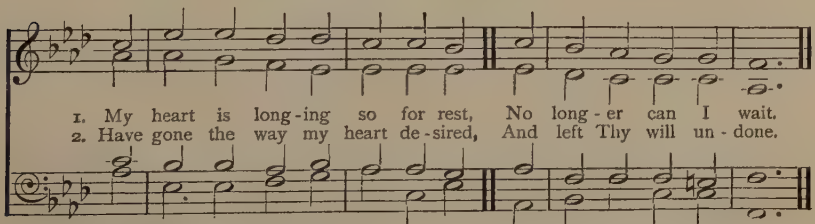
ANNIE W. MARSTON.

SOUTHWELL. S.M.

DENHAM'S Psalter.



1. O Lord, I come to Thee, Thou know - est all my state;
 2. Thou know - est all my sin; How I, Thy ran - somed one,



1. My heart is long - ing so for rest, No long - er can I wait.
 2. Have gone the way my heart de - sired, And left Thy will un - done.

3. Lord, Thou canst work in me
 The will to do Thy will;
 And Thou canst work in me to work,
 Thy pleasure to fulfil.
4. In utter lack of strength
 Into Thine arms I fall;
 For if Thou dost not hold me up,
 I cannot stand at all.
5. Thine everlasting arms
 Will never let me go;
 The arms of Him who fainteth not
 Can never weary grow.
6. Lord, Thou wilt take me now;
 I trust myself to Thee,
 That as Thy will is done in heaven
 It may be done in me.

No. 18. Is it Indeed too Late?

LUCY A. BENNETT.

ANGELUS. L.M.

G. JOSEPH.

1. Is it in - deed too late, too late? Does Truth re -
 2. Is there no heart to brave the worst? No hand that

1. -tain no o - pen gate? Is there no way to
 2. will my fet - ters burst? O hu - man love, O

1. en - ter in? No ex - pi - a - tion for my sin?
 2. Love Di - vine, Have ye no chords to an - swer mine?

3. O smitten Rock, Thy sacred cleft
 Invites—no other refuge left;
 Though none had tenderness beside,
 In Thy great tenderness I hide.

4. Here, from the sacred crimson stream,
 The broad bright belts of mercy gleam;
 Here, from the deepest depths of shame,
 Is found forgiveness through the Name.

5. Give me, O living Bread, to feed
 On Thee, and satisfy my need;
 Touch with Thy pierced hand my chain,
 And not a fetter shall remain.

6. O Lord of lords, O Light of light,
 Faith climbs to Thee from death's dark
 Thyself the antidote of care, [night;
 The sweet "Amen" to life's long prayer.

No. 19. O Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb of God.

1. I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
 To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
 To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2. Take my poor heart, and let it be
 For ever closed to all but Thee:
 Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
 That pledge of love for ever there.

3. How blest are they who still abide
 Close-sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
 Who life and strength from thence derive,
 And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4. What are our works but sin and death,
 Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?
 Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move;
 O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5. Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought
 To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
 Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
 Thy love immense, unsearchable.

Dessler.

No. 20. My God, my Father, dost Thou Call?

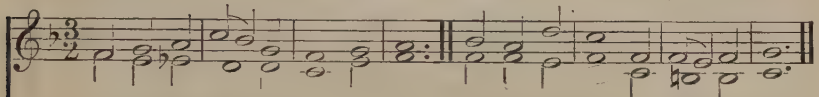
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. My God, my Father, dost Thou call
Thy long-lost wandering child to Thee?
And can'st Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?
I come, I come, Lord, save Thou me!</p> <p>2. O Jesus, art Thou passing by
With all Thy goodness, grace, and power?
And dost Thou hear my broken cry?
I come, I come, in mercy's hour.</p> | <p>3. O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,
My tenderest Friend, refused too long?
And art Thou pleading, striving now?
I come, I come, make weakness strong!</p> <p>4. Yes, Lord, I come; Thy heart of love
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine;
I cast me at Thy feet to prove
The bliss, the heaven, of being Thine.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Bishop Bickersteth, by per.</i></p> |
|--|---|

No. 21. Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to me.

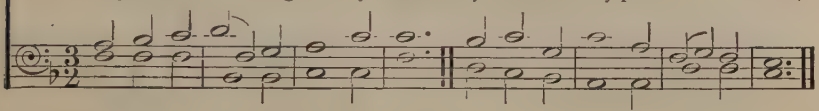
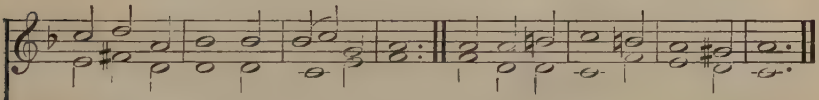
P. GERHARDT.

PATER OMNIUM. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

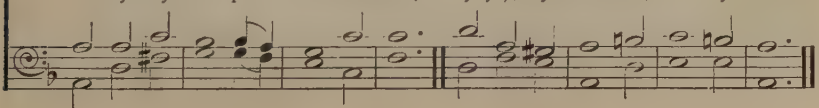
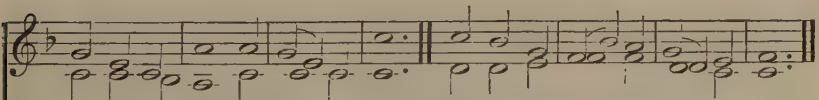
H. J. E. HOLMES.



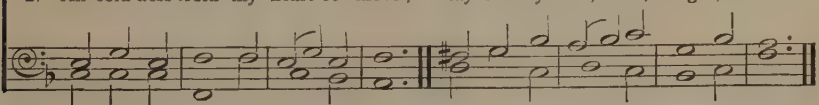
1. Je-sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de-clare;
2. O grant that no-thing in my soul May dwell but Thy pure love a-lone;

1. O knit my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with-out a ri-val there;
2. O may Thy love pos-sess me whole, My joy, my trea-sure, and my crown:

1. Thine whol-ly, Thine a-lone I am; Lord, with Thy love my heart in-flame.
2. All cold-ness from my heart re-move; May ev-'ry act, word, thought, be love.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see—
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.</p> | <p>4. In suffering be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 22. Search me, O God!

REV. F. BOTTOME.
Slow.

C.M.

G. FRANC.

1. Search me, O God! my ac-tions try, And let my life ap - pear
2. Search all my sense, and know my heart, Who on - ly can'st make known,

1. As seen by Thine all - searching eye— To mine my ways make clear.
2. And let the deep, the hid - den part To me be ful - ly shown.

3. Throw light into the darkened cells,
Where passion reigns within;
Quicken my conscience till it feels
The loathsomeness of sin.

4. Search all my thoughts, the secret springs,
The motives that control;
The chambers where polluted things
Hold empire o'er the soul.

5. Search, till Thy fiery glance has cast
Its holy light through all,
And I by grace am brought at last
Before Thy face to fall.

6. Thus prostrate I shall learn of Thee,
What now I feebly prove,
That God alone in Christ can be
Unutterable love!

No. 23. Jesus calls us; o'er the Tumult.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

• ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7.

REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea,
2. As, of old, A - pos - tles heard it By the Ga - li - le - an lake;
3. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of 'the vain world's gold - en store;

1. Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low Me."
2. Turn'd from home, and toil, and kin-dred, Leav - ing all for His dear sake.
3. From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Christian, love Me more."

4. In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5. Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 24. I want that Adorning Divine.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

8.8.11.8.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Plaintive.

1. I want that a - dorn - ing Di - vine Thou on - ly, my God, can't be - stow ; I
 2. I want ev - 'ry mo - ment to feel Thy Spi - rit in - dwell - ing my heart, His
 3. I want, oh I want to at - tain Some like - ness, my Sa - viour, to Thee ; That

1. want in those beau - ti - ful garments to shine, Which mark out Thy household be - low.
 2. pow'r ev - er pres - ent to cleanse and to heal, And new - ness of life to im - part.
 3. long'd - for re - semblance once more to re - gain ; Thy come - li - ness put up - on me.

4. I want to be marked for Thine own,
 Thy seal on my forehead to wear ;
 And have that " new name " on the mystic
 white stone,
 Which none but Thyself can declare.

5. I want—and this sums up my prayer—
 To glorify Thee till I die ;
 Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy
 care,
 And breathe out in faith my last sigh !

No. 25. Oh ! that my Life may henceforth be.

E. H. T.

8.8.8.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Joyful.
 1. Oh that my life may hence - forth be One an - them,
 2. My heart is fill'd to o - ver - flow ; And yet, dear
 3. Just like a gleam of light it came, Set - ting my

1. Lord, of praise to Thee ! Thou hast done won - drous things for me !
 2. Lord, I long to know Still more and more as on I go.
 3. long - ing heart on flame ; The glo - ry be to Thy dear Name !

4. A light that naught on earth can mar ;
 A light that shineth from afar—
 A beautiful attracting star !
 5. Drawing my heart from all to Thee,
 From self and sin's dark tyranny,
 To fuller joy and liberty.

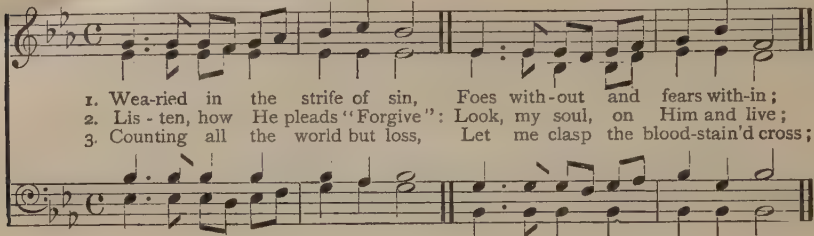
6. It is enough. I ask no more ;
 I rest on Thine Almighty power !
 And Thou wilt keep me from this hour
 7. I have committed all to Thee !
 Thou shalt be glorified in me,
 And Thine shall be the victory !

No. 26. Wearied in the Strife of Sin.

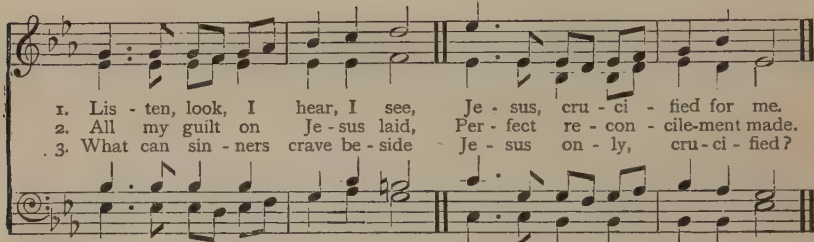
INFANTS' PRAYER. 7-7-7-7.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP BICKERSTETH, by per.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



1. Wea-ried in the strife of sin, Foes with-out and fears with-in;
 2. Lis - ten, how He pleads "Forgive": Look, my soul, on Him and live;
 3. Counting all the world but loss, Let me clasp the blood-stain'd cross;



1. Lis - ten, look, I hear, I see, Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for me.
 2. All my guilt on Je - sus laid, Per - fect re - con - cile-ment made.
 3. What can sin - ners crave be - side Je - sus on - ly, cru - ci - fied?

4. Resting in His love, forgiven,
 Thoughts will come of home and heaven;
 Listen, look, I hear, I see!
 Jesus crowned, and crowned for me.
5. Listen to His mighty prayer;
 He would have me with Him there,
 With the saints before His throne,
 Clothed in glory like His own.

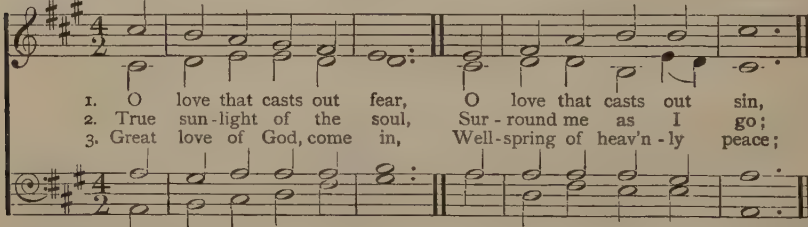
6. Look, He reigns for ever now!
 Many crowns are on His brow;
 By His Father's side adored—
 Priest and King, and God and Lord.
7. Yea, Amen; Thy will be done—
 All my prayers are breathed in one;
 Jesus, let me rest in Thee,
 Crucified and crowned for me.

No. 27. Love that Casts out Fear!

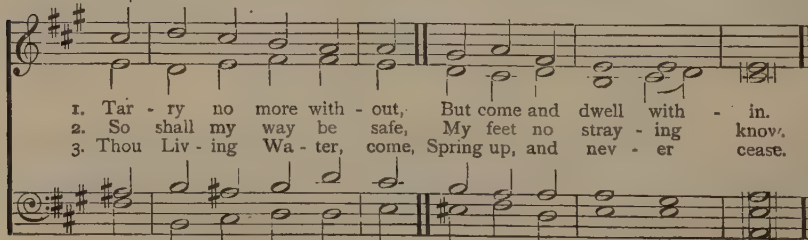
REV. DR. H. BONAR.

ORIENT. 6.6.6.6.

R. H. BOYS.



1. O love that casts out fear, O love that casts out sin,
 2. True sun-light of the soul, Sur - round me as I go;
 3. Great love of God, come in, Well-spring of heav'n - ly peace;



1. Tar - ry no more with - out, But come and dwell with - in.
 2. So shall my way be safe, My feet no stray - ing know,
 3. Thou Liv - ing Wa - ter, come, Spring up, and nev - er cease.

4. Love of the living God,
 Of Father and of Son;
 Love of the Holy Ghost,
 Fill thou each needy one.

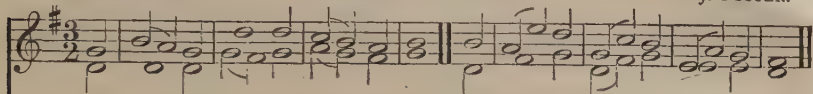
5. Praise to the Father give,
 The Spirit and the Son;
 Praise for the mighty love
 Of the great Three in One.

No. 28. O Love Divine, how Sweet Thou art!

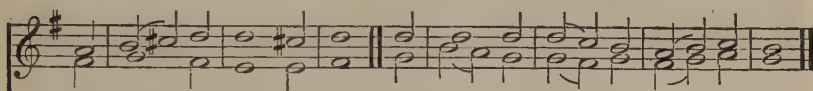
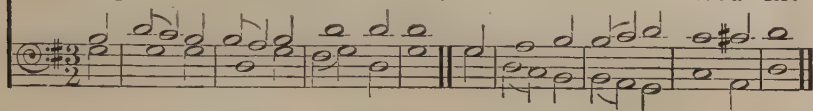
REV. C. WESLEY.

PEMBROKE. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

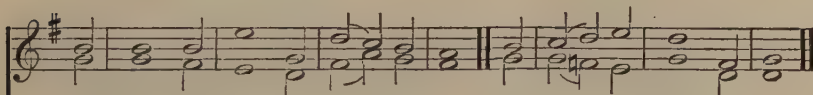
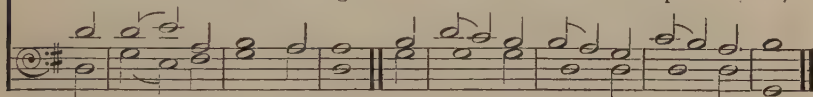
J. FOSTER.



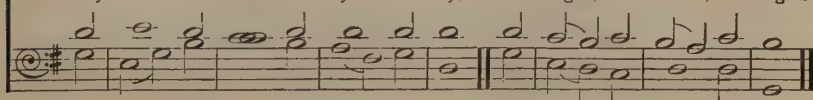
1. O Love Di-vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart
2. Strong-er His love than death or hell; Its rich-es are un-search-a-ble:



1. All ta-ken up by Thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
2. The first-born sons of light De-sire in vain its depths to see;



1. The great-ness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me.
2. They can-not reach the mys-te-ry, The length, and breadth, and height.



3. God only knows the love of God :
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part !

4. Oh that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

No. 29. Come, Jesus, Lord, with Holy Fire !

1. COME, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire !
Come, and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious blood :
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God.

2. Let nothing now my heart divide,
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee.
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Jesus, my glory be.

3. Now with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart.
Less than Thyself, oh do not give !
In might Thyself within me live ;
Come, all Thou hast and art.

4. My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face :
Called the full strength of trust to prove,
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise.

Rev. C. Wesley.

I.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

No. 30. Oh, Give me Rest from Self!

E. H. H.

REST. C.M.

RIGHT REV. DR. MOULE.
Bishop of Durham.

1. My Sa-viour, Thou hast of-fer'd rest: Oh, give it then, to me;
2. This cru-el self, oh, how it strives And works with-in my breast,

1. The rest of ceas-ing from my-self, To find my all in Thee.
2. To come be-tween Thee and my soul, And keep me back from rest.

3. How many subtle forms it takes
Of seeming verity,
As if it were not safe to rest
And venture all on Thee.

4. O Lord, I seek a holy rest,
A victory over sin!
I seek that Thou alone shouldst reign
O'er all without, within.

5. In Thy strong hand I lay me down,
So shall the work be done:
For who can work so wondrously
As the Almighty One?

6. Work on, then, Lord, till on my soul
Eternal light shall break,
And, in Thy likeness perfected,
I "satisfied" shall wake.

No. 31. Lord, I Believe a Rest remains.

1. LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

2. A rest, where all our souls desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3. Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!

Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4. Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

5. I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would,
And have Thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient God,
I want, and Thee alone!

Rev. C. Wesley.

No. 32. Oh for a Heart to Praise my God!

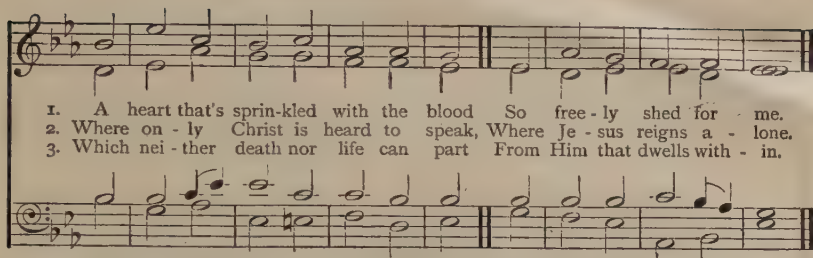
REV. C. WESLEY.

ST. BERNARD. C.M.

W. RICHARDSON.

1. Oh for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart re-sign'd, sub-mis-sive, meek, My dear Re-deem-er's throne;
3. A hum-ble, low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,

I.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.



1. A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free-ly shed for me.
2. Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
3. Which nei-ther death nor life can part From Him that dwells with-in.

4. A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

No. 33. When Wounded Sore the Stricken Heart.

1. WHEN wounded sore the stricken heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.
2. When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
3. When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,

One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4. Jesus, Thy blood can wash us white;
Thy hand brings sure relief;
Thy heart is touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.
5. Uplift Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

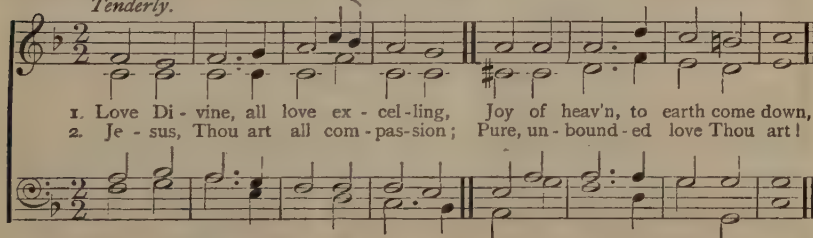
C. F. Alexander.

No. 34. Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

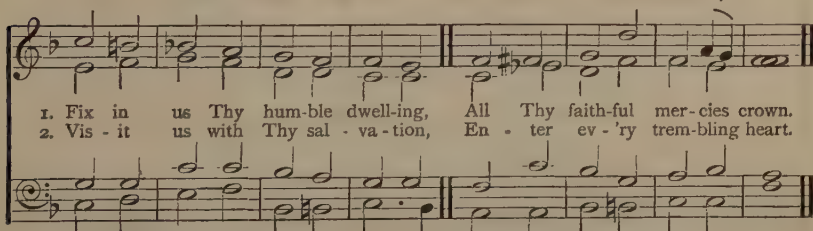
REV. C. WESLEY.
Tenderly.

SARDIS 8.7.8.7.

BEETHOVEN.



1. Love Di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
2. Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion; Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art!



1. Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
2. Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ry trem-bling heart.

3. Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave.
4. Thee would we be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

5. Finish, then, Thy new creation!
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee!
6. Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

I.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

No. 35. Make me all Thine Own.

H. R. PALMER.

8.7.8.7.

G. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, my Fa-ther ! take me, make me Pure and ho - ly, all Thine own ;
 2. Oh, my Savi-our ! cleanse me, fill me With Thy pre-cious love di - vine ;
 3. Ho - ly Spi - rit ! woo me, draw me By the gen - tle cords of love ;

1. May each chang-ing mo-ment find me At Thy foot - stool, near Thy throne.
 2. May no earth - ly i - dol turn me rom that sa - cred cross of Thine.
 3. Guide me, guard me, safe - ly lead me To my heav'n - ly home a - bove.

No. 36. ☉ Light of light, Shine in !

REV. DR. H. BONAR.

6.6.6.6.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O Light of light, shine in ! Cast out this night of sin, Cre - ate true day with-
 2. O Joy of joys, come in ! End Thou this grief of sin, Cre - ate calm peace with-

CHORUS.

1. - in : O Light of light, shine in ! } O Light, all light ex - cel - ling,
 2. - in : O Joy of joys, come in ! }

Make my soul Thy dwelling ; O Joy, all grief dis - pel - ling, To my poor heart come in !

I.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

3. O Life of life, pour in !
Expel this death of sin,
Awake true life within ;
O Life of life, pour in !
4. O Love of love, flow in !
This hateful root of sin
Pluck up, destroy, within :
O Love of love, flow in !

5. O Heaven of heavens, descend !
This cloudy curtain rend,
And all earth's turmoil end :
O Heaven of heavens, descend !
6. My God and Lord, O come !
Of joys the Joy and Sum,
Make in this heart Thy home :
My God and Lord, O come !

No. 37. Bless'd are the Pure in Heart.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.
Moderato.

BOYLSTON S.M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Bless'd are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God ;
2. The Lord who left the heavens Our life and peace to bring,

1. The se-cret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's a - bode.
2. To dwell in low - li - ness with men, Their Pat-tern and their King.

3. He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4. Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

No. 38. Jesu, my Strength, my Hope!

1. JESU, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest prayer.
2. Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
3. I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;

4. I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
5. A spirit e'er prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
6. I rest upon Thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

Rev. C. Wesley.

No. 39. O Everlasting Light!

1. O EVERLASTING Light,
Shine graciously within !
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come shine away my sin.
2. O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age or youth,
Lead me, and teach me too.
3. O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way ;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light of day.

4. O Everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.
5. O Everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care ;
Relieve, revive this burthened breast
And every sorrow bear.
6. Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou ;
Upon Thy glorious Name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

Rev. Dr. H. Bonar.

No. 40.

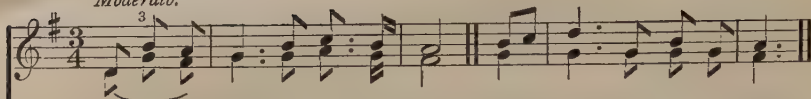
Nothing Unclean.

NICHOLSON.

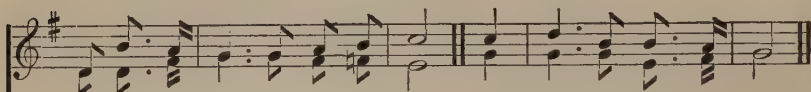
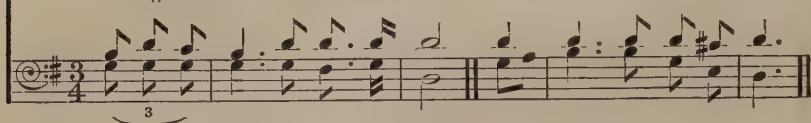
P.M., with Refrain.

SWENEY.

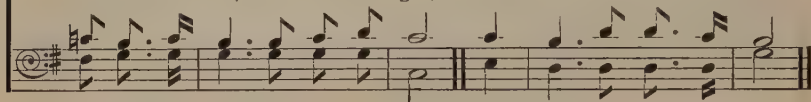
Moderato.



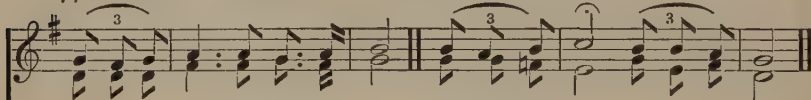
1. Nothing un - clean can en - ter in Where God in glo - ry reigns ;
2. Nothing un - clean must stand be - tween The Ho - ly One and me ;



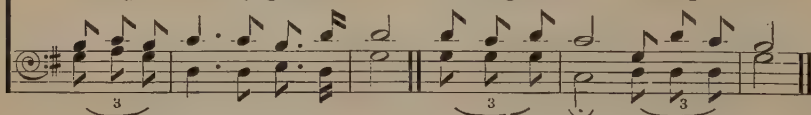
1. His eyes, so pure, can - not en - dure The sight of spots and stains.
2. Sa - viour from sin, the work be - gin ; Wash me till Thou canst see,



pp CHORUS.



No-thing un - clean, my gra - cious Lord ! No-thing un - clean, no-thing un - clean.



3. Nothing unclean can mortals screen
From the All-seeing eye ;
Spirit of God, apply the blood,
Until I hear Thee cry ;

4. Nothing unclean ! oh, glorious scene !
My heart, washed in the blood,
With rapture thrills, as now it feels
The mighty power of God.

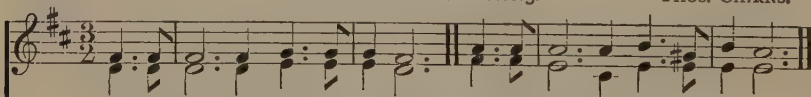
No. 41.

Seek ye First.

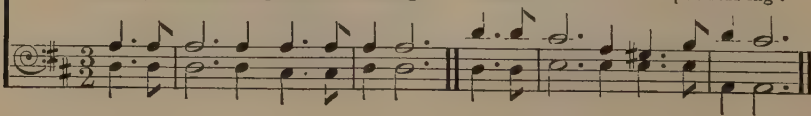
GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.

PRIUS PETENDAM. 8.8.8.3.

THOS. CAIRNS.



1. Seek ye first, not earth - ly plea - sure, Fad - ing joy and fail - ing trea - sure,
2. Seek ye first, not earth's as - pir - ings, Cease - less long - ings, vain de - sir - ings,
3. Seek ye first God's peace and blessing ; Ye have all if this pos - sess - ing :



I.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

1. But the love that knows no mea- sure Seek ye first, Seek ye first.
 2. But your pre - cious soul's re - quir - ings Seek ye first, Seek ye first.
 3. Come, your need and sin con - fess - ing, Seek Him first, Seek Him first.

4. Seek Him first; then when forgiven,
 Pardoned, made an heir of heaven,
 Let your life to Him be given :
 Seek this first.

5. Seek this first—Be pure and holy ;
 Like the Master, meek and lowly ;
 Yielded to His service wholly :
 Seek this first.

6. Seek the coming of His kingdom ;
 Seek the souls around, to win them,
 Seek to Jesus Christ to bring them :
 Seek this first.

7. Seek this first. His promise trying,
 It is sure—all need supplying—
 Heavenly things (on Him relying)
 Seek ye first.

No. 42.

Nothing Between.

E. H. H.

P.M.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Plaintive.

1. Nothing be-tween, Lord, nothing between ; Let me Thy glo - ry see, Draw my soul
 2. Nothing be-tween, Lord, nothing between ; Let not earth's din and noise Sti - fle Thy
 3. Nothing be-tween, Lord, nothing between ; Nothing of earth - ly care, Nothing of
 4. Nothing be-tween, Lord, nothing between ; Un - be - lief dis - ap - pear, Vanish each

1. close to Thee, Then speak in love to me— Nothing be-tween, Nothing be-tween.
 2. still small voice ; In it let me re - joice— Nothing be-tween, Nothing be-tween.
 3. tear or prayer, No robe that self may wear— Nothing be-tween, Nothing be-tween.
 4. doubt and fear, Fad - ing when Thou art near— Nothing be-tween, Nothing be-tween.

5. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between ;
 Shine with unclouded ray,
 Chasing each mist away,
 O'er my whole heart bear sway—
 Nothing between.

6. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between ;
 Thus may I walk with Thee,
 Thee only may I see,
 Thine only let me be—
 Nothing between.

7. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between ;
 Till Thine eternal light,
 Rising on earth's dark night,
 Bursts on my open sight—
 Nothing between.

8. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between ;
 Till, the last conflict o'er,
 I stand on Canaan's shore
 With Thee for evermore—
 Nothing between.

PART II.—CONSECRATION.

No. 43. There is Sin in the Camp.

P.M.

P. P. BLISS.

Slow.

1. There is sin in the camp, there is treason to-day! Is it in me? Is it in
 2. I come in my need to the life-giving Word, Is it for me? Is it for
 3. There is peace in be-liev-ing, what-ev-er be-tides, Is it for me? Is it for

1. me? There is cause in our ranks for de-feat and de-lay, Is it, O
 2. me? By faith in its pow'r let my soul be re-stored, Is it, O
 3. me? There is rest to the soul that in Je-sus a-bides, Is it, O

1. Lord, in me? Something of self-ish-ness, garments or gold, Something of
 2. Lord, for me? Par-don and pu-ri-ty Je-sus will give, Life ev-er-
 3. Lord, for me? Sure-ly the work of re-demption is done, Sure-ly the

1. hindrance in young or in old, Something why God doth His bless-ing with-hold;
 2. -last-ing to all who be-lieve: Oh that His pow'r I might ful-ly re-ceive!
 3. Fa-ther is pleased with the Son, Sure-ly the saved and the Sa-viour are one;

pp CHORUS.

1. Is it, O Lord, in me? Is it in me? Is it in me? Is it, O Lord, in me?
 2. Is it, O Lord, for me? Is it for me? Is it for me? Is it, O Lord, for me?
 3. Surely 'tis all for me. All for me, All for me, Sure-ly 'tis all for me.

No. 44.

Only for Thee!

ELIZA A. WALKER.
Moderato.

P.M.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Precious Sa-viour, may I live On-ly for Thee! Spend the pow-ers
2. In my joys may I re-joice On-ly for Thee! In my choi-ces
3. Be my smiles and be my tears On-ly for Thee! Be my young and
4. Be my sing-ing and my sigh-ing On-ly for Thee! Be my sick-ness

1. Thou dost give On-ly for Thee! Be my spi-rit's deep de-sire
2. make my choice On-ly for Thee! Meek-ly may I suf-fer grief
3. ri-per years On-ly for Thee! Be my peace and be my strife
4. and my dy-ing On-ly for Thee! Be my ris-ing, be my glo-ry

1. On-ly for Thee! May my in-tel-lect a-spire On-ly for Thee!
2. On-ly for Thee! Grate-ful-ly ac-cept re-lief On-ly for Thee!
3. On-ly for Thee! Be my love and be my life On-ly for Thee!
4. On-ly for Thee! Be my whole e-ter-ni-ty On-ly for Thee!

No. 45.

Thine, Lord, for Ever!

W. BENNETT.

5.6.6.4.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Slowly.
1. Thine, Lord, for ev-er! Pur-chas'd by blood di-vine, Res-cued and
2. Thine, Lord, for ev-er! Thro' storm and tem-pest wild, Trust-ing con-
3. Thine, Lord, for ev-er! Cheer'd by Thy pre-cious word, Thro' dark-ness,

1. saved by Thee, Lord, I am Thine.
2. - fi-ding-ly, I am Thy child.
3. doubts, and fears; Thine, Thine, O Lord.

4. Thine, Lord, for ever!
Though death shall lay me low,
E'en in that dreadful hour,
Thine, Lord, I know.
5. Thine, Lord, for ever!
When safe before Thy throne
I stand, for evermore
Thine, Thine, alone.

No. 46. Anywhere with Jesus.

REV. R. LOWRY.

TECUM DOMINE. P.M.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. A - nywhere with Je - sus, says the Christian heart, Let Him take me where He will,
2. A - nywhere with Je - sus, tho' He leadeth me Where the path is rough and long,

1. so we do not part; Always sit-ting at His feet, there's no cause for fears;
2. where the dangers be; Tho' He tak-eth from my heart all I love be - low,

CHORUS.

1. A - nywhere with Je - sus in this vale of tears. } A - nywhere with
2. A - nywhere with Je - sus will I glad - ly go. }

Je - sus, a - nywhere, a - nywhere; Anywhere with Je - sus, I'll follow a - ny - where.

3. Anywhere with Jesus, though He please to bring [ing; Into floods or fiercest flames, into suffer- Though He bid me work or wait, only bear for Him, [hymn. Anywhere with Jesus, this shall be my
4. Anywhere with Jesus; for it cannot be Dreary, dark, or desolate, when He is with me; He will love me to the end, ev'ry need supply; Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.

No. 47. Bond which cannot alter.

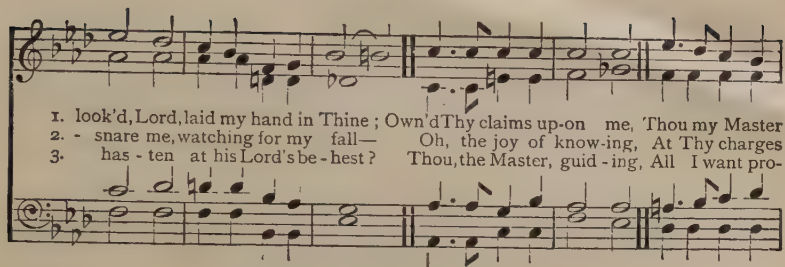
J. ROCKE.

DOULOS. 6.6.II.6.6.II.

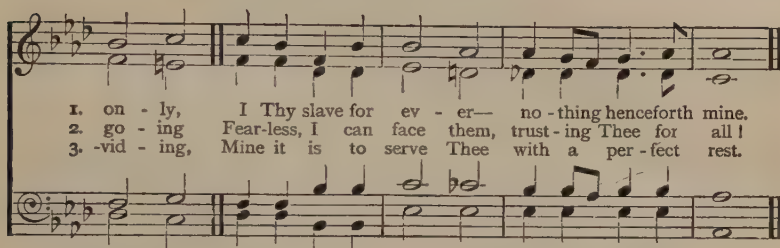
P. SKENE.

1. Bond which cannot al - ter, Tho' the flesh may fal - ter, In Thy Face I've
2. Tyrants that once bound me Still would hang a-round me, Seeking to en-
3. Then a - way with ter - rors, Ban-ish dread of er - rors, What needs slave but

II.—CONSECRATION.



1. look'd, Lord, laid my hand in Thine; Own'd Thy claims up-on me, Thou my Master
 2. - snare me, watching for my fall— Oh, the joy of know-ing, At Thy charges
 3. has - ten at his Lord's be - best? Thou, the Master, guid - ing, All I want pro-



1. on - ly, I Thy slave for ev - er— no - thing henceforth mine.
 2. go - ing Fear-less, I can face them, trust - ing Thee for all!
 3. -vid - ing, Mine it is to serve Thee with a per - fect rest.

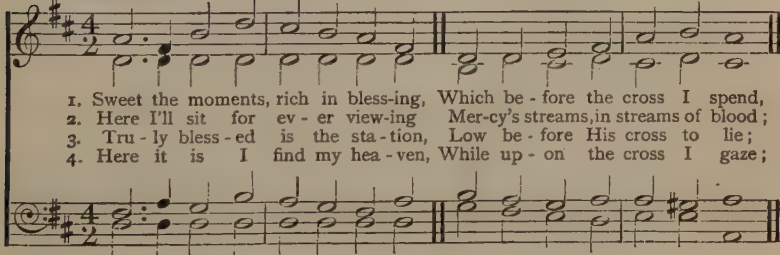
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4. Some task Thou may'st set me
 Hard, or quick to fret me, [obey;
 Let my heart, unswerving, trust Thee and
 Out of present sorrow
 Springs a gladder morrow, [my way.
 Love that bled to save me, Love plans all</p> | <p>5. Whether in lone by-ways,
 Or on thronging highways, [word,
 Be my post of service, at Thy call and
 Let me still be showing,
 Both in word and doing,
 My one aim and glory is to please my Lord.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 48. Sweet the moments.

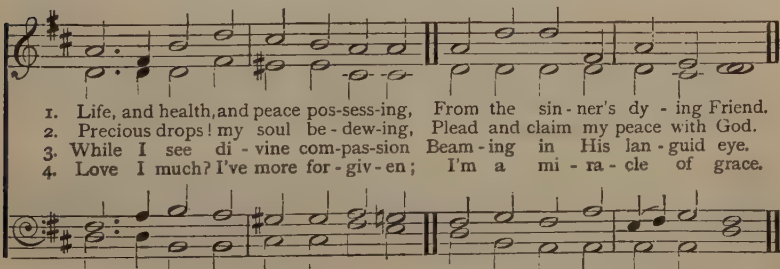
W. W. SHIRLEY.

ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7.

REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend,
 2. Here I'll sit for ev - er view-ing Mer-cy's streams, in streams of blood;
 3. Tru - ly bless - ed is the sta - tion, Low be - fore His cross to lie;
 4. Here it is I find my hea - ven, While up - on the cross I gaze;



1. Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
 2. Precious drops! my soul be - dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
 3. While I see di - vine com-pas-sion Beam-ing in His lan - guid eye.
 4. Love I much? I've more for - giv - en; I'm a mi - ra - cle of grace.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5. Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death.</p> | <p>6. May I still enjoy this feeling;
 In all need to Jesus go;
 Prove His wounds each day more healing,
 And Himself more fully know.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 49. Thou dear Redeemer, I am Thine.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

EAGLEY. C.M.

J. WALCH.

1. Thou dear Re - deem - er, I am Thine, O what a - maz - ing bliss!
 2. To hum - ble, glad sur - ren - der now Thou hast my will in - clined;

1. Thy grace has taught my lips to speak A language such as this!
 2. O Mas - ter, Lord, a - bout my heart Thy love - wrought fet - ters bind.

3. For ever and for ever Thine,
 Eternally allied
 To Him who brought me by His blood,
 To Jesus crucified.
4. My very soul is hushed to rest
 As at Thy feet I bow;
 Let heaven and earth alike behold
 Thy seal upon me now.

5. Yet never in succeeding days
 My hope or rest shall be
 Upon the sweetly solemn words
 My lips have breathed to Thee.
6. 'Tis on Thine own eternal oath
 My spirit shall recline,
 For Thou, O blessed One, to me
 Hast whispered, "Thou art Mine."

No. 50. Come enter, Lord, and take Thy rest.

1. COME enter, Lord, and take Thy rest,
 Thou and Thy ark of strength;
 And make the temple of my breast
 Thy dwelling - place at length.
2. My life, my goods, myself I yield
 A cheerful sacrifice;
 No fond desire that lay concealed
 But on Thine altar dies.
3. I will be Thine, with all my powers,
 My mem'ry, mind, and will,

- And all my consecrated hours
 Thy service to fulfil.
4. I know how poor and worthless all,
 How weak the hand I lift;
 But where the sprinkled blood shall fall,
 It sanctifies the gift.
 5. 'Tis done!—but wilt Thou condescend
 To make my heart Thy home?
 Call me, a sinful worm, Thy friend?
 Lord Jesus, quickly come!

Rev. F. Bottoms.

No. 51.

Full Consecration.

E. S. ELLIOTT.

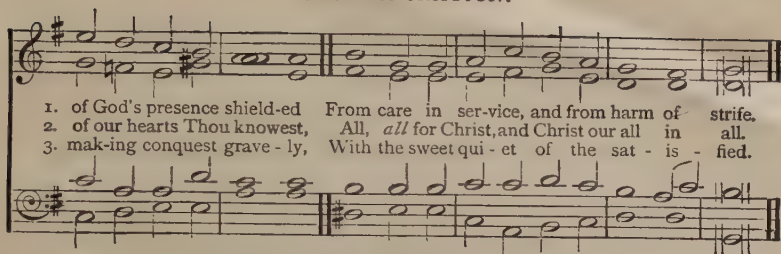
EIRENE. 11.10.11.10.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. Full con - se - cra - tion! heart and spi - rit yield - ed In the calm
 2. Full con - se - cra - tion! Whither, Lord, Thou go - est, We, too, would
 3. Full con - se - cra - tion! let us go forth brave - ly, Bear - ing His

1. rest of re - sur - rec - tion life; With - in the se - cret
 2. fol - low, list'ning for Thy call; The true, glad watch - word
 3. cross who lived for us and died; Tak - ing grief calm - ly,

II.—CONSECRATION.



1. of God's presence shield-ed From care in ser-vice, and from harm of strife.
 2. of our hearts Thou knowest, All, *all* for Christ, and Christ our all in all.
 3. mak-ing conquest grave-ly, With the sweet qui-et of the sat-is-fied.

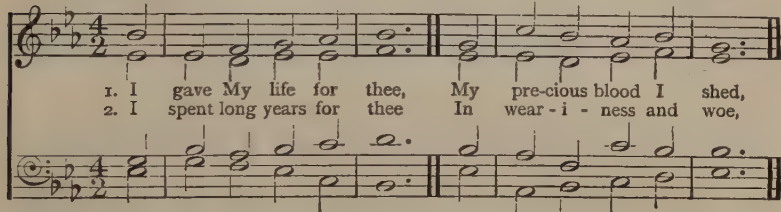
4. Thine, Lord, for ever! Keep us, we implore Thee,
 Yielded to Thee as risen from the dead;
 Each in his priestly white to walk before Thee,
 Thy consecration ever on his head.

No. 52. I gave My Life for thee.

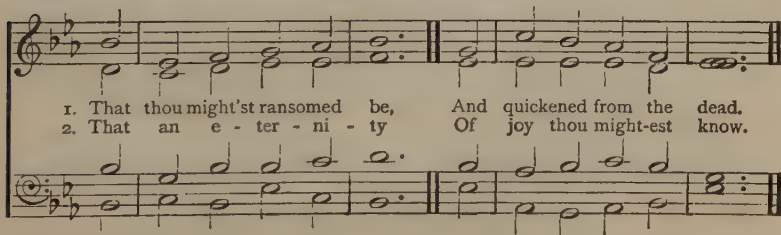
F. R. HAVERGAL.

BACA. 6.6.6.6.6.6.

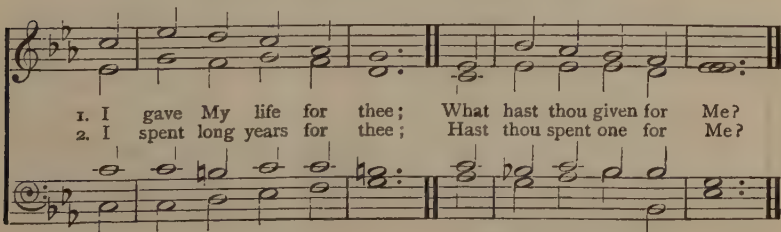
REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
 2. I spent long years for thee In wear-i-ness and woe,



1. That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead.
 2. That an e-ter-ni-ty Of joy thou might-est know.



1. I gave My life for thee; What hast thou given for Me?
 2. I spent long years for thee; Hast thou spent one for Me?

3. My Father's home of light,
 My rainbow-circled throne
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone.
 I left it all for thee;
 Hast Thou left aught for Me?
4. I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue can tell
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell.
 I suffered much for thee;
 What canst thou bear for Me?

5. And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and My love.
 Great gifts I brought to thee;
 What hast thou brought to Me?
6. Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for Me be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent.
 I gave Myself for thee;
 Give thou thyself to Me.

II.—CONSECRATION.

No. 53. None of Self, and All of Thee.

PASTEUR THEOD. MONOD.

8.7.8.8.7.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Slow.

1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor-row, That a time could e - ver be,
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed-ing on the curs-ed tree;

1. When I let the Sa-viour's pi-ty Plead in vain, and proud-ly answered,—
2. Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father," And my wist-ful heart said faint-ly,—

p CHORUS. *f*
1. "All of self, and none of Thee," "All of self, and none of Thee."
2. "Some of self, and some of Thee," "Some of self, and some of Thee."

3. Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower while I whispered,—
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4. Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered :
Grant me now my soul's petition,—
"None of self, and all of Thee."

No. 54. Holy, Happy Separation!

LUCY A. BENNETT.

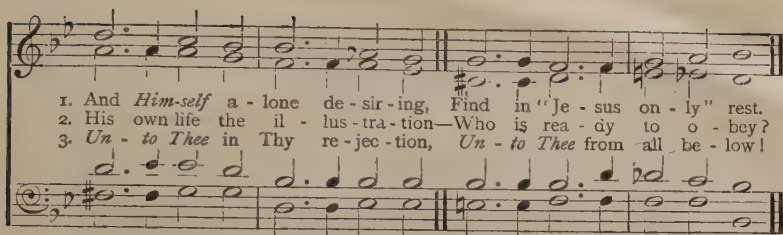
ST. JUDE. 8.7.8.8.7.

DR. CHARLES VINCENT.

1. Ho - ly, hap - py se - pa - ra - tion! They a - lone are
2. Je - sus calls to se - pa - ra - tion, And Him-self hath
3. Bless - ed Je - sus, make us will - ing, Thus "with - out the

1. tru - ly blest Who from all be - sides re - tir - ing,
2. led the way; His own life the ex - pla - na - tion,
3. camp" to go Un - to Thee in glad sub - jec - tion,

II.—CONSECRATION.



1. And *Him-self* a - lone de - sir - ing, Find in "Je - sus on - ly" rest.
 2. His own life the il - lus - tra - tion—Who is rea - dy to o - bey?
 3. *Un - to Thee* in Thy re - jec - tion, *Un - to Thee* from all be - low!

4. Separate from all that grieves Thee,
 "Separate from sinners" too;
 Yet, like Thee, for sinners caring,
 And, like Thee, with sinners bearing,
 Asking, "What would Jesus do?"

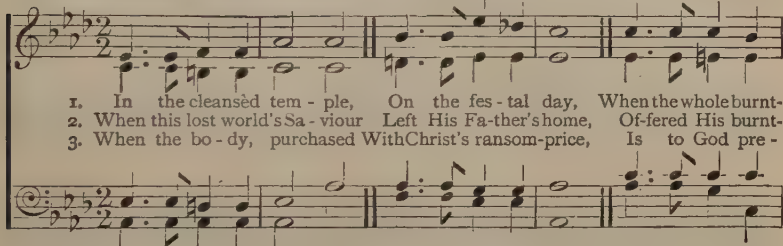
5. *Unto Thee!* Belovèd Master,
 Nearer, nearer let us be:
Unto Thee in consecration,
Unto Thee in separation,—
 Ever, only, *unto Thee!*

No. 55. In the cleansed temple.

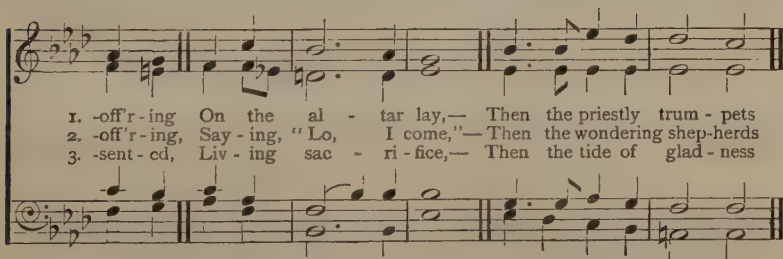
REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD.

ZADOK. 6.5.6.5. D.

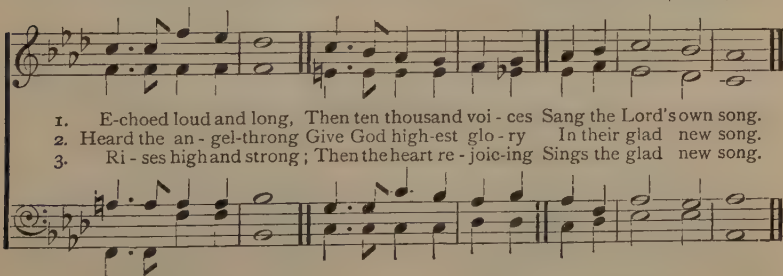
C. H. FORREST.



1. In the cleansed tem - ple, On the fes - tal day, When the whole burnt-
 2. When this lost world's Sa - viour Left His Fa - ther's home, Of - fered His burnt-
 3. When the bo - dy, purchased With Christ's ransom-price, Is to God pre -



1. -off'r - ing On the al - tar lay,— Then the priestly trum - pets
 2. -off'r - ing, Say - ing, "Lo, I come,"— Then the wondering shep - herds
 3. -sent - ed, Liv - ing sac - ri - fice,— Then the tide of glad - ness



1. E - choed loud and long, Then ten thousand voi - ces Sang the Lord's own song.
 2. Heard the an - gel - throng Give God high - est glo - ry In their glad new song.
 3. Ri - ses high and strong; Then the heart re - joice - ing Sings the glad new song.

4. When from dawn to sunset
 Christ shall worshippèd be,
 And the same pure offering
 Every place shall see,
 When again He cometh
 Who has tarried long,—
 Then shall peal the welcome
 Of the glad new song.

5. Grant us, blessèd Master,
 So to yield to Thee
 Body, soul, and spirit,
 Our burnt-offering free,—
 That in Thine own temple,
 With the white-robed throng,
 We may join for ever
 In the glad new song.

II.—CONSECRATION.

No. 56.

Living to God.

REV. C. WESLEY.

PETRA. 7.7-7.7-7.

R. REDHEAD.

Quietly.

1. Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One in Three, and Three in One,
2. Vil - est of the sin - ful race, Lo ! I an - swer to Thy call :

1. As by the ce - les - tial host, Let Thy will on earth be done ;
2. Mean - est ves - sel of Thy grace, Grace di - vine - ly free for all ;

1. Praise by all to Thee be given, Glo - rious Lord of earth and heaven !
2. Lo ! I come to do Thy will, All Thy coun - sel to ful - fil

3. If so poor a worm as I,
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive ;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4. Take my soul and body's pow'rs,
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will ;
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel ;
All I think, or speak, or do ;
Take my heart—but make it new !

No. 57.

Jesus, Master, Whose I am.

1. JESUS, Master, Whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2. Other lords have long held sway ;
Now, Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer :
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3. Jesus, Master, Whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil ;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

4. Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all ?
As Thou wilt ! I would not choose ;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free.

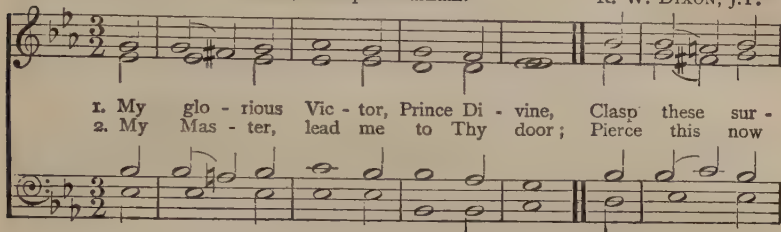
F. R. Havergal.

No. 58. My glorious Victor, Prince Divine.

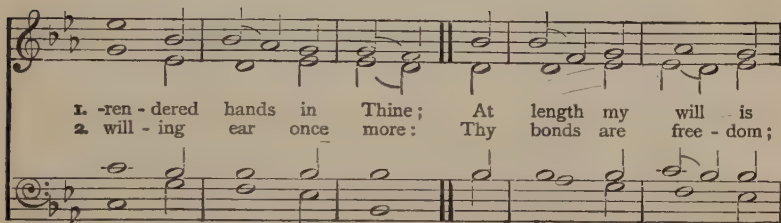
STAINCLIFFE, L.M.

The RIGHT REV. DR. MOULE, Bishop of Durham.

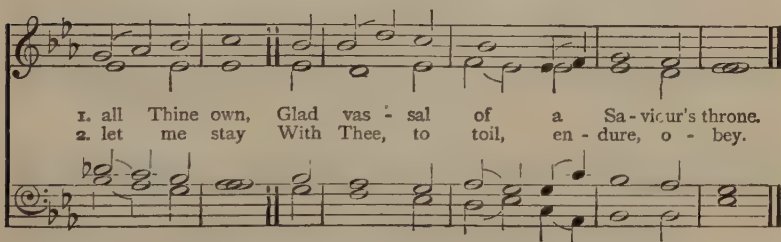
R. W. DIXON, J.P.



1. My glo - rious Vic - tor, Prince Di - vine, Clasp these sur -
2. My Mas - ter, lead me to Thy door; Pierce this now



1. -ren - dered hands in Thine; At length my will is
2. will - ing ear once more: Thy bonds are free - dom;



1. all Thine own, Glad vas - sal of a Sa - viour's throne.
2. let me stay With Thee, to toil, en - dure, o - bey.

3. Yes, ear and hand, and thought and will,
Use all in Thy dear slav'ry still!
Self's weary liberties I cast
Beneath Thy feet; there keep them fast.
4. Tread them still down; and then I know,
These hands shall with Thy gifts o'erflow;
And pierced ears shall hear the tone
Which tells me Thou and I are one.

No. 59. Lord, I was blind, I could not see.

1. LORD, I was blind! I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace,
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.

2. Lord, I was deaf! I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice:
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thy uttered words are dear!

3. Lord, I was dumb! I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4. Lord, I was dead! I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee:
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5. For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and, lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

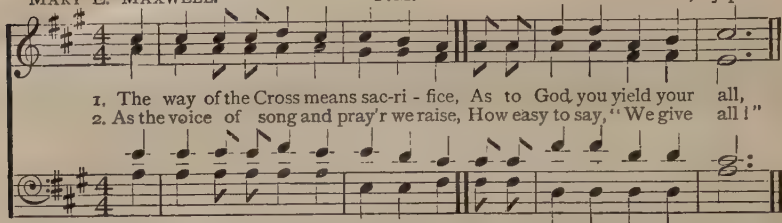
Rev. W. T. Matson.

No. 60. The way of the Cross.

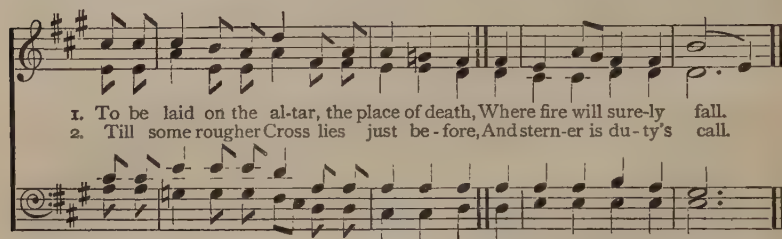
MARY E. MAXWELL.

P.M.

ADA ROSE, by per.

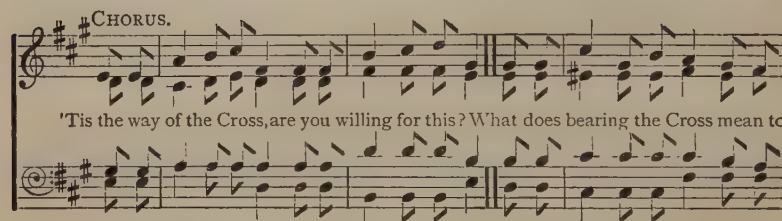


1. The way of the Cross means sac-ri - fice, As to God, you yield your all,
2. As the voice of song and pray'r we raise, How easy to say, "We give all!"

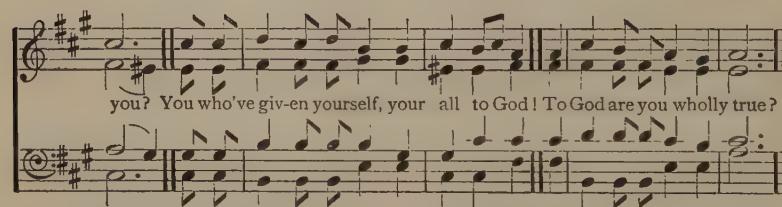


1. To be laid on the al-tar, the place of death, Where fire will sure-ly fall.
2. Till some rougher Cross lies just be-fore, And stern-er is du-ty's call.

CHORUS.



'Tis the way of the Cross, are you willing for this? What does bearing the Cross mean to



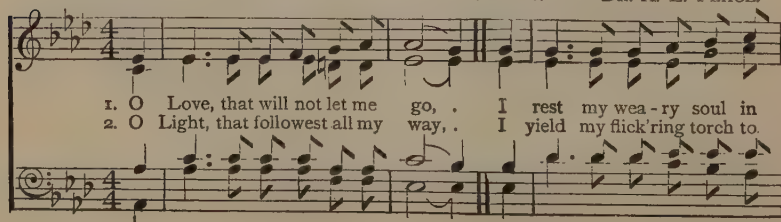
you? You who've giv-en yourself, your all to God! To God are you wholly true?

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Do you falter then, or, true to death,
Just die on the Cross in the way,
Till the fulness of life from the Living One
Is filling you day by day?</p> | <p>4. 'Tis the plan of life—for you die to live—
One with Jesus crucified;
With the life alone to be lived thro' you,
Of the risen, the glorified!</p> |
|--|--|

No. 61. Love, that will not let me go.

REV. DR. GEO. MATHESON. ST. MARGARET'S. 8.8.8.6.

DR. A. L. PEACE.



1. O Love, that will not let me go, . I rest my wea-ry soul in
2. O Light, that followest all my way, . I yield my flick'ring torch to.

II.—CONSECRATION.

1. Thee; . . . I give Thee back the life I owe, . . . That
2. Thee; . . . My heart re-stores its borrowed ray, . . . That

1. in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
2. in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May brighter, fair - er be.

3. O Joy, that seeketh me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4. O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

No. 62. Closer, dear Lord, to Thee.

G. M. TAYLOR.

BETHANY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Clos - er, dear Lord, to Thee, Clos - er to Thee! In sweet communion drawn,
2. Oh, let no cloud of sin, 'Twixt me and Thee, Aught of Thy brightness hide!
3. So shall my walk be-low Glo - ri - fy Thee, Till that glad moment come

1. Oh, let me be! . . . Earth's joys for - got - ten quite, Whilst dwelling
2. But let me be . . . Now on the mount's blest height, Gaz - ing on
3. When I shall see— Not thro' a dark'ning glass Glimps-es of

1. in the light, Clos - er, dear Lord, to Thee, Clos - er to Thee!
2. glo - ry bright, Till faith be lost in sight, Clos - er to Thee!
3. glo - ry pass, But view Thee face to face, Clos - er to Thee!

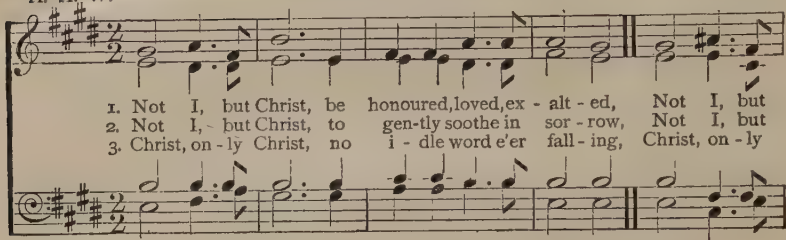
No. 63.

Not I, but Christ.

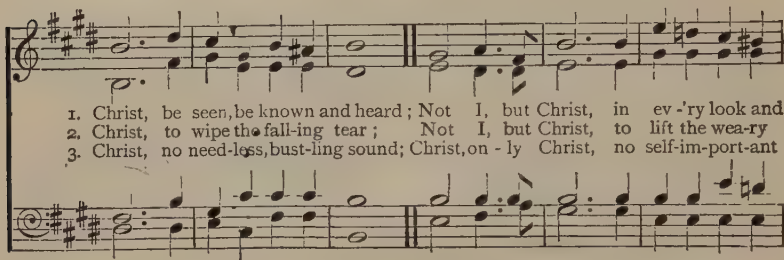
A. A. W.

II. IO. II. IO, with Refrain.

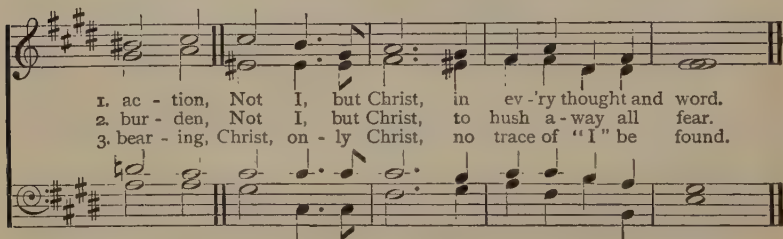
C. H. FORREST.



1. Not I, but Christ, be honoured, loved, ex - alt - ed, Not I, but
 2. Not I, - but Christ, to gen - tly soothe in sor - row, Not I, but
 3. Christ, on - ly Christ, no i - dle word e'er fall - ing, Christ, on - ly

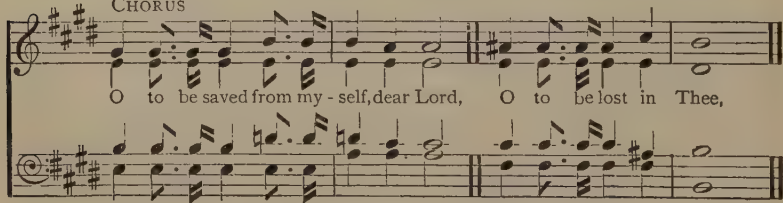


1. Christ, be seen, be known and heard; Not I, but Christ, in ev - 'ry look and
 2. Christ, to wipe the fall - ing tear; Not I, but Christ, to lift the wea - ry
 3. Christ, no need - less, bust - ling sound; Christ, on - ly Christ, no self - im - port - ant

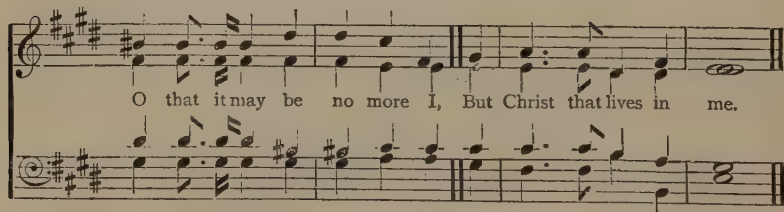


1. ac - tion, Not I, but Christ, in ev - 'ry thought and word.
 2. bur - den, Not I, but Christ, to hush a - way all fear.
 3. bear - ing, Christ, on - ly Christ, no trace of "I" be found.

CHORUS



O to be saved from my - self, dear Lord, O to be lost in Thee,



O that it may be no more I, But Christ that lives in me.

4. Not I, but Christ, my every need supplying,
 Not I, but Christ, my strength and health to be;
 Christ, only Christ, for spirit, soul, and body,
 Christ, only Christ, live then Thy life in me.
5. Christ, only Christ, ere long will fill my vision,
 Glory excelling soon, full soon I'll see;
 Christ, only Christ, my every wish fulfilling—
 Christ, only Christ, my all in all to be.

No. 64.

Lower and lower.

E. E. HEWITT.

10.10.10.10, with Refrain.

Copyright.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Low-er and low-er, dear Lord, at Thy feet, Seek - ing Thy Spi - rit, Thy
 2. Low-er and low-er, dear Sa-viour, we pray, Los - ing the self - life still
 3. Low-er and low-er; yet high-er we rise, Lift - ed in Je - sus, led

1. mer - cy so sweet; Down in our need, bless-ed Mas - ter, we fall,
 2. more ev - 'ry day; Weak and un - wor - thy, we're look - ing a - bove;
 3. on to the skies; Hum-bly we fol - low the way of the cross,

CHORUS.

1. Low-er and low-er: be Thou all in all.
 2. Emp - ty us, Je - sus; then fill us with love.
 3. Then, crowns of glo - ry, and gain for all loss. } Low-er and low-er,

down at Thy cross, All the world's treasure count-ing but dross;

rit.
 Down at Thy feet, blessed Saviour, we fall, Lower, still lower, Christ all in all!

II.—CONSECRATION.

No. 65. My All is on the Altar.

MRS. JAMES.

7.6.7.6, with Refrain.

MRS. KNAPP.

Very slow.

1. My spi - rit, soul, and bo - dy, Je - sus, I give to Thee,
 2. O Je - sus, migh - ty Sa - viour, I trust in Thy great name;
 3. Now, Lord, I yield my mem - bers, From sin's do - mi - nion free,

1. A con - se - cra - ted of - f'ring, Thine ev - ermore to be.
 2. I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy pro-mise now I claim.
 3. For war - fare and for tri - umph, As wea - pons un - to Thee.

CHORUS.

My all is on the al - tar; Lord, I am all Thine own;
 (Or),—My all is on the al - tar; I'm wait - ing for the fire;

Oh, may my faith ne'er fal - ter! Lord, keep me Thine a - lone.
 I'm wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing; I'm wait - ing for the fire.

4. Oh, blissful self-surrender,
 To live, my Lord, by Thee!
 Now, Son of God, my Saviour,
 Live out Thy life in me.

5. I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
 Washed in Thy precious blood,
 Sealed by Thy Holy Spirit,
 A sacrifice to God.

No. 66. I am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY CROSBY.

P.M.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
 2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy ser-vice, Lord, By the power of grace di - vine;

II.—CONSECRATION.

1. But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
2. Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died ;
near - er, near - er,

Draw me near - er, near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

3. Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend, [God,
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my
I commune as friend with friend.
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea ; [reach
There are heights of joy that I may not
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

No. 67.

'Ready.

A. C. PALMER.

C.M.

C. H. FORREST.

1. Rea - dy to go, rea - dy to wait, Rea - dy a gap to fill ;
2. Rea - dy to suf - fer grief and pain, Rea - dy to stand the test ;
3. Rea - dy to do, rea - dy to bear, Rea - dy to watch and pray ;

1. Rea - dy for ser - vice, small or great, Rea - dy to do His will.
2. Rea - dy to stay at home and send Oth - ers, if He see best.
3. Rea - dy to stand a - side and give Till He shall clear the way.

4. Ready to speak, ready to think,
Ready with heart and brain ;
Ready to start when He sees fit,
Ready to share the strain.

5. Ready to seek, ready to warn,
Ready o'er souls to yearn ;
Ready in life, ready in death,
Ready for His return.

II.—CONSECRATION.

No. 68. My Life is Thine, Lord Jesus.

J. WOODFALL.

7.6.8.6. D.

Anon.

p

1. My life is Thine, Lord Je - sus, Bought with Thy blood Di - vine,
2. My bo - dy I have yield - ed, A sa - cri - fice to be,

f

1. And giv'n to Thee with glad - ness, No lon - ger mine, but Thine.
2. Oh, keep me pure and ho - ly, Lord ! A tem - ple meet for Thee.

dim.

1. My heart is Thine, my Sa - viour, Not part, but all Thine own ;
2. My mem - bers, too, are Thine, Lord ; To Thee I all re - sign ;

f

1. Oh, it is sweet to know that there Thou hast Thy roy - al throne !
2. Then use them for Thy glo - ry now, And live Thy life thro' mine.

3. My house is Thine, Lord Jesus,
And all that I possess ;
Use it for whatsoe'er Thou wilt,
Thou comest but to bless.
The gold that came from Thee, Lord,
To Thee belongeth still ;
Oh, may I always faithfully
My stewardship fulfil !

4. Yea, everything is Thine, Lord,
Let this my portion be—
That I have nothing of my own,
And yet have all in Thee.
And make my life, Lord Jesus,
Brightly for Thee to shine :
That word and deed, that look and tone,
May witness I am Thine.

No. 69. True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

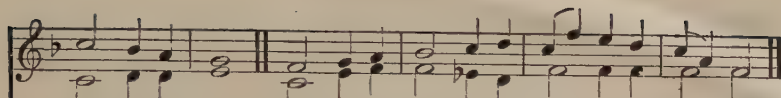
F. R. H.

11. 10. 11. 10, with Refrain.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

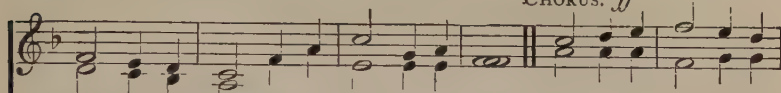
1. True-hearted, whole-hearted ! faith - ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted ! full - est al - le - giance Yielding henceforth to our
3. True-hearted ! Saviour, Thou know - est our sto - ry, Weak are the hearts that we

II.—CONSECRATION.

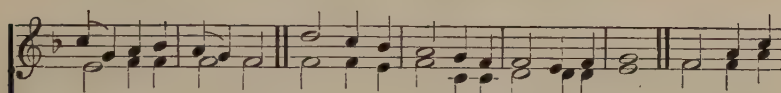


1. grace we will be! Un - der Thy stand - ard, ex - alt - ed and roy - al,
 2. glo - ri - ous King! Va - liant en - deav - our and lov - ing o - be - dience
 3. lay at Thy feet, Sin - ful and treach - er - ous! yet, for Thy glo - ry,

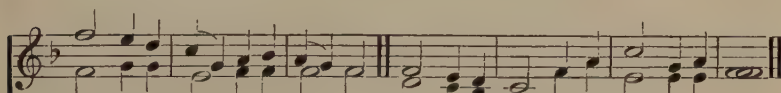
CHORUS. *ff*



1. Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee!
 2. Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring. } Peal out the watchword, and
 3. Heal them and cleanse them from sin and de - ceit. }



sil - ence it nev - er, Song of our spir - its, re - joic - ing and free! "True - hearted,



whole - hearted, now and for ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!"

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4. Whole-hearted! Saviour, beloved and glorious, [alone]
 Take Thy great power and reign Thou
 Over our wills and affections victorious—
 Freely surrendered and wholly Thine
 own.</p> | <p>7. Half-hearted? Master, shall any who know
 Thee, [down Thine own?
 Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid
 Nay! we would offer the hearts that we
 owe Thee,
 Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.</p> |
| <p>5. Half-hearted, false-hearted! Heed we
 the warning!
 Only the whole can be perfectly true;
 Bring the whole offering, all timid thought
 scorning,
 True-hearted only if whole-hearted too.</p> | <p>8. Sisters, dear sisters, the call is resounding,
 Will ye not echo the silver refrain,
 Mighty and sweet, and in gladness abound -
 ing?—
 "True-hearted, whole-hearted!" ring -
 ing again.</p> |
| <p>6. Half-hearted! Saviour, shall ought be
 withholden,
 Giving Thee part Who hast given us all?
 Blessings outpouring, and promises golden
 Pledging, with never reserve or recall!</p> | <p>9. Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,
 Brightly His standard is waving above!
 Brethren, dear brethren, in gathering
 chorus, [love!
 Peal out the watchword of courage and</p> |

No. 70. Make me a captive, Lord.

REV. DR. G. MATHESON.

LEOMINSTER. D.S.M.

G. W. MARTIN.

1. Make me a cap-tive, Lord, And then I shall be free; Force me to ren-der
2. My heart is weak and poor Un - til it mas-ter find: It has no spring of

1. up my sword, And I shall conq'r or be. I sink in life's a-larms When
2. ac-tion sure— It var-ies with the wind: It can - not free-ly move Till

1. by my-self I stand; Im - pris - on me with-in Thine arms, And strong shall be my hand.
2. Thou hast wrought its chain; Enslave it with Thy matchless love, And deathless it shall reign.

3. My power is faint and low
Till I have learned to serve:
It wants the needed fire to glow,
It wants the breeze to nerve;
It cannot drive the world
Until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurled
When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

4. My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach the monarch's throne
It must its crown resign:
It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
When on Thy bosom it has leant,
And found in Thee its life.

No. 71. Loving, because God loved.

E. MAY GRIMES.

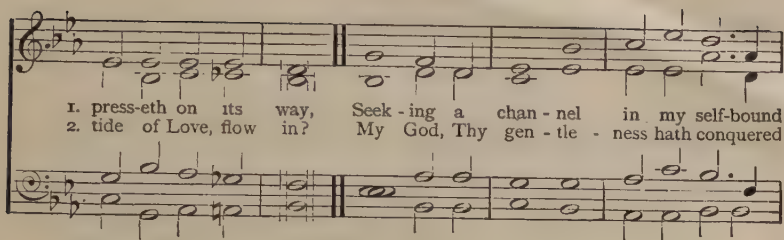
RIBER. IOS.

C. S. BEATSON.

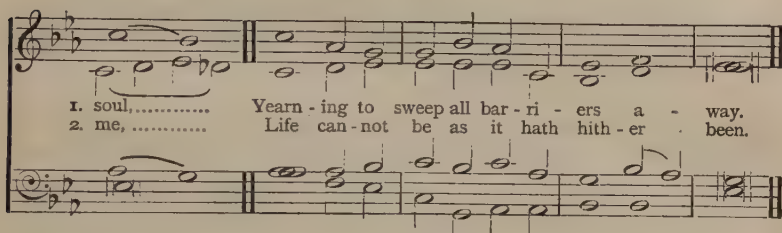
Arranged by G. B. BRAMLEY.

1. Thy migh-ty Love, O God, constraineth me, As some strong tide it
2. Shall I not yield to that constraining power? Shall I not say, O

II.—CONSECRATION.



1. press-eth on its way, Seek - ing a chan - nel in my self-bound
2. tide of Love, flow in? My God, Thy gen - tle - ness hath conquered



1. soul, Yearn - ing to sweep all bar - ri - ers a - way.
2. me, Life can - not be as it hath hith - er been.

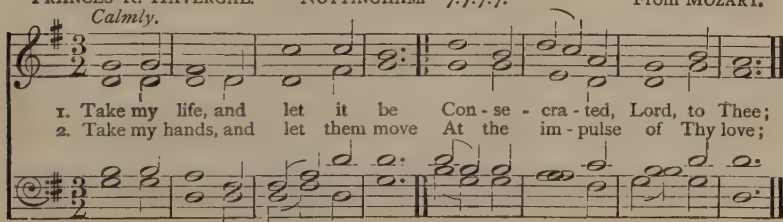
3. Break through my nature, mighty, heavenly Love, brain,
Clear every avenue of thought and
Flood my affections, purify my will,
Let nothing but Thine own pure life remain.
4. Thus wholly mastered and possessed by God, [free,
Forth from my life, spontaneous and
Shall flow a stream of tenderness and grace—
Loving, because God loved, eternally.

No. 72. Full Consecration.

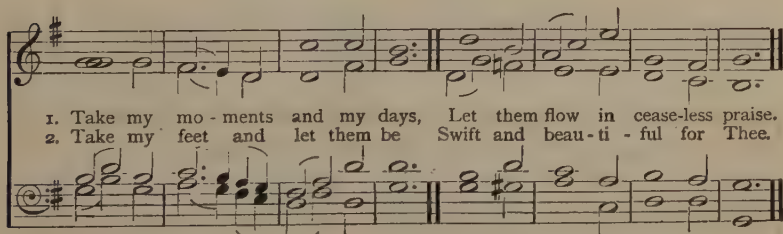
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
Calmly.

NOTTINGHAM 7-7-7-7.

From MOZART.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;



1. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.

3. Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
4. Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Ev'ry power as Thou shalt choose.

5. Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart; it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store,
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, ALL for Thee.

No. 73. When I survey the wondrous Cross.

DR. WATTS.
Slowly.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.

DR. MILLAR.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ my God:
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;

1. My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
3. Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
~~Demands~~ *Shall have* my soul, my life, my all!

No. 74. Thine for ever.

NEWINGTON. 7.7.7.7.

MARY F. MAUDE.

By permission of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

1. Thine for ev - er:—God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;
2. Thine for ev - er:—Lord of life, Shield us thro' our earth - ly strife;
3. Thine for ev - er:—Oh how blest They who find in Thee their rest!

1. Thine for ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.
2. Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
3. Sa-viour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend, Oh de-fend us to the end.

4. Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5. Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven,

No. 75. This day the Lord hath spoken.

ANNIE W. MARSTON.

BREMEN. 7.6.7.6.

M. VULPIUS.

1. This day the Lord has spo - ken, This day my choice is made:
2. Now His shall be the em - pire, In all things o - ver me;

1. I will be all for Je - sus, Who all for me has paid,
2. And I will be His bond - slave, Yet glo - ri - ous - ty free.

3. From henceforth, owning nothing,
I cannot lose at all:
I cannot well be poorer,
Whatever may befall.

4. Yet could I not be richer,
If I the world should gain;
For heav'n and earth shall perish,
But Jesus will remain.

5. And He will be my treasure,
And He my boundless store;
And those who live on Jesus,
Will never hunger more.

6. Though I am utter weakness,
In Him I shall prevail;
And though my love may falter
Yet His will never fail.

No. 76.

Full Surrender.

8.7.8.5.

1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have I yield to Thee;

For Thy love, so great and ten - der, Asks the gift of me.

2. Lord, I bring my whole affection,
Claim it, take it for Thine own,
Safely kept by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

3. Lord, my will I here present Thee,
Gladly now no longer mine:
Let no evil thing prevent me
Blending it with Thine.

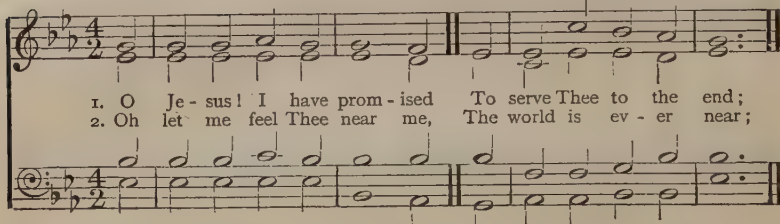
4. Lord, my life I lay before Thee,
Hear, this hour, the sacred vow!
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

5. Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I have given my all to God;
And I now have full salvation,
Through the precious blood,

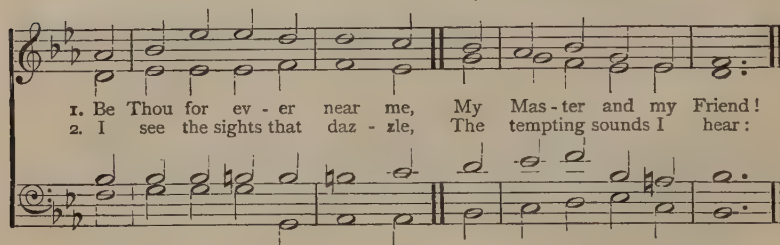
No. 77. O Jesus! I have promised.

JOHN E. BODE.

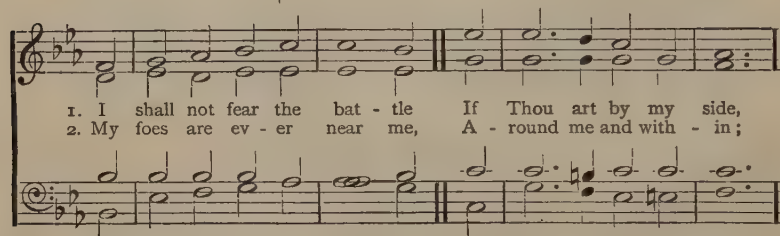
AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. DR. S. S. WESLEY.
From "The European Psalter," by per.



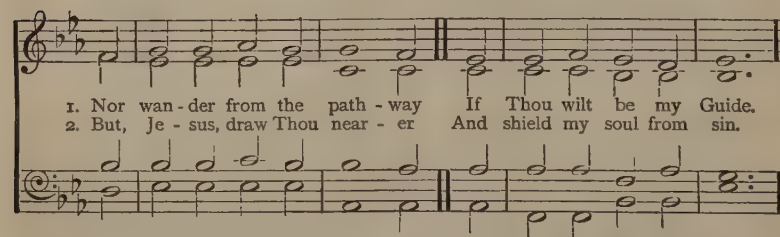
1. O Je - sus! I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. Oh let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near;



1. Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
2. I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempting sounds I hear:



1. I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
2. My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;



1. Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide,
2. But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er And shield my soul from sin.

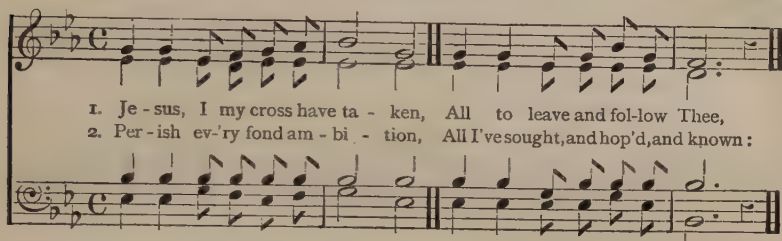
3. Oh let me hear Thee speaking,
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh speak! to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
Oh speak! to make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.
4. Oh let me see Thy features,
The look that once could make
So many a true disciple
Leave all things for Thy sake:
The look that beamed on Peter
When he Thy name denied;
The look that draws Thy lovers
Close to Thy pierced side.

5. O Jesus! Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!
6. Oh let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

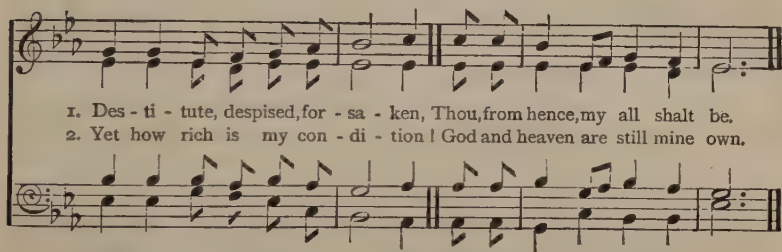
No. 78. Jesus, 3 my cross have taken.

REV. H. F. LYTE.

8.7.8.7, with Refrain.

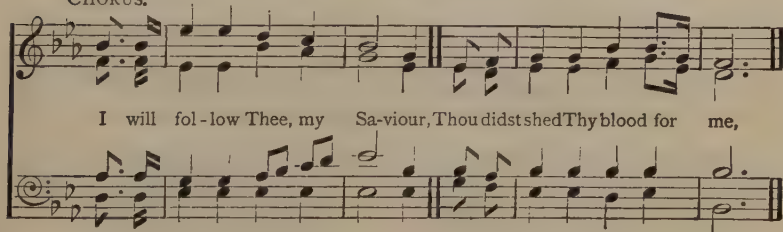


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol-low Thee,
2. Per-ish ev-'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hop'd, and known :

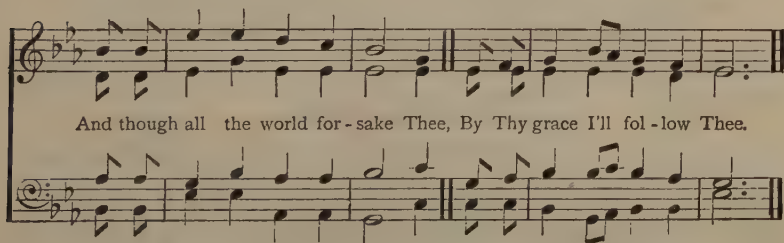


1. Des - ti - tute, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
2. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion ! God and heaven are still mine own.

CHORUS.



I will fol-low Thee, my Sa-viour, Thou didst shed Thy blood for me,



And though all the world for-sake Thee, By Thy grace I'll fol-low Thee.

3. Let the world despise and leave me :
They have left my Saviour too—
Human hearts and looks deceive me :
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
4. And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me :
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

5. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
6. Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmingled with Thee.

No. 79. 3 love, 3 love my Master.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. HAPPY PILGRIMS. 7.6.7.6. D.
Written expressly for this work.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. I love, I love my Mas-ter, I will not go out free! For He is my Re-

- deem-er; He paid the price for me. I would not leave His ser-vice, It

is so sweet and blest; And in the weariest mo-ments He gives the tru-est rest.

2. My Master shed His life-blood
My vassal life to win,
And save me from the bondage
Of tyrant self and sin.
He chose me for His service,
And gave me power to choose
That blessed, perfect freedom,
Which I shall never lose.

3. I would not halve my service,
His only it must be!
His *only*—Who so loved me,
And gave Himself for me.
Rejoicing and adoring,
Henceforth my song shall be,—
“I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free!”

No. 80. The last knock.

TERSTEEGEN.
Andante.

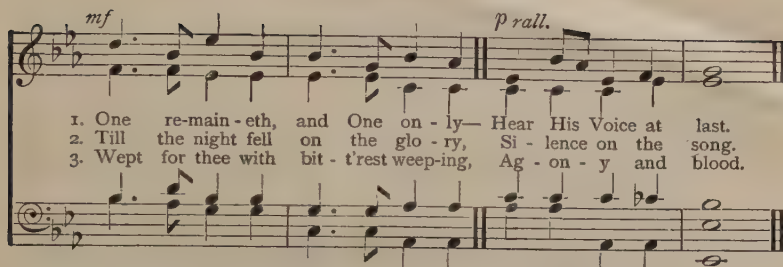
EVENFALL. 8.5.8.5.
cres.

M. W. STUBBS.

1. Art thou wea-ry, sad, and lone-ly, All thy sum-mer past?
2. O - pen to Me, My be-lov - ed, I have wait-ed long,
3. Soul, for thee I left My glo - ry, Bore the curse of God—

II.—CONSECRATION.

mf *p rall.*



1. One re-main - eth, and One on - ly— Hear His Voice at last.
 2. Till the night fell on the glo - ry, Si - lence on the song.
 3. Wept for thee with bit - t'rest weep-ing, Ag - on - y and blood.

4. Soul, for thee I died dishonoured
 As a felon dies;
 For thou wert the pearl all priceless
 In thy Saviour's eyes.

5. Soul, for thee I rose victorious,
 Glad that thou art free;
 Entered heaven in triumph glorious,
 Heaven I won for thee.

6. Sorrow, sin, and desolation,
 These thy claim to me:
 Love that won thee full salvation,
 This My claim to thee.

7. Soul, I knock, I stand beseeching,
 Turn Me not away;
 Heart that craves thee, love that needs
 Wilt thou say Me nay? [thee,

No. 81. Not by wrestling, but by clinging.

1. Not by wrestling, but by clinging
 Shall we be most blest;
 Wrestling only brings us sorrow;
 Clinging brings us rest.

2. When we stay our feeble efforts,
 And from struggling cease,
 Unconditional surrender
 Brings us God's own peace.

3. Lean we all our weight on Jesus,
 Who alone can save;
 He by might of love hath triumphed
 O'er His willing slave.

4. Yielding, we shall know true conquest,
 Dying, we shall live,
 "Not my will, but Thine" prevaileth,
 Victory to give.

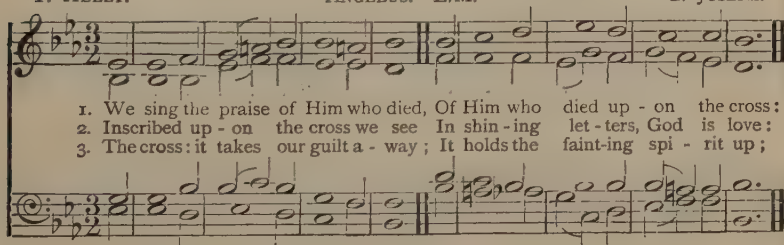
T. H. Stuart.

No. 82. We sing the praise of Him who died.

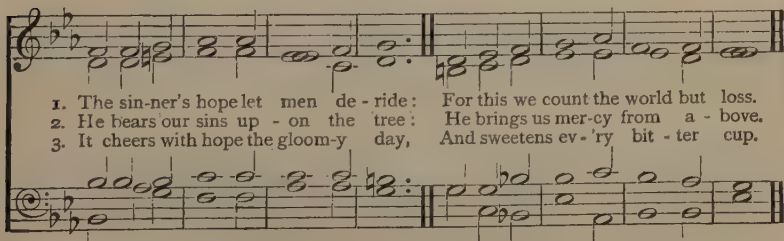
T. KELLY.

ANGELUS. L.M.

G. JOSEPH.



1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the cross:
 2. Inscribed up - on the cross we see In shin - ing let - ters, God is love:
 3. The cross: it takes our guilt a - way; It holds the faint - ing spi - rit up;



1. The sin - ner's hope let men de - ride: For this we count the world but loss.
 2. He hears our sins up - on the tree: He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.
 3. It cheers with hope the gloom - y day, And sweetens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.

4. It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

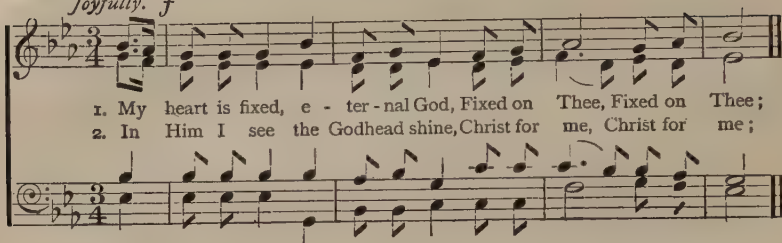
5. The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love,
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angels' theme in heaven above.

No. 83. Full Decision for Christ.

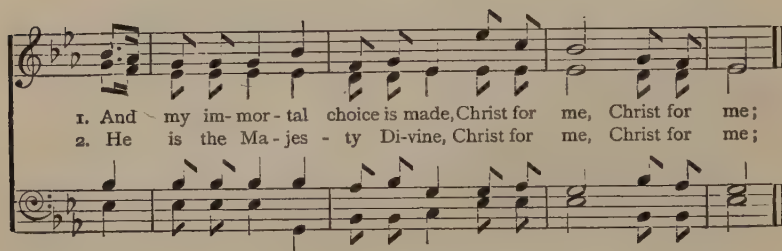
R. JUKES.

P.M.

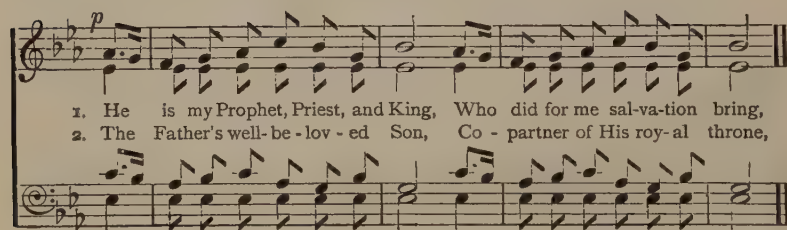
Joyfully. f



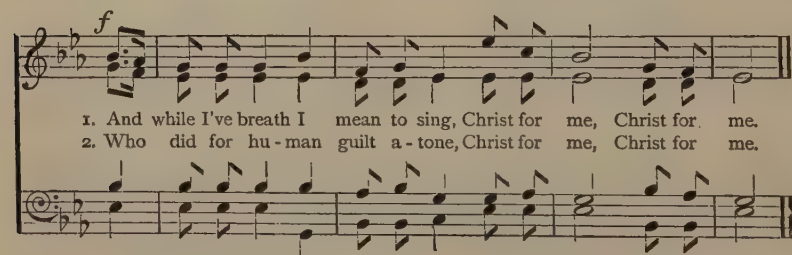
1. My heart is fixed, e - ter - nal God, Fixed on Thee, Fixed on Thee;
2. In Him I see the Godhead shine, Christ for me, Christ for me;



1. And my im - mor - tal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me;
2. He is the Ma - jes - ty Di - vine, Christ for me, Christ for me;



1. He is my Prophet, Priest, and King, Who did for me sal - va - tion bring,
2. The Father's well - be - lov - ed Son, Co - partner of His roy - al throne,



1. And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me, Christ for me.
2. Who did for hu - man guilt a - tone, Christ for me, Christ for me.

3. Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day;
My portion never can decay,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

4. In pining sickness, or in health,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
In deepest poverty or wealth,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons must obey,
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

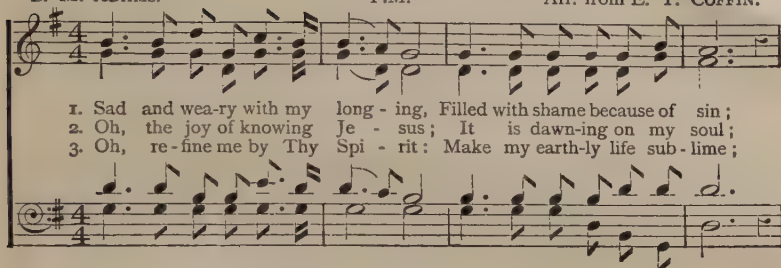
No. 84.

Sad and Weary.

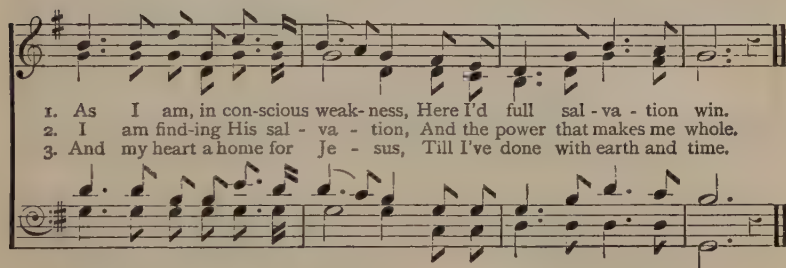
B. M. ADAMS.

P.M.

Arr. from E. T. COFFIN.

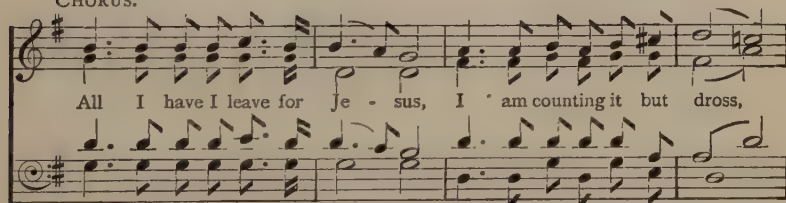


1. Sad and wea-ry with my long - ing, Filled with shame because of sin ;
 2. Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus ; It is dawn-ing on my soul ;
 3. Oh, re - fine me by Thy Spi - rit : Make my earth-ly life sub - lime ;

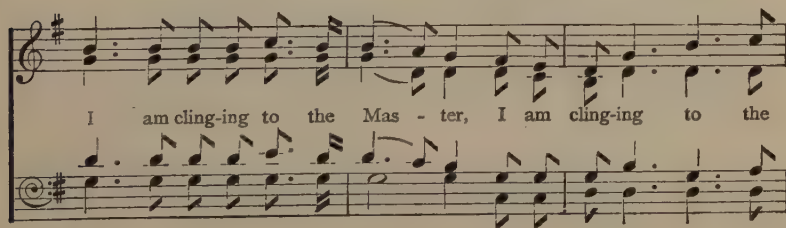


1. As I am, in con-sci-ous weak-ness, Here I'd full sal - va - tion win.
 2. I am find-ing His sal - va - tion, And the power that makes me whole.
 3. And my heart a home for Je - sus, Till I've done with earth and time.

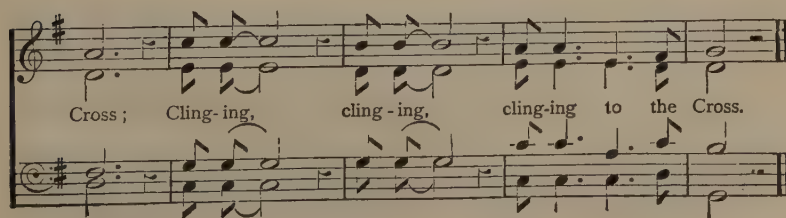
CHORUS.



All I have I leave for Je - sus, I am counting it but dross,



I am cling-ing to the Mas - ter, I am cling-ing to the



Cross ; Cling - ing, cling - ing, cling - ing to the Cross.

No. 85. I give my heart to Thee.

DR. RAY PALMER.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M.

From "Day's Psalter."

1. I give my heart to Thee, O Je - sus most de - sired ;
2. Thou hearts a - lone wouldst move, Thou on - ly hearts dost love ;

1. And heart for heart the gift shall be, For Thou my soul hast fired :
2. I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me, O Je - sus most de - sired.

3. What off'ring can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine—
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine?
4. "Give Me thy heart, My son :"
Lord, Thou my heart hast won ;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired.
5. Thy heart is opened wide,
Its offered love most free,
That heart to heart I may abide,
And hide myself in Thee :

6. Ah, how Thy love doth burn,
Till I that love return !
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired.
7. Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest
In Thee, the riven Rock :
8. My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found :
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired.

No. 86. My Saviour's call I hear.

1. My Saviour's call I hear,
"Stand forth, that I may bless ;
Thy withered hand, thy lack of power,
Thy every need confess."
2. Confessing all my need,
Before Thee now I stand,
And hear Thy Voice ring strong and clear,
"Stretch forth thy withered hand."
3. By faith I bring Thee now,
My lack of power and skill,

- My withered hopes, my fruitless work,
My weak and wayward will.
4. Thy cleansing Blood now flows
O'er all the dreary past,
Abundantly Thy life is mine,
Eternally to last.
 5. Engrafted in the Vine,
Abiding, Lord, in Thee,
Thy power, Thy strength, Thy fruitfulness,
I now believe to see.

Bertha Fennell.

No. 87. God of all Love and Pity.

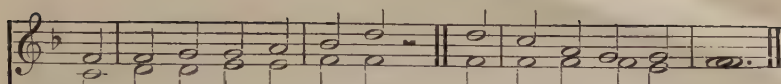
CAROLINE M. NOEL.

KNOCKER. 7.6.7.6.

CONRAD KNOCKER.

1. God of all love and pi - ty, Thy chil - dren gen - tly guide ;
2. By wa - ters still re - fresh us, As pa - tient - ly we wait,

II.—CONSECRATION.



1. With heav'n-ly food sup - ply us, All need - ful good pro - vide.
2. Till Thou, the Fount of bright-ness, Our souls il - lu - mi - nate.

3. Our wishes and affections,
Our impulses and pow'rs,
We yield unto Thy guidance;
For they are Thine, not ours.

4. Our spirits we surrender,
Our purposes resign,
To be conformed for ever
Unto the Will Divine.

5. With strong attraction draw us
Unto Thyself alone,
O King of Saints, and bring us
Unto Thy sapphire throne.

6. And till the morning dawneth
For each tired soul's release,
Sustain us with the brightness
Of Thine own perfect peace.

No. 88. In full and glad surrender.

1. IN full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only,
And evermore to be.
2. O Son of God who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone,
And all I have, and all I am,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3. Reign over me, Lord Jesus!
O make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.
4. Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King!

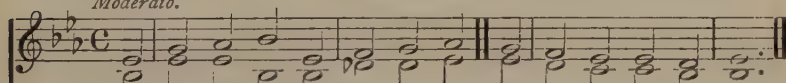
Frances R. Havergal.

No. 89. Alas! and did my Saviour Bleed?

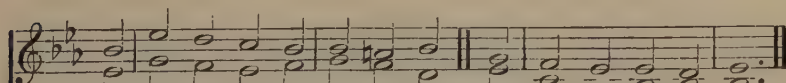
DR. WATTS.
Moderato.

DUNDEE. C.M.

From "Hart's Psalter."



1. A - las! and did my Sa - viour bleed? And did my Sov - reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,



1. Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
3. When Christ the migh - ty Ma - ker died For man the crea - ture's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 90. O Master! when Thou callest.

S. G. STOCK.

CHEBAR. 7.6.7.6. D.

SIR H. SMART.

By per. from "Book of Praise."

1. O Mas-ter! when Thou call - est No voice may say Thee
2. O Mas-ter! where Thou call - est No foot may shrink in

1. For blest are they that fol - low Where Thou dost lead the way;
2. For they who trust Thee whol - ly Shall find Thee ev - er near;

1. In fresh-est prime of morn - ing, Or full-est glow of noon,
2. And cham-ber still and lone - ly, Or bu - sy har - vest field,

1. The note of heav'n-ly warn - ing Can nev - er come too soon.
2. Where Thou, Lord, ru - lest on - ly, Shall pre-cious prod-uce yield.

3. O Master! whom Thou callest
No heart may dare refuse;
'Tis honour, highest honour,
When Thou dost deign to use
Our brightest and our fairest,
Our dearest,—all are Thine;
Thou who for each one carest,
We hail Thy love's design.

4. They who go forth to serve Thee,
We too, who serve at home,
May watch and pray together
Until Thy Kingdom come.
In Thee for aye united,
Our song of hope we raise,
Till that blest shore is sighted,
Where all shall turn to praise!

No. 91. Command Thy blessing.

J. MONTGOMERY.

MELCOMBE. L.M.

S. WEBBE.

1. Command Thy blessing from a - bove, O God, on all as - sem-bled here;
2. Command Thy blessing, Je - sus, Lord, May we Thy true dis - ci - ples be;

1. Be - hold us with a Fa - ther's love, While we look up with fil - ial fear.
2. Speak to each heart the migh - ty word; Say to the weakest, "Fol - low Me."

3. Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4. O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true Eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion bless'd.

No. 92. Oh, blessed Life.

1. Oh, blessed life—the heart at rest
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher Will, and deems
That higher Will, not mine, the best.

2. Oh, blessed life—the mind that sees,
Whatever change the years may bring,
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

3. Oh, blessed life—the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

4. Oh, blessed life—heart, mind, and soul,
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

5. O life, how blessed, how divine,
High life, the earnest of a higher;
Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessed life be mine.

Rev. W. T. Matson.

No. 93. O happy day that fixed my choice.

1. O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of thy good possess.

5. High Heaven, that heard that solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

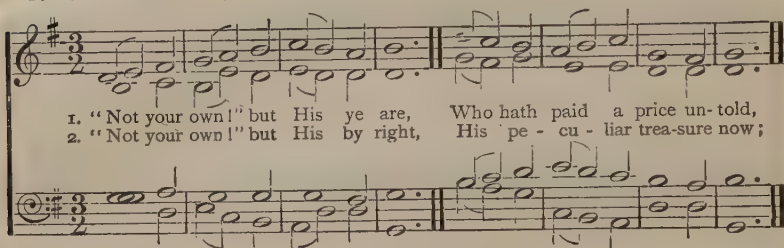
Dr. Doddridge.

No. 94. "Not your own!" but His ye are.

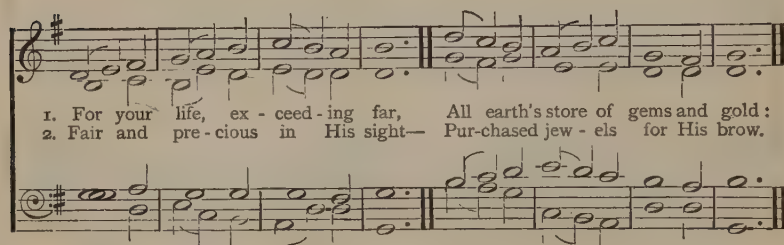
F. R. HAVERGAL.

MAIDSTONE. 7.7.7. D.

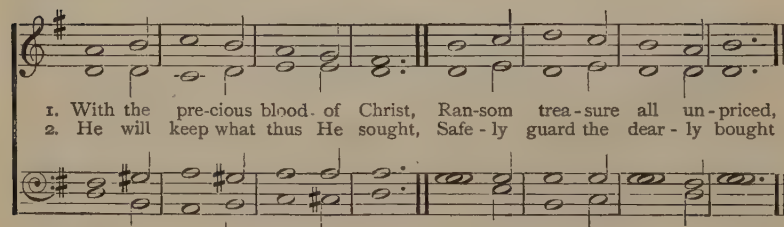
DR. W. B. GILBERT.



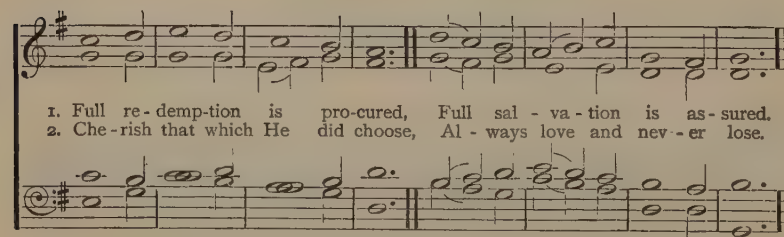
1. "Not your own!" but His ye are, Who hath paid a price un-told,
2. "Not your own!" but His by right, His pe - cu - liar trea - sure now;



1. For your life, ex - ceed - ing far, All earth's store of gems and gold:
2. Fair and pre - cious in His sight— Pur - chased jew - els for His brow.



1. With the pre - cious blood of Christ, Ran - som trea - sure all un - priced,
2. He will keep what thus He sought, Safe - ly guard the dear - ly bought



1. Full re - demp - tion is pro - cured, Full sal - va - tion is as - sured.
2. Che - rish that which He did choose, Al - ways love and nev - er lose.

3. "Not your own!" to Him ye owe
All your life and all your love;
Live, that ye His praise may show
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power,
Consecrate to Him alone,
Who hath claimed you for His own.

4. Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only Thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high—
Thee to serve and glorify!
Ours no longer, but Thine own,
Thine for ever, Thine alone!

PART III.—FAITH.

No. 95. Simply trusting every day.

A. PAGE.

7-7-7-7. D.

SWENEY.

Smoothly.

1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day ; Trust - ing, through a storm-y way ;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spi - rit shine In - to this poor heart of mine ;

1. E - ven when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
2. While He leads I can - not fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth is past,

Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

3. Singing if my way be clear ;
Singing if the path be drear ;
If in danger, for Him call—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4. Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting Him, whate'er befall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

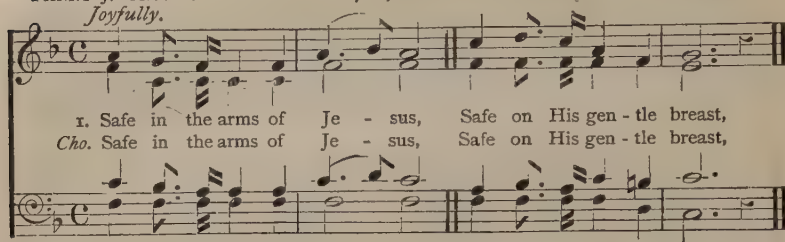
No. 96. Safe in the arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

7.6.7.6. D.

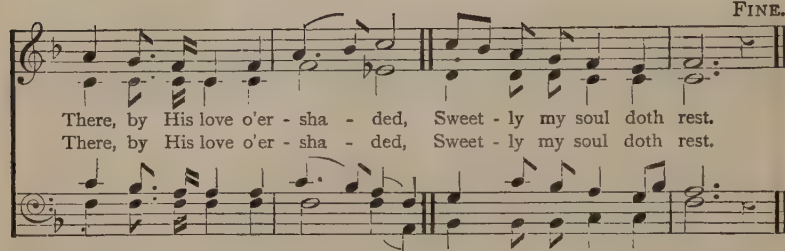
W. H. DOANE.

Joyfully.

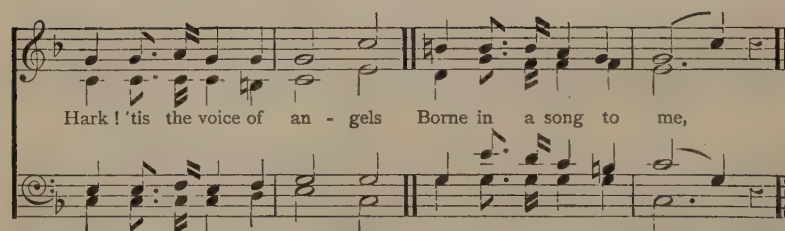


r. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
 Cho. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

FINE.

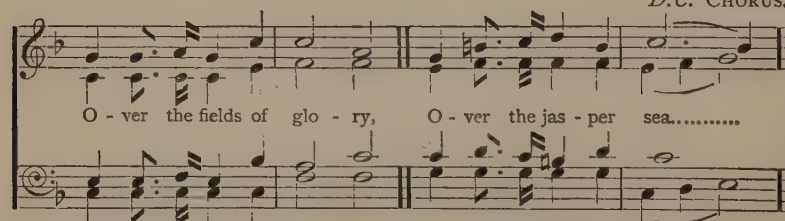


There, by His love o'er - sha - ded, Sweet - ly my soul doth rest.
 There, by His love o'er - sha - ded, Sweet - ly my soul doth rest.



Hark ! 'tis the voice of an - gels Borne in a song to me,

D.C. CHORUS.



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.....

2. Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
 Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears ;
 Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears.

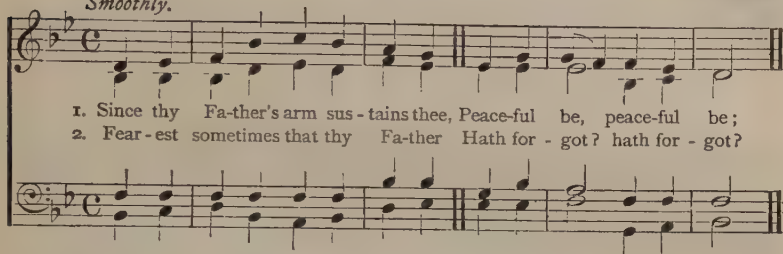
3. Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
 Jesus has died for me ;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages.
 Ever my trust shall be.
 Here let me wait with patience—
 Wait till the night is o'er,
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore.

No. 97. Since thy Father's arm sustains thee.

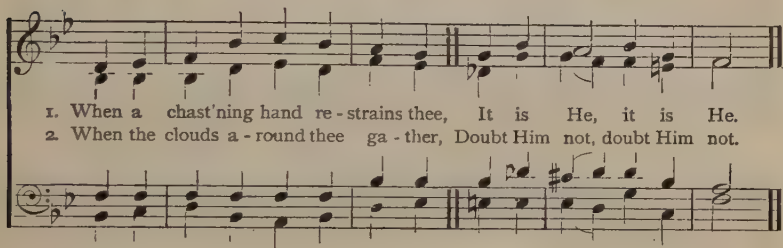
Smoothly.

P.M.

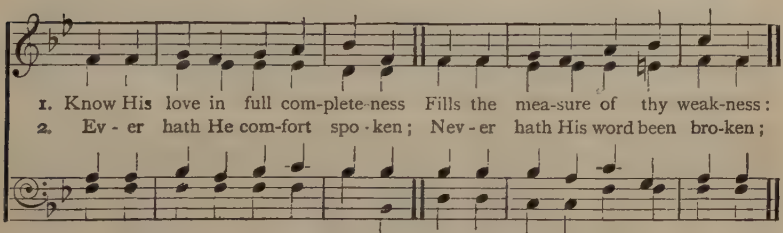
P. P. BLISS.



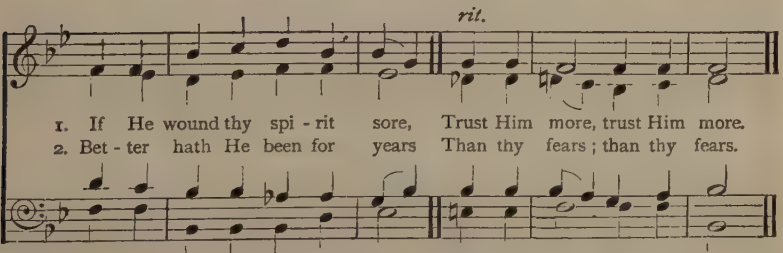
1. Since thy Fa-ther's arm sus-tains thee, Peace-ful be, peace-ful be;
2. Fear-est sometimes that thy Fa-ther Hath for-got? hath for-got?



1. When a chast'ning hand re-strains thee, It is He, it is He.
2. When the clouds a-round thee ga-ther, Doubt Him not, doubt Him not.



1. Know His love in full com-plete-ness Fills the mea-sure of thy weak-ness:
2. Ev-er hath He com-fort spo-ken; Nev-er hath His word been bro-ken;



rit.
1. If He wound thy spi-rit sore, Trust Him more, trust Him more.
2. Bet-ter hath He been for years Than thy fears; than thy fears.

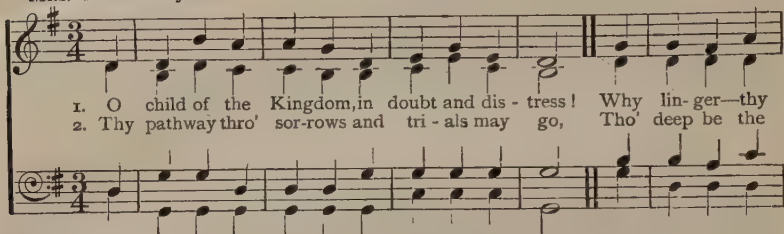
3. Without murmur, uncomplaining,
Follow on, follow on,
Saying, "Whatsoe'er God doeth
Is well done; is well done."
Bear to-day thy cross of sorrow,
Wear thy crown of life to-morrow,
Sing, while calmly trusting still,
" 'Tis His will! 'tis His will!"

4. To His own the Saviour giveth
Daily strength; daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length; peace at length.
Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Know His love for thee provideth:
Do not question, "Why?" or "How?"
Only bow, only bow.

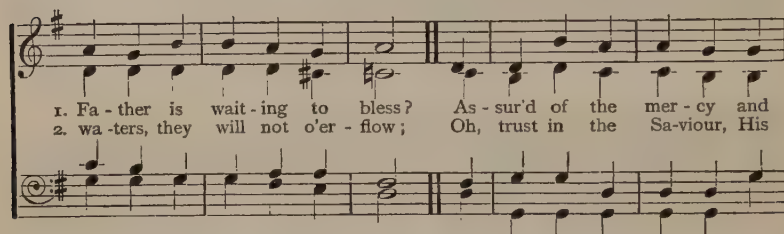
No. 98. Take God at His Word!

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

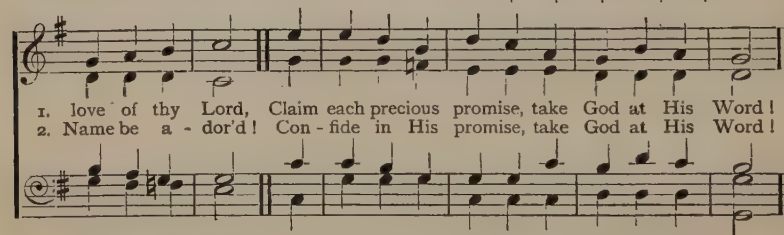
II, II, II, II, with Refrain. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



1. O child of the Kingdom, in doubt and dis - tress! Why lin - ger—thy
2. Thy pathway thro' sor - rows and tri - als may go, Tho' deep be the

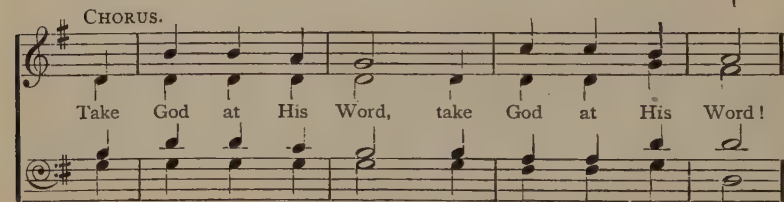


1. Fa - ther is wait - ing to bless? As - sur'd of the mer - cy and
2. wa - ters, they will not o'er - flow; Oh, trust in the Sa - viour, His



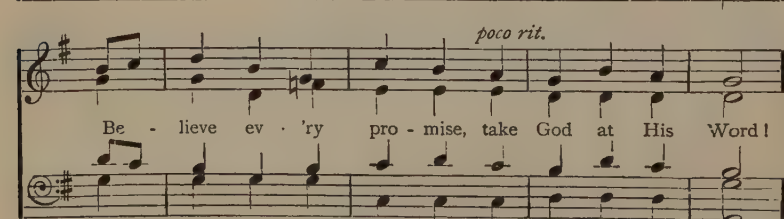
1. love of thy Lord, Claim each precious promise, take God at His Word!
2. Name be a - dor'd! Con - fide in His promise, take God at His Word!

CHORUS.



Take God at His Word, take God at His Word!

poco rit.



Be - lieve ev - 'ry pro - mise, take God at His Word!

3. He says He will guide thee through sunshine and gloom;
His presence shall brighten thy path to the tomb;
And down in death's valley His voice shall be heard:
Fear not, tempted Christian, take God at His Word!
4. An heir to a kingdom, and promis'd a crown;
With God thy protector—oh, why be cast down?
Oh, think of the triumphs of faith thou hast heard;
Be not unbelieving; take God at His Word!

No. 99.

Trust and obey!

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

P.M.

REV. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word, What a
 2. Not a sha-dow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our

1. glo-ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will He a-
 2. smile quick-ly drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a
 3. toil He doth rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief or a loss, Not a

1. -bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o-bey!
 2. sigh or a tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey!
 3. frown or a cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey!

CHORUS.

Trust and o-bey! For there's no o-ther way To be

hap-py in Je-sus— But to trust and o-bey!

4. But we never can prove
 The delights of His love,
 Until all on the altar we lay;
 For the favour He shows,
 And the joy He bestows,
 Are for them who will trust and obey!

5. Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at His feet,
 Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
 What He says we will do;
 Where He sends, we will go—
 Never fear, only trust and obey!

No. 100.

The Cross of Jesus.

E. C. CLEPHANE.
Moderato. p

P.M.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Be - neath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,—
 2. Oh, safe and hap - py shel - ter! Oh, ref - uge tried and sweet!
 3. There lies beneath its sha - dow, But on the far - ther side,

1. The sha - dow of a migh - ty Rock, With - in a wea - ry land;
 2. Oh, tryst - ing - place where Heaven's love And Heaven's jus - tice meet!
 3. The dark - ness of an aw - ful grave That gapes both deep and wide;

1. A home with - in the wil - derness, A rest up - on the way,
 2. As to the ho - ly Pa - tri - arch That wondrous dream was given,
 3. And there between us stands the Cross, Two arms outstretch'd to save,

1. From the burn - ing of the noontide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 2. So seems my Saviour's Cross to me A lad - der up to heaven.
 3. Like a watchman set to guard the way From that e - ter - nal grave.

4. Upon that Cross of Jesus
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of One,
 Who suffered there for me;
 And from my smitten heart, with tears,
 Two wonders I confess,
 The wonders of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

5. I take, O Cross, Thy shadow
 For my abiding place;
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face;
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,—
 My sinful self, my only shame,
 My glory all the Cross.

No. 101.

The Lord's Gifts.

WILLIAM LUFF.

P.M.

MAY CHENEVIX-TRENCH.

1. I know not what He'll give me In the year that is dawn-ing now ;
 2. I know not what He'll give me But I know He will give His grace ;
 3. Per-haps, by His Ho-ly Spi-rit, He will give me a near-er view

1. But al-ready the light of His promise breaks, And brightens its rud-dy brow.
 2. I... know I shall walk in His fa-vour still, In the light of His smiling face.
 3. Of the Pro-mis'd Land, where the honey flows, And the years are ev-er new.

1. Al-read-y my heart is sing-ing, And ca-rolling Hope's glad song ;
 2. I know He will give His coun-sel ; I know He will give His care ;
 3. Will give me to see new beau-ties, New wonders and joys un-told,

1. And tho' in the future dark clouds may rise, They'll scat-ter a-gain ere long.
 2. I know He will give me His gracious ear, And bow to my ev-'ry pray'r.
 3. As I turn the page of His sa-cred Word, And His se-cret thoughts un-fold.

4. Perhaps He will give a message,
 A message that I may bear,—
 A message that tells of a Father's love,
 To the lone one in despair.
 Perhaps He will let me serve Him,
 And give me a work to do,—
 A place in the fields where the harvest waits,
 And the reapers are but few.

5. I know not what He'll give me
 In the year that is dawning now ;
 Enough that the light of His promise breaks,
 And brightens its ruddy brow.
 Come sorrow, or laughing pleasure,
 The harp, or the smiting rod,
 Whatever He gives will be ever best,
 The gift of a faithful God !

No. 102. I cannot drift beyond Thy love.

IDA L. REED.

Copyright. C.M.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I can - not drift be - yond Thy love, Be - yond Thy ten - der care ;
 2. I can - not drift be - yond Thy sight, Dear Lord, the thought is sweet ;
 3. I can - not drift a - way from Thee, No mat - ter where I go ;

1. Wher - e'er I stray, still from a - bove Thine eye be-holds me there.
 2. Thy lov - ing hand will guide a - right My wea - ry, way - worn feet.
 3. Still Thy dear love doth glad - den me, Thou all my way dost know.

1. I can - not drift so far a - way But what Thy love di - vine
 2. When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I shall not be for - got ;
 3. Wher - e'er I jour - ney Thou art there, In wind and wave I hear

1. Up - on my path by night and day, In mer - cy sweet doth shine.
 2. Thro' all life's changeful, sha-dowed day Thou wilt for - sake me not.
 3. Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that Thou art near.

No. 103.

O ye that are weary.

REV. F. BOTTOME.
pp Calmly.

II. II. II. II., with Refrain.

ROSE MEYER.

1. O ye that are wea - ry and la - den of soul, Come, come to the
2. Oh, cease from your an - guish, ye toil - ers for life, For vain is your

1. fountain that mak - eth you whole ; There's peace in be - liev-ing, there's rest in His
2. la - bour and fruit-less your strife ; No hope can they bring you, no joy to your

1. name, There's heal-ing for all in the blood of the Lamb.
2. heart ; None, none but the Sa - viour can rest - ing im - part. } Rest, rest—

CHORUS.
pp

sweet, sweet rest ; In the bo - som of Je - sus there on - ly is rest.

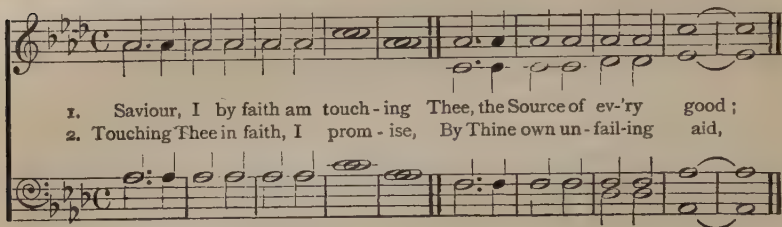
3. Then come to the Saviour, ye weary and worn,
Your burdens and sorrows for you He hath borne ;
No anguish that pierceth but pierced Him before,
No thorn is so sharp as the crown which He wore.
4. Rest, rest, blessed Jesus ! oh, sweet rest at last,
Like calm on the ocean when tempest is past :
The morning light breaketh in joy from above,
And illumines my soul with His rainbow of love !

No. 104. Saviour, I by faith am touching.

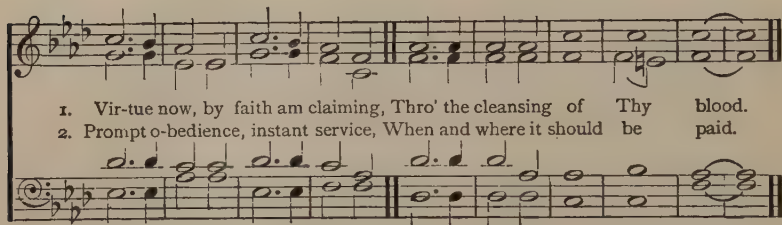
BERTHA FENNELL.

CRYSTAL SEA. 8.7.8.7. D.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

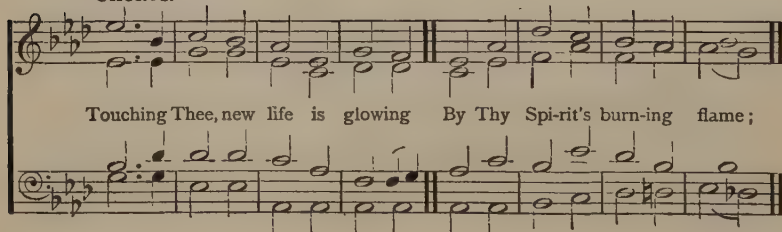


1. Saviour, I by faith am touch-ing Thee, the Source of ev-'ry good ;
2. Touching Thee in faith, I prom - ise, By Thine own un-fail-ing aid,

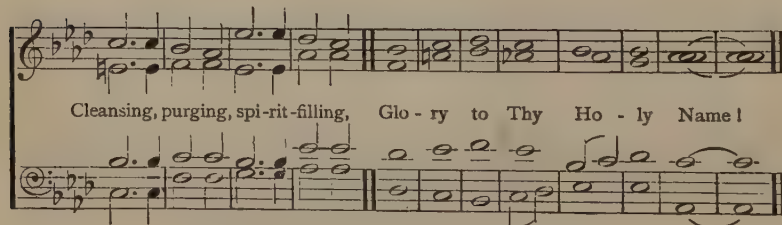


1. Vir-tue now, by faith am claiming, Thro' the cleansing of Thy blood.
2. Prompt o-bedience, instant service, When and where it should be paid.

CHORUS.



Touching Thee, new life is glowing By Thy Spi-rit's burn-ing flame ;



Cleansing, purging, spi-rit-filling, Glo - ry to Thy Ho - ly Name !

3. Touching now Thine outstretched sceptre,
O most mighty King of kings ;
Of Thy fulness now receiving,
High I mount on eagle wings.
4. Grace and virtue, strength and wisdom,
All my need, by Thee supplied,
Keep me touching, keep me claiming,
Keep me ever at Thy side.

No. 105.

Thou my Shield.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

7-7-7-7, with Refrain.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
(By per.)

1. When the hopes that smile to - day With the mor - row pass a - way ;
2. When my heart with toils op-pressed Vain - ly seeks the balm of rest ;

1. When the flow'rs that plea-sure weaves Fade and fall like au - tumn leaves :
2. When be - set with tri - als deep, Throb-bing cares that will not sleep :

REFRAIN.

Thou my Shield and strength di-vine, Clos - er draw my love to Thine ;

FULL CHORUS.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

3. When afflictions o'er my soul
Like the waves of ocean roll :
When the clouds above me frown
And my burden weighs me down :
4. When the storms of life shall cease,
When the waves are hush'd in peace ;
When I reach my home at last,
Ev'ry danger safely passed :

No. 106. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

8.7.8.7, with Refrain.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;

1. Just to rest up - on His pro-mise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
2. Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me, 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him, How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er,

Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.

4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,
Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;
And I know that Thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.

No. 107. Jesus, keep me near the Cross.

FANNY CROSBY.

7.6.7.6, with Refrain.

W. H. DOANE.

Smoothly.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross; There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the Cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;

1. Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 2. There the bright and morn - ing star Shed its beams a - round me.

CHORUS.

In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

3. Near the Cross ! O Lamb of God !
 Bring its scenes before me ;
 Help me walk from day to day
 With its shadow o'er me.

4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
 Hoping, trusting ever,
 Till I reach the golden strand,
 Just beyond the river.

No. 108. When we cannot see our way.

T. KELLY.

BRIGNALL. 7-7-7-7.

R. T.

1. When we can - not see our way, Let us trust and still o - bey ;
 2. Tho' the sea be deep and wide, Tho' a pas - sage seem de - nied,
 3. Night with Him is nev - er night, Where He is, there all is light ;

1. He who bids us for - ward go, Can - not fail the way to show.
 2. Fear - less let us still pro - ceed, Since the Lord vouch - safes to lead.
 3. When He calls us, why de - lay? They are hap - py who o - bey.

No. 109. Trust and tremble.

REV. C. A. FOX.

INFANTS' PRAYER. 7.7.7.7.

H. J. E. HÖLMES.

1. Trust and trem-ble— that is all! Trust when all is dark and rough,
 2. Kneel and bless the God of love, Kneel and woo His wondrous will,
 3. Swift the Man of sor-rows now Stoops be-side thee, stoops to save;

1. Trem-ble, for a saint may fall, Je-sus sees, and that's e-nough.
 2. Se-crets of the King-dom prove, Bare thy bo-som to the steel—
 3. Ev-'ry thorn up-on His brow Makes thee more and more His slave.

4. Two glad services are ours,
 Both the Master loves to bless,
 First we serve with all our powers,
 Then with all our feebleness.
5. Nothing else the soul uplifts
 Save to serve Him night and day,
 Serve Him when He gives His gifts,
 Serve Him when He takes away.

6. Children of the cloud, well done!
 Sanguine buds break white in flower;
 Rainbows follow when the sun
 Looks back fondly on the shower.
7. Hallelujah, Christ is Lord!
 Trust and tremble at His grace,
 Trust the Mighty Master's Word,
 Tremble— He unveils His face!

No. 110. Prince of Peace, control my will.

1. PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
 Bid this struggling heart be still;
 Bid my fears and doubtings cease:
 Hush my spirit into peace.
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
 Opened wide the gate to God;
 Peace I ask, but peace must be,
 Lord, in being one with Thee.

3. May Thy will, not mine, be done;
 May Thy will and mine be one;
 Chase these doubtings from my heart:
 Now Thy perfect peace impart.
4. Saviour, at Thy feet I fall!
 Thou, my life, my God, my all!
 Let Thy happy servant be
 One for evermore with Thee!

C. Wesley.

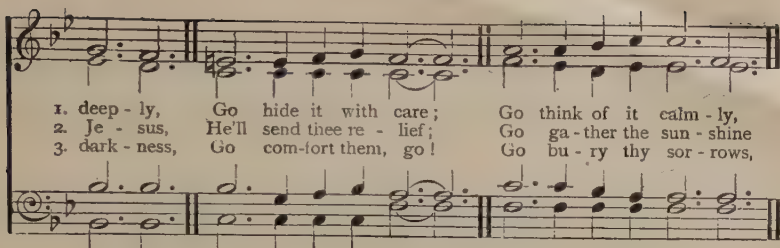
No. 111. Go bury thy sorrow.

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

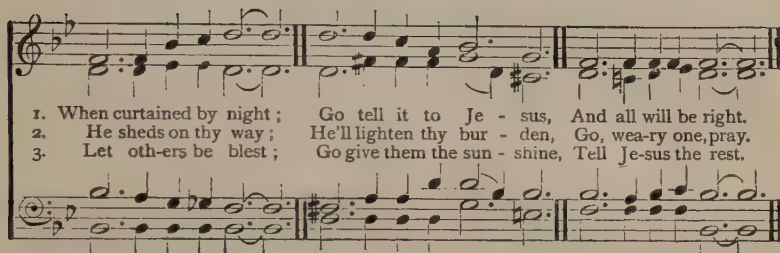
P. P. BLISS.

Slow.

1. Go bu-ry thy sor-row, The world hath its share; Go bu-ry it
 2. Go tell it to Je-sus, He know-eth thy grief; Go tell it to
 3. Hearts growing a-wea-ry With hea-vi-er woe, Now droop 'mid the



1. deep - ly, Go hide it with care; Go think of it calm - ly,
 2. Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief; Go ga - ther the sun - shine
 3. dark - ness, Go com - fort them, go! Go bu - ry thy sor - rows,



1. When curtained by night; Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
 2. He sheds on thy way; He'll lighten thy bur - den, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
 3. Let oth - ers be blest; Go give them the sun - shine, Tell Je - sus the rest.

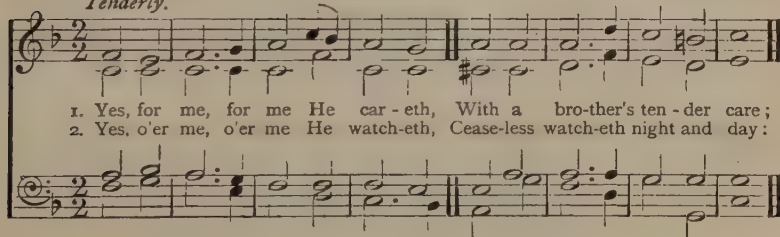
No. 112. Yes, for me, for me He careth.

REV. DR. H. BONAR.

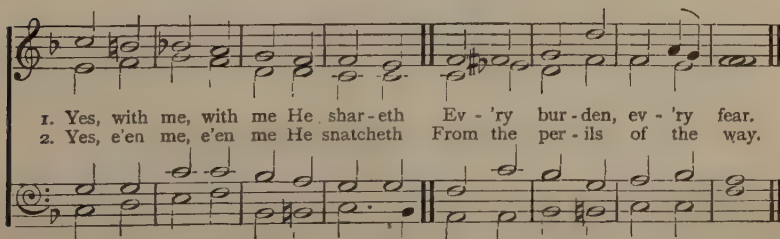
SARDIS. 8.7.8.7.

BEETHOVEN.

Tenderly.



1. Yes, for me, for me He car - eth, With a bro - ther's ten - der care;
 2. Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watch - eth, Cease - less watch - eth night and day:



1. Yes, with me, with me He shar - eth Ev - 'ry bur - den, ev - 'ry fear.
 2. Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth From the per - ils of the way.

3. Yes, for me He standeth pleading
 At the mercy-seat above;
 Ever for me interceding,
 Constant in untiring love.

4. Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
 Joys unearthly—love and light;
 And to cover me He spreadeth
 His paternal wing of might.

5. Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth—
 I in Him, and He in me!
 And my empty soul He filleth,
 Here and through eternity.

6. Thus I wait for His returning,
 Singing all the way to heaven;
 Such the joyful song of morning,
 Such the tranquil song of even.

No. 113. "My grace is sufficient."

S. F. FORREST.
SOLO.

12.8.12.8.

C. H. FORREST.

1. "My grace is suf - fi - cient"—The Sa - viour hath spo - kén— I
 2. "My grace is suf - fi - cient"—no word of a stran - ger Could
 3. "My grace is suf - fi - cient"—un - me - rit - ed fa - vour To

1. rest on the truth of His Word; I know that His promise hath
 2. give me this con - fi - dence deep; But He is my suc - cour in
 3. me full of fail - ure and sin; Though I am but weakness, my

1. nev - er been brok - en, The faith - ful, un - change - a - ble Lord.
 2. doubt or in dan - ger, Al - migh - ty to save and to keep.
 3. glo - ri - ous Sa - viour Will fin - ish what He did be - gin.

4. "My grace is sufficient"—I tremble no longer ;
 My best resolutions may fail ;
 Yet I trust Him with faith ever stronger and stronger,
 His promise must ever prevail.
5. "My grace is sufficient,"—exhaustless in measure,
 Though millions appeal in their need ;
 My Saviour, I praise Thee, I take of the treasure,
 Thy grace is sufficient indeed.

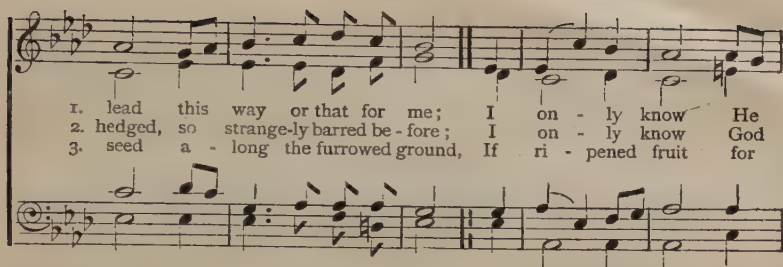
No. 114. I cannot see, but I can trust.

Calmly.

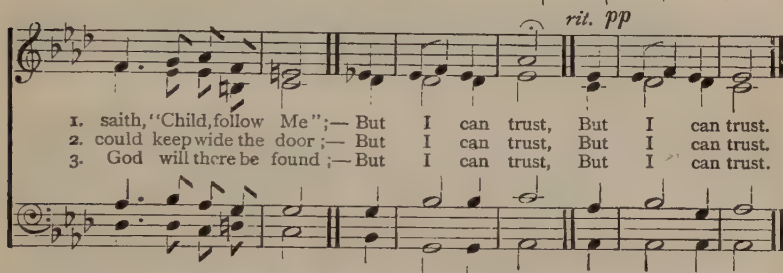
10.10.10.8.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

1. I can - not see, with my small hu - man sight, Why God should
 2. I know not why my path should be at times So strait - ly
 3. I of - ten won - der, as with trembling hand I cast the



1. lead this way or that for me; I on - ly know He
 2. hedged, so strange-ly barred be - fore; I on - ly know God
 3. seed a - long the furrowed ground, If ri - pened fruit for



rit. pp
 1. saith, "Child, follow Me";— But I can trust, But I can trust.
 2. could keep wide the door;— But I can trust, But I can trust.
 3. God will there be found;— But I can trust, But I can trust.

4. I cannot know why suddenly the storm
 Should rage so fiercely round me in its
 wrath; [path;—
 But this I know, God watches all my
 And I can trust.
5. I may not draw aside the mystic veil
 That hides the unknown future from my
 sight; [light;—
 Nor know if for me waits the dark or
 But I can trust.

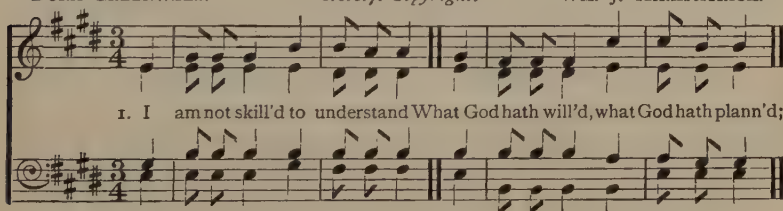
No. 115.

My Saviour.

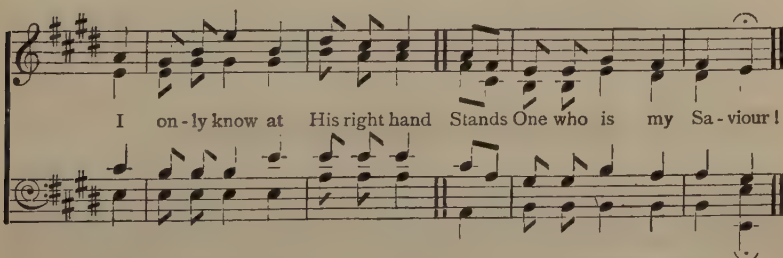
DORA GREENWELL.

8.8.8.7. Copyright.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;



I on - ly know at His right hand Stands One who is my Sa - viour!

2. I take Him at His word indeed:
 "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
 For in my heart I find a need
 Of Him to be my Saviour!
3. That He should leave His place on high,
 And come for sinful man to die,
 You count it strange?—so once did I,
 Before I knew my Saviour!
4. And oh, that He fulfilled may see
 The travail of His soul in me,
 And with His work contented be,
 As I with my dear Saviour!
5. Yea, living, dying, let me bring
 My strength, my solace from this spring,
 That He who lives to be my King
 Once died to be my Saviour!

No. 116.

God holds the key.

REV. J. PARKER.

8.4.8.8.4.4.

G. C. STEBBINS.

1. God holds the key of all un-known, And I am glad;
 2. What if - to - mor-row's cares were here, With-out its rest?
 3. The ve - ry dim - ness of my sight Makes me se - cure;

1. If oth - er hands should hold the key, Or if He trust - ed
 2. I'd rath - er He un - locked the day, And, as the hours swing
 3. For, gro - ping in my mis - ty way, I feel His hand; I

1. it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.
 2. o - pen, say, "My will is best, My will is best."
 3. hear Him say, "My help is sure, My help is sure."

4. I cannot read His future plans;
 But this I know:
 I have the smiling of His face,
 And all the refuge of His grace
 While here below,

5. Enough; this covers all my wants;
 And so I rest!
 For what I cannot, He can see,
 And in His care I saved shall be,
 For ever blest.

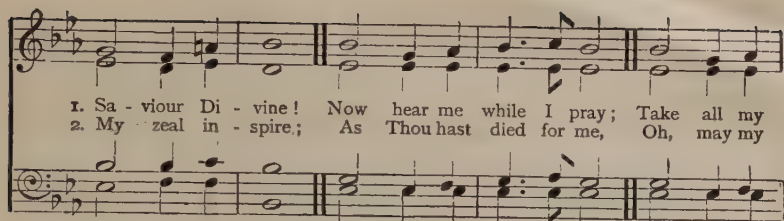
No. 117. My faith looks up to Thee.

REV. RAY PALMER.

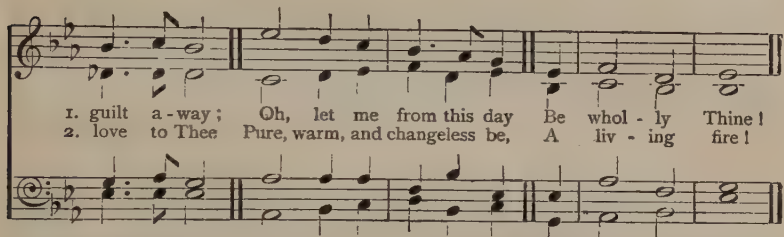
OLIVET. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,



1. Sa - viour Di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
2. My - zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my



1. guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
2. love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

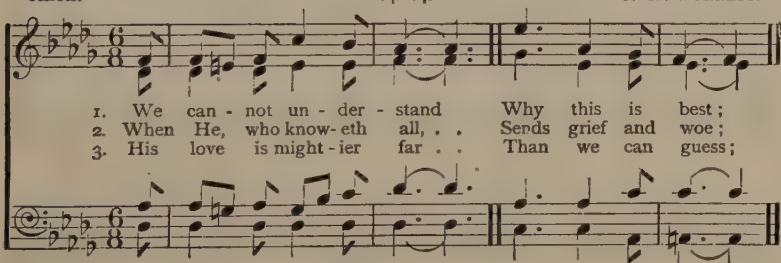
4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul!

No. 118. He knows best.

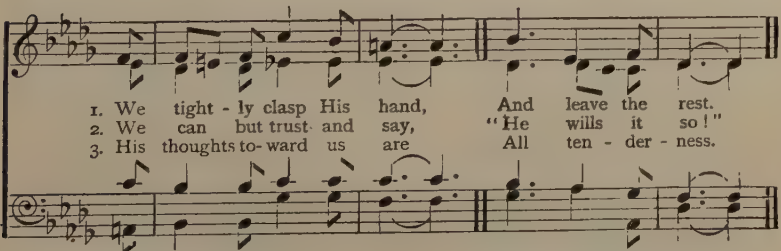
Anon.

6.4 6.4.

C. H. FORREST.



1. We can - not un - der - stand Why this is best;
2. When He, who know - eth all, . . . Seeds grief and woe;
3. His love is might - ier far . . . Than we can guess;

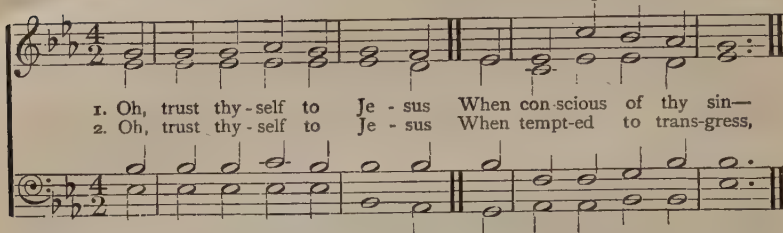


1. We tight - ly clasp His hand, And leave the rest.
2. We can but trust and say, "He wills it so!"
3. His thoughts to - ward us are All ten - der - ness.

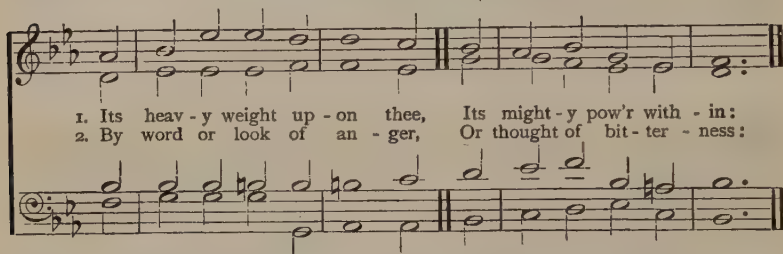
4. He is our loving Lord,
Our Father dear!
He knows our every want;
Why should we fear?

5. Then, though our hearts are sad,
We still can pray,
And He will make us glad
In His own day.

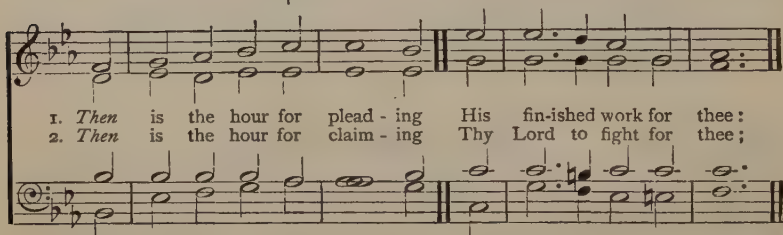
No. 119. Oh, trust thyself to Jesus.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. DR. S. S. WESLEY.
From "The European Psalter," by per.


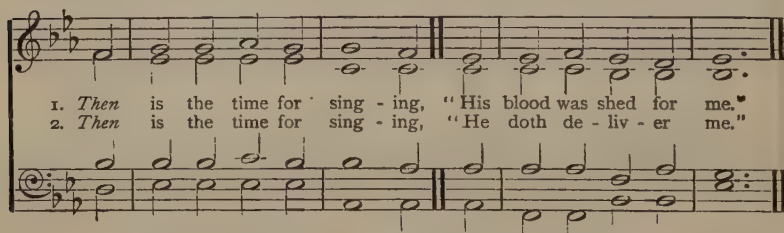
1. Oh, trust thy-self to Je-sus When con-sci-ous of thy sin—
2. Oh, trust thy-self to Je-sus When tempt-ed to trans-gress,



1. Its heav-y weight up-on thee, Its might-y pow'r with-in:
2. By word or look of an-ger, Or thought of bit-ter-ness:



1. *Then* is the hour for plead-ing His fin-ished work for thee:
2. *Then* is the hour for claim-ing Thy Lord to fight for thee;



1. *Then* is the time for sing-ing, "His blood was shed for me."
2. *Then* is the time for sing-ing, "He doth de-liv-er me."

3. Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When daily cares perplex,
And trifles seem so mighty
Thy inner soul to vex;
Then is the hour for grasping
His hand who walked the sea;
Then is the time for singing,
"He makes it calm for me."

4. Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When thou art wearied sore,
When head or hand refuses
To think or labour more:
Then is the hour for leaning
Upon the Master's breast:
Then is the time for singing,
"My Saviour gives me rest."

5. Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When thou art full of care,
For loved ones still refusing
Our blessed hope to share:
Then is the hour for trusting
Thy Lord to bring them nigh;
Then is the time for singing,
"He loves them more than I."

6. Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When loved ones pass away,
And life is sad and lonely,
And very dark the way:
Then is the hour for yielding
Entirely to His will;
Then is the time for singing,
"I have my Saviour still."

No. 120. "I take"—"He undertakes."

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

8.8.8.6.

C. H. FORREST.

1. I clasp the hand of Love di-vine, I claim the gra-cious prom-ise mine,
2. I take sal-va - tion full and free, Thro' Him who gave His life for me,

1. And add to His my coun-ter-sign, "I take"—"He un-der-takes."
2. He un-der-takes my all to be, "I take"—"He un-der-takes."

CHORUS.

I take Thee, bless-ed Lord, I give my-self to Thee,

And Thou, ac-cord-ing to Thy word, Dost un-der-take for me.

3. I take Him as my holiness,
My spirit's spotless, heavenly dress,
I take the Lord, my righteousness,
"I take"—"He undertakes."

4. I take the promised Holy Ghost,
I take the power of Pentecost,
To fill me to the uttermost,
"I take"—"He undertakes."

5. I take Him for this mortal frame,
I take my healing through His Name,
And all His risen life I claim,
"I take"—"He undertakes."

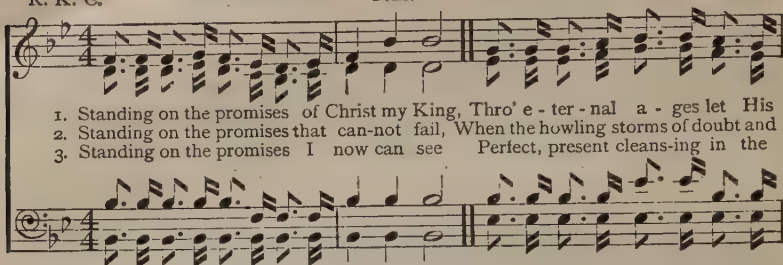
6. I simply take Him at His word,
I praise Him that my prayer is heard,
And claim my answer from the Lord,
"I take"—"He undertakes."

No. 121. Standing on the promises.

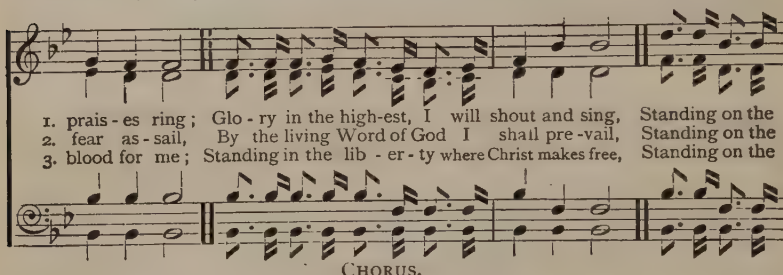
R. K. C.

P.M.

R. KELSO CARTER.

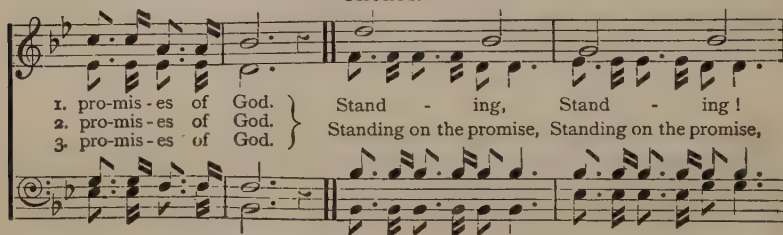


1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His
 2. Standing on the promises that can-not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and
 3. Standing on the promises I now can see Perfect, present cleans-ing in the

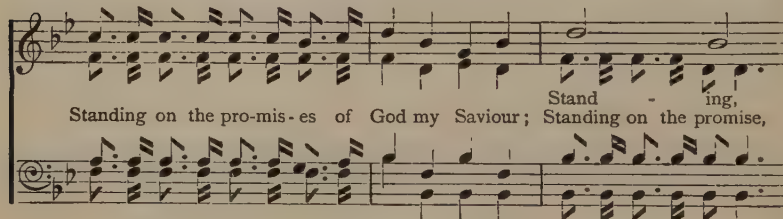


1. prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing, Standing on the
 2. fear as-sail, By the living Word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the
 3. blood for me; Standing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free, Standing on the

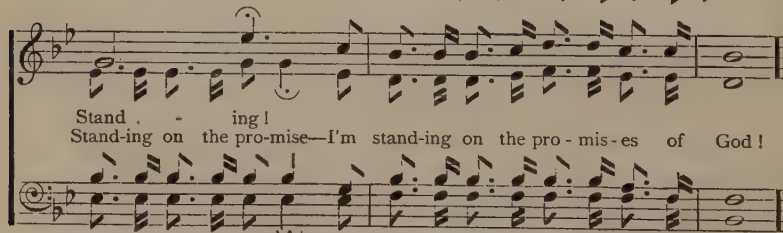
CHORUS.



1. pro-mis-es of God. } Stand - ing, Stand - ing!
 2. pro-mis-es of God. }
 3. pro-mis-es of God. } Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,



Stand - ing,
 Standing on the pro-mis-es of God my Saviour; Standing on the promise,



Stand - ing!
 Stand-ing on the pro-mise—I'm stand-ing on the pro - mis-es of God!

4. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
 Bound to Him eternally by love's strong
 Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
 Standing on the promises of God.
5. Standing on the promises I shall not fall,
 List'ning ev'ry moment to the Spirit's
 call,
 Resting in my Saviour as my All in all,
 Standing on the promises of God.

No. 122. Thy way, not mine, O Lord.

REV. DR. H. BONAR.

IBSTONE. 6.6.6.6.

MARY TIDDEMAN.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be;
2. Smooth let it be, or rough, It will be still the best;

1. Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.
2. Wind - ing or straight it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest.

3. I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
4. Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

5. Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
6. Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisd'n and my all!

No. 123. Peace I leave with you.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

6.6.6.6. Austrian Melody, har. by J. T. COOPER.

1. Rest, rest thee, wea-ry heart! Let toil and an-guish cease; Take from thy
2. Lie low be - fore His feet, Too low thou canst not be: For sa - cred

1. Sa-viour's Hands Thine he - ri - tage of peace.....
2. calm is here, And here is lib - er - ty,

3. Submit, lay down thine arms,
Nor question, nor rebel;
So shalt thou hear erewhile
His whisper, "It is well."
4. No secret wound of thine,
Or be it great or small,
Presume to hide from Him;
Confess, confess it all.

5. Nor merit of thine own
Upon His altar place;
All is of Christ alone,
And of His perfect grace.
6. Rest, rest thee, weary heart!
Let care and anguish cease;
Take from thy Saviour's Hands
Thine heritage of peace.

No. 124.

Father, I know.

A. L. WARING.

CONTENTMENT. 8.6.8.6.8.6.

SIDNEY VICTOR HAYS.

1. Fa-ther, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me; . .
 2. I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Thro' con-stant watch-ing wise . .
 3. I would not have the rest-less will That hur-ries to and fro, . .

1. The chan-ges that will sure-ly come I do not fear to see; .
 2. To meet the glad with joy-ful smiles, And wipe the weep-ing eyes;
 3. That seeks for some great thing to do, Or se-cret thing to know;

1. I ask Thee for a pre-sent mind, In-tent on pleas-ing Thee.
 2. A heart at leis-ure from it-self, To soothe and sym-pa-thise.
 3. I would be treat-ed as a child, And guid-ed where I go. . .

4. Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoe'er estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate;
 A work of lowly love to do
 For Him on whom I wait.
5. I ask Thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied;
 A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at Thy side;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If Thou be glorified.

6. Briars beset our every path,
 Which call for patient care;
 There is a cross in every lot,
 A constant need for prayer:
 But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
 Are happy anywhere.
7. In service which Thy love appoints,
 There are no bonds for me;
 My secret heart is taught the truth
 That makes Thy children free:
 A life of self-renouncing love
 Is one of liberty.

No. 125.

We rest on Thee.

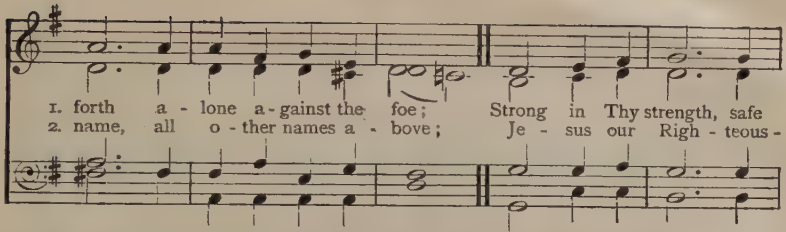
EDITH GILLING CHERRY. 11.10.11.10. By permission.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

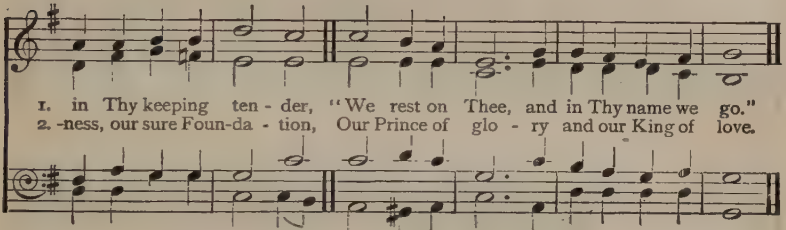
Devotionally.

1. "We rest on Thee"—our Shield and our De-fend-er! We go not
 2. Yea, "in Thy name," O Cap-tain of Sal-va-tion! In Thy dear

III.—FAITH.



1. forth a - lone a - gainst the foe; Strong in Thy strength, safe
2. name, all o - ther names a - bove; Je - sus our Righ - teous -



1. in Thy keeping ten - der, "We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go."
2. -ness, our sure Foun - da - tion, Our Prince of glo - ry and our King of love.

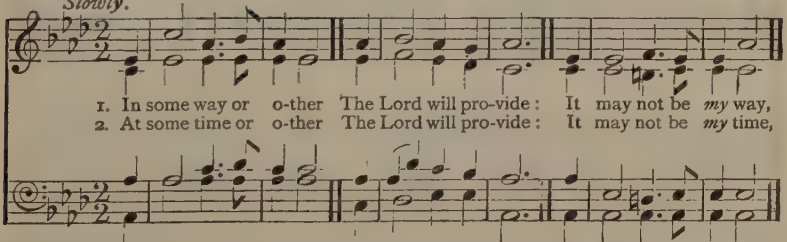
3. "We go" in faith, our own great weakness feeling,
And needing more each day Thy grace to know:
Yet from our hearts a song of triumph pealing;
"We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go."
4. "We rest on Thee"—our Shield and our Defender!
Thine is the battle, Thine shall be the praise
When passing through the gates of pearly splendour,
Victors—we rest *with* Thee, through endless days.

No. 126. The Lord will provide.

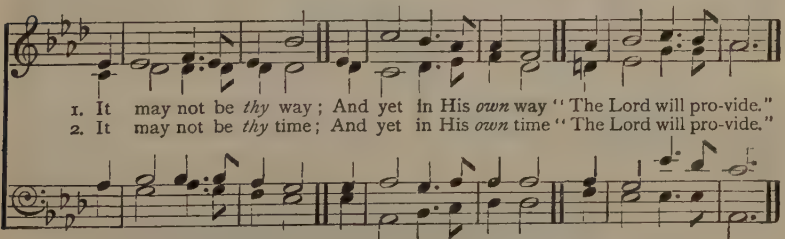
MRS. COOK.
Slowly.

6.5.6.6.6.5.

C. S. HARRINGTON.



1. In some way or o - ther The Lord will pro - vide: It may not be *my* way,
2. At some time or o - ther The Lord will pro - vide: It may not be *my* time,



1. It may not be *thy* way; And yet in His *own* way "The Lord will provide."
2. It may not be *thy* time; And yet in His *own* time "The Lord will provide."

3. Despond then no longer:
The Lord will provide:
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Hath ever been broken:
"The Lord will provide."

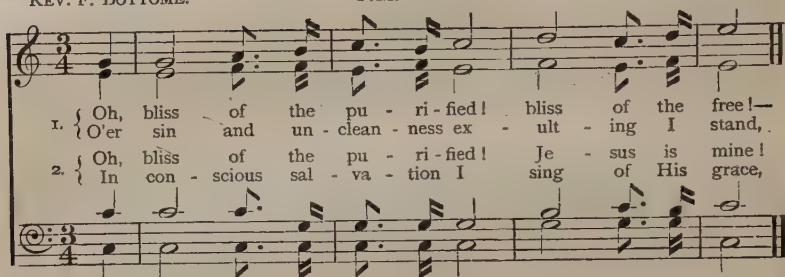
4. March on then right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

No. 127. Oh, bliss of the purified!

REV. F. BOTTOME.

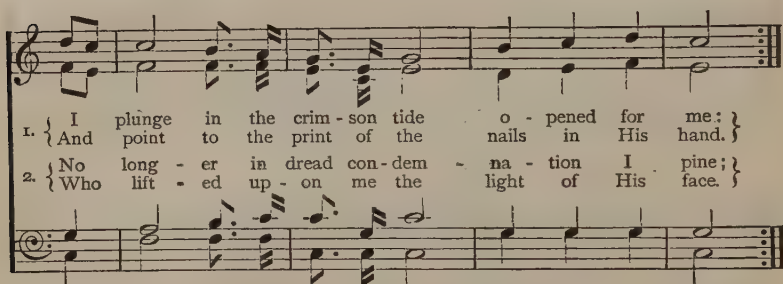
P.M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! —
O'er sin and un - clean - ness ex - ult - ing I stand, .

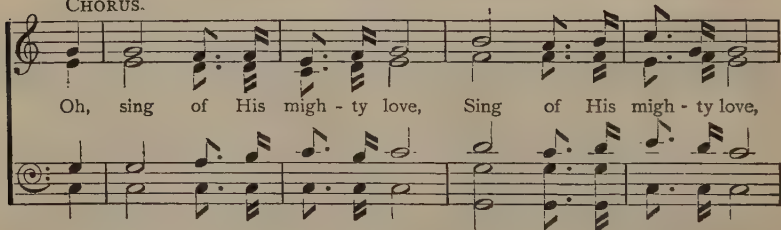
2. { Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Je - sus is mine!
In con - scious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace,



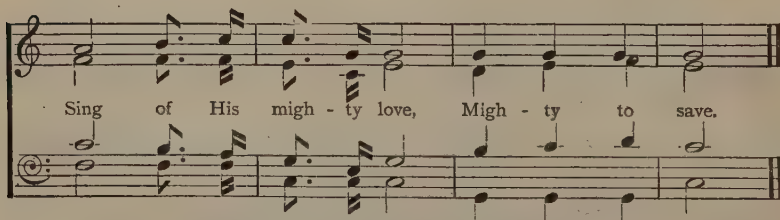
1. { I plunge in the crim - son tide o - pened for me: }
And point to the print of the nails in His hand. }

2. { No long - er in dread con - dem - na - tion I pine; }
Who lift - ed up - on me the light of His face. }

CHORUS.



Oh, sing of His migh - ty love, Sing of His migh - ty love,



Sing of His migh - ty love, Migh - ty to save.

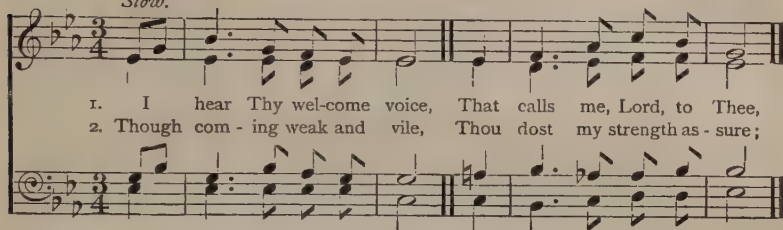
3. Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest;
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
4. O Jesus the Crucified! Thee will I sing;
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King:
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 128. 3 hear Thy welcome voice.

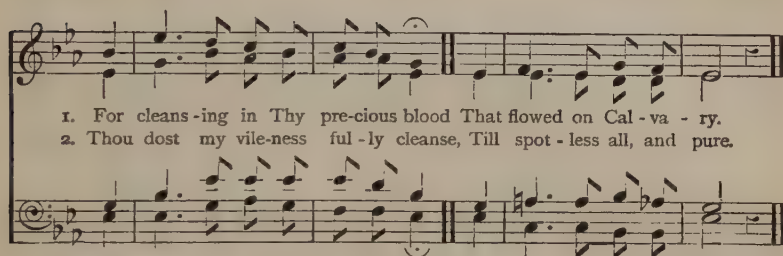
L. H.

By per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS. P.M. L. HARTSOUGH.

Slow.



1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
2. Though com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure;

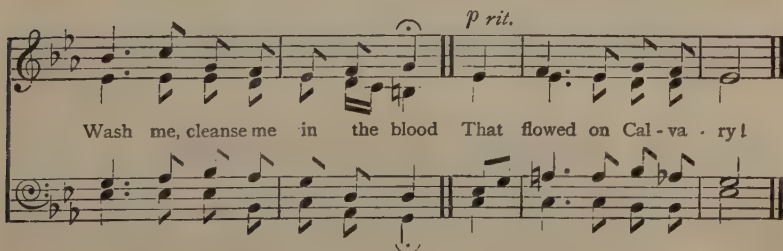


1. For cleans-ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
2. Thou dost my vile-ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.

CHORUS.



I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to Thee;



Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

3. 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4. 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5. And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

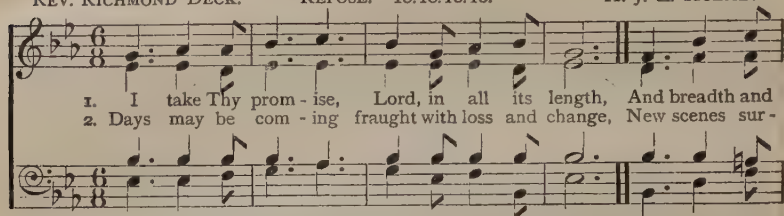
6. All hail ! atoning blood !
All hail ! redeeming grace !
All hail ! the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

No. 129. 3 take Thy promise, Lord.

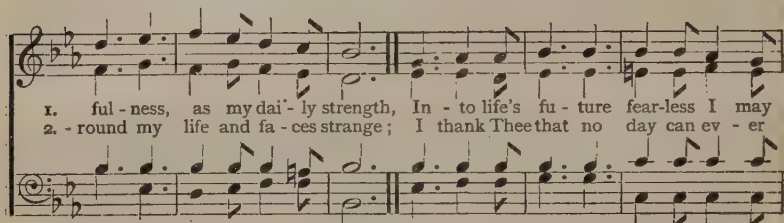
REV. RICHMOND DECK.

REPOSE. 10. 10. 10. 10.

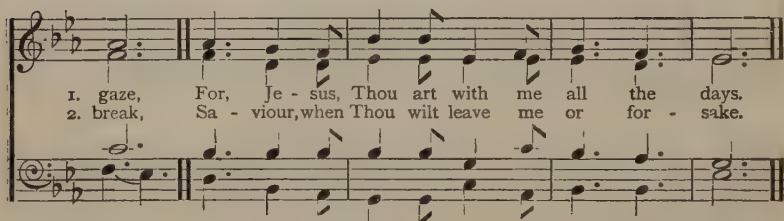
H. J. E. HOLMES.



1. I take Thy prom - ise, Lord, in all its length, And breadth and
2. Days may be com - ing fraught with loss and change, New scenes sur -



1. ful - ness, as my dai - ly strength, In - to life's fu - ture fear - less I may
2. - round my life and fa - ces strange; I thank Thee that no day can ev - er



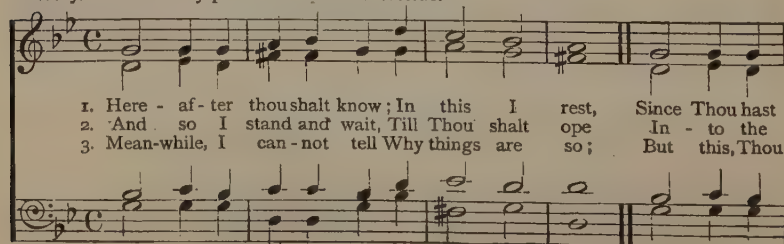
1. gaze, For, Je - sus, Thou art with me all the days.
2. break, Sa - viour, when Thou wilt leave me or for - sake.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. There may be days of darkness and distress,
When sin has power to tempt, and care to
press—
Yet in the darkest day I will not fear,
For, 'mid the shadows, Thou wilt still be
near.</p> <p>4. Days there may be of joy, and deep delight,
When earth seems fairest, and her skies
most bright;
Then draw me closer to Thee, lest I rest
Elsewhere, my Saviour, than upon Thy
breast.</p> | <p>5. And all the other days that make my
life,
Marked by no special joy or grief or strife,
Days filled with quiet duties, trivial care,
Burdens too small for other hearts to
share;</p> <p>6. Spend Thou these days with me, all shall
be Thine—
So shall the darkest hour with glory shine,
Then when these earthly years have passed
away,
Let me be with Thee in the perfect day.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 130. Hereafter thou shalt know.

W. J. GOVAN. By per.

10. 10. 10. 10.



1. Here - af - ter thou shalt know; In this I rest, Since Thou hast
2. And so I stand and wait, Till Thou shalt ope In - to the
3. Mean - while, I can - not tell Why things are so; But this, Thou

III.—FAITH.

1. willed it so, Whose will is best. I walk by faith; what
 2. light the gate; With glow - ing hope, That bright-er than my
 3. do - est well, I sure - ly know. The clouds may veil the

1. though I do not see? Thou se-est all; this is e-nough for me.
 2. brightest thought shall be The full un - fold-ing of Thy love to me.
 3. sun, and tears mine eyes; Still reigns my Lord be-yond these cur-tained skies.

4. And so quiet I my heart
 As on Thy breast;
 That Thou my Father art
 Lulls me to rest:
 A weary child, on Thee my soul is stilled;
 Do as Thou wilt, for Thou the best hast
 willed.

5. Have Thine own way with me;
 All things perform
 If in the calm I be,
 Or in the storm;
 How sweet, when cloud and storm are
 overpast,
 Just to be home, and with my God at last.

No. 131. Walking with Jesus.

Words and Air by MRS. L. SHOREY. C.M.

Arr. by H. A. MCKENZIE.

1. Walk-ing with Je - sus day by day, Taking Him for our Guide; .
 2. Look-ing to Je - sus day by day, Ev - er for fresh sup - ply, . .
 3. Speak-ing for Je - sus day by day, Telling what He has done; .

1. Holding His hand we can nev - er stray Far from His wounded side, . .
 2. Nev - er a bless-ing will He de - lay, Nought but in love de - ny. . .
 3. Helping some wand' - er to find the way, Guiding some err-ing one. . .

4. Singing for Jesus day by day,
 Praising His name in song;
 Telling His love in a happy lay
 Gladly the whole day long.

5. Living for Jesus day by day,
 Sharing His grace and love,
 Bearing His cross, that by this we may
 Share in His joy above.

No. 132.

Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

P.M.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sa-viour am

1. glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchas'd of God, Born of His
 2. burst on my sight; An-gels, de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove E-choes of
 3. hap-py and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

1. Spi-rit, wash'd in His blood.
 2. mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 3. good-ness, lost in His love. } This is my sto-ry, this is my

song, Prais-ing my Sa-viour all the day long; This is my

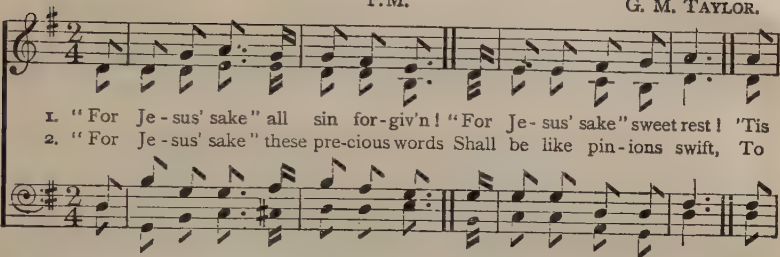
sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sa-viour all the day long.

No. 133.

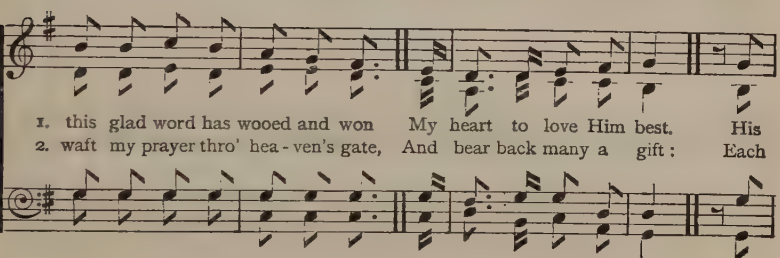
"For Jesus' Sake!"

P.M.

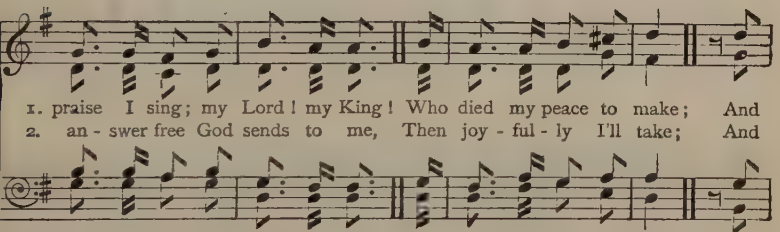
G. M. TAYLOR.



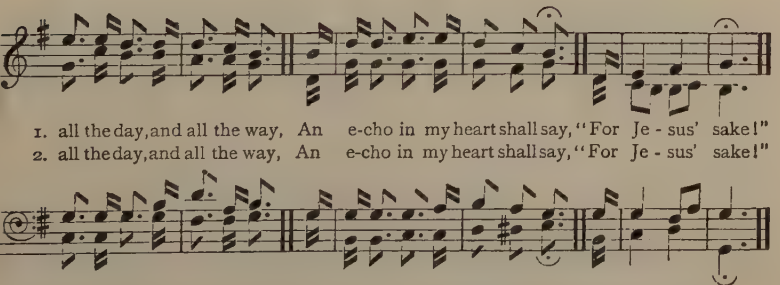
1. "For Je-sus' sake" all sin for-giv'n! "For Je-sus' sake" sweet rest! 'Tis
2. "For Je-sus' sake" these pre-cious words Shall be like pin-ions swift, To



1. this glad word has wooed and won My heart to love Him best, His
2. waft my prayer thro' hea-ven's gate, And bear back many a gift: Each



1. praise I sing; my Lord! my King! Who died my peace to make; And
2. an-swer free God sends to me, Then joy-ful-ly I'll take; And



1. all the day, and all the way, An e-cho in my heart shall say, "For Je-sus' sake!"
2. all the day, and all the way, An e-cho in my heart shall say, "For Je-sus' sake!"

3. When often like a wayward child,
I murmur at His will,
Then this sweet word, "For Jesus' sake,"
My restless heart can still:
I bow my head, and gently led,
His easy yoke I take;
And all the day, and all the way,
An echo in my heart shall say
"For Jesus' sake!"

4. In suffering sore or toilsome task,
His burden light I'll bear;
"For Jesus' sake" shall sweeten all,
Till His bright home I share; [strong,
And then this song, more sweet, more
In heaven my harp shall wake:
Led all the way, till that glad day,
Eternally my heart shall say,
"For Jesus' sake!"

No. 134. Lord God, in Thee confiding.

REV. HENRY MOULE. HAPPY PILGRIMS. 7.6.7.6. D.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. Lord God, in Thee con - fi - ding, Our faith all fear dis - pels ;
 2. Thou, Lord, who changest nev - er Through all e - ter - ni - ty,
 3. Thy love our voice up - rais - es In grate - ful hymns of joy,

1. With joy, in Thee a - bi - ding, Our heart ex - ult - ing swells ;
 2. Hast made us Thine for ev - er, Thy flock se - cure in Thee ;
 3. And our un - ceas - ing prais - es Shall end - less life em - ploy ;

1. Thus sing - ing we a - dore Thee, The high and ho - ly One,
 2. Thy rod and staff pos - sess - ing, We smile at ev - 'ry foe ;
 3. For grace and jus - tice blend - ing, Un - change - a - bly the same,

1. And joy - ful - ly be - fore Thee The path of du - ty run.
 2. The riv - ers of Thy bless - ing A - round our pas - ture flow.
 3. And mer - cy, nev - er end - ing, U - nite in Je - su's name.

No. 135. I know Whom I have Believed.

EL NATHAN.

C.M., with Refrain.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me hath been made known;
 2. I know not how this sa-ving faith To me He did im-part;
 3. I know not how the Spi-rit moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin;

1. Nor why—un-worth-y as I am— He claimed me for His own.
 2. Or how be-liev-ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart,
 3. Re-veal-ing Je-sus thro' the Word, Cre-a-ting faith in Him.

CHORUS, *Spirited.*

But "I know whom I have be-liev-ed, And am per-sua-ded that He is a-ble

To keep that which I've com-mit-ted un-to Him a-gainst that day."

4. I know not what of good or ill
 May be reserved for me—
 Of weary ways or golden days
 Before His face I see.

5. I know not when my Lord may come;
 I know not how, nor where;
 If I shall pass the vale of death,
 Or "meet Him in the air,"

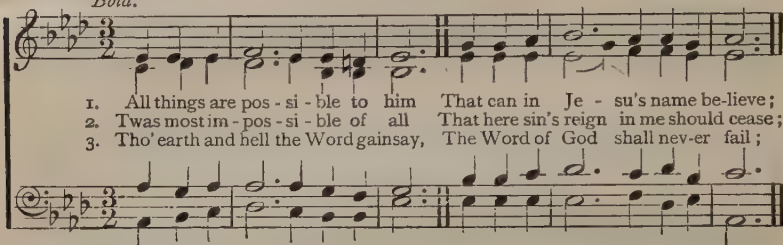
No. 136. The Possibilities of Faith.

REV. C. WESLEY.

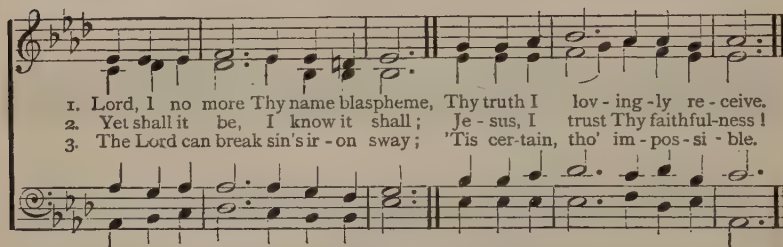
8.8.8.8.8.8.

WOODBURY.

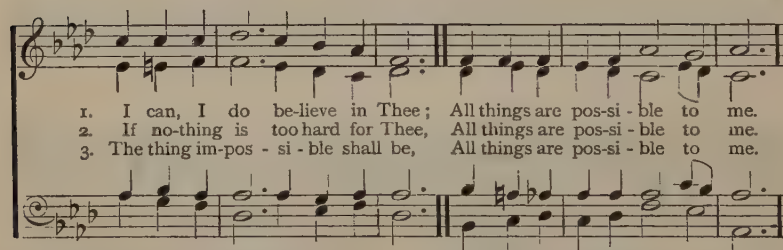
Bold.



1. All things are pos-si-ble to him That can in Je-su's name be-lieve;
 2. 'Twas most im-pos-si-ble of all That here sin's reign in me should cease;
 3. Tho' earth and hell the Word gainsay, The Word of God shall nev-er fail;



1. Lord, I no more Thy name blaspheme, Thy truth I lov-ing-ly re-ceive.
 2. Yet shall it be, I know it shall; Je-sus, I trust Thy faith-ful-ness!
 3. The Lord can break sin's ir-on sway; 'Tis cer-tain, tho' im-pos-si-ble.



1. I can, I do be-lieve in Thee; All things are pos-si-ble to me.
 2. If no-thing is too hard for Thee, All things are pos-si-ble to me.
 3. The thing im-pos-si-ble shall be, All things are pos-si-ble to me.

4. All things are possible to God;
 To Christ, the power of God in man;
 To me when I am all renewed,
 In Christ am fully formed again,
 And from the reign of sin set free,—
 All things are possible to me.

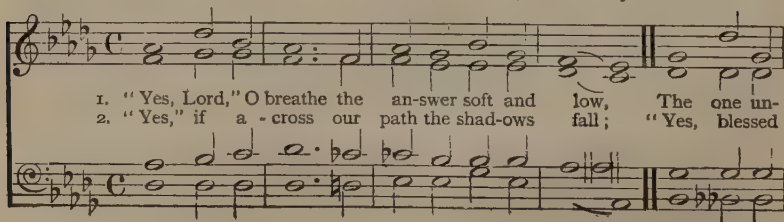
5. All things are possible to God;
 To Christ, the power of God in me;
 Now shed Thy mighty Self abroad,
 Let me no longer live, but Thee;
 Give me this hour in Thee to prove
 The sweet omnipotence of love.

No. 137. "Yes, Lord."

LUCY A. BENNETT.

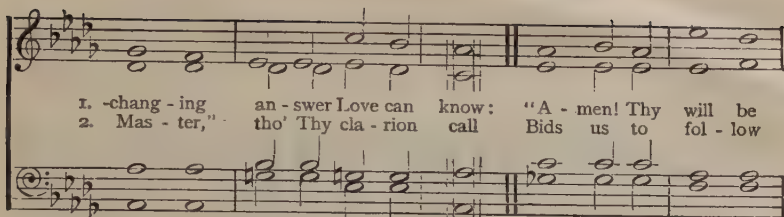
10.10.10.4.

JOHN E. GAUL.

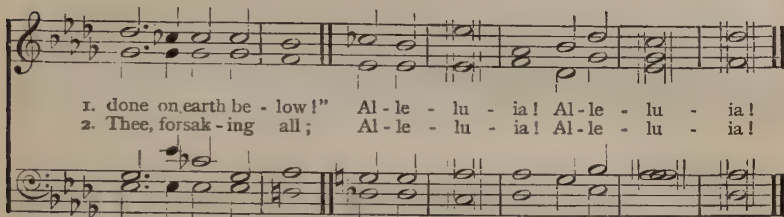


1. "Yes, Lord," O breathe the an-swer soft and low, The one un-
 2. "Yes," if a-cross our path the shad-ows fall; "Yes, blessed

III.—FAITH.



1. -chang - ing an - swer Love can know: "A - men! Thy will be
2. Mas - ter," tho' Thy cla - rion call Bids us to fol - low



1. done on earth be - low!" Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
2. Thee, forsak - ing all; Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

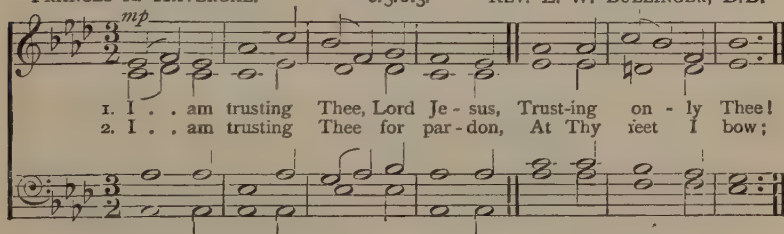
3. "Yes," when the Spirit's prompting voice is heard;
"Yes," to each ancient promise of the Word;
"Yes," though fulfilment seemeth long-deferred—
Alleluia!
4. "Yes," though a thousand bid us answer "No;"
Faith cleaves a passage through the ambushed foe;
"We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go,"—
Alleluia!

No. 138. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

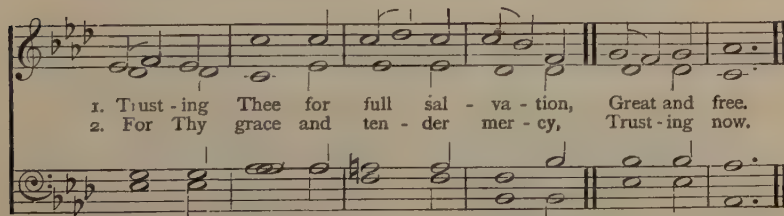
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

8.5.8.3.

REV. E. W. BULLINGER, D.D.



mp
1. I . . am trusting Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee!
2. I . . am trusting Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;



1. Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
2. For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.

3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing,
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy,
By Thy blood.
4. I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead,
Ev'ry day and hour supplying
All my need.
5. I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.
6. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all,

No. 139. Trusting in Jesus Only.

E. MOTE.

L. M., with Refrain.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Joyfully.

1. { My hope is built on no-thing less Than Je-su's blood and righteousness; }
 I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-su's name. }

2. { When darkness seems to veil His face, I rest on His un-changing grace; }
 In ev-'ry high and stor-my gale My anchor holds with-in the vail. }

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the So - lid Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

3. His oath, His covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the 'whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.

4. And when I hear the trumpet sound,
 Oh, may I then in Him be found,
 Clothed in His righteousness alone,
 Faultless to stand before His throne.

No. 140. Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

1. JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
 On Christ, the Solid Rock I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

2. Lord, I believe were sinners more
 Than sands upon the ocean shore,
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
 For all a full atonement made.

3. When from the dust of death I rise
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then, shall this be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived and died for me.

4. Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who ought to my charge shall lay?
 Fully, by Thee, absolved I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

5. This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruined nature sinks in years;
 No age can change its glorious hue;
 Its glory is for ever new.

6. Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
 Let all the world Thy mercy prove;
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus the Lord, our Righteousness!

Zinzendorf,

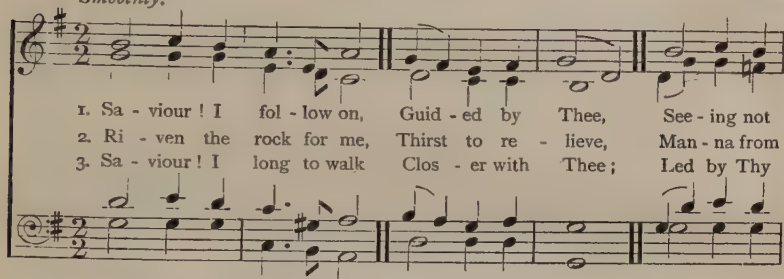
No. 141. Saviour! I follow on.

REV. C. S. ROBINSON.

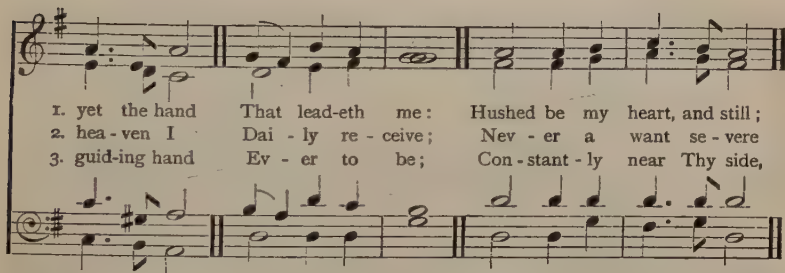
6.4.6.4 6.6.6.4.

REV. R. LOWRY.

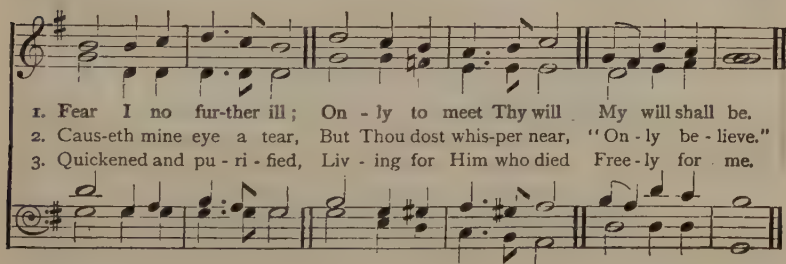
Smoothly.



1. Sa - viour! I fol - low on, Guid - ed by Thee, See - ing not
 2. Ri - ven the rock for me, Thirst to re - lieve, Man - na from
 3. Sa - viour! I long to walk Clos - er with Thee; Led by Thy



1. yet the hand That lead-eth me: Hushed be my heart, and still;
 2. hea - ven I Dai - ly re - ceive; Nev - er a want se - vere
 3. guid-ing hand Ev - er to be; Con - stant - ly near Thy side,



1. Fear I no fur - ther ill; On - ly to meet Thy will My will shall be.
 2. Caus-eth mine eye a tear, But Thou dost whis - per near, "On - ly be - lieve."
 3. Quickened and pu - ri - fied, Liv - ing for Him who died Free - ly for me.

No. 142. Saviour! Thy dying love.

1. SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
 Thou gavest me,
 Nor should I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from Thee;
 In love my soul would bow,
 My heart fulfil thy vow,
 Some offering bring Thee now,
 Something for Thee!
2. At the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus, to Thee:
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for Thee!

3. Give me a faithful heart—
 Likeness to Thee—
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wanderer sought and won,
 Something for Thee!
4. All that I am and have—
 Thy gifts so free—
 In joy, in grief, through life,
 Dear Lord, for Thee!
 And when Thy face I see,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 Through all eternity,
 Something for Thee!

S. D. Phelps.

No. 143.

Lord of our life.

CLOISTERS. II.II.II.5.

M. A. VON LÖWENSTERN.

SIR JOSEPH BARNEY.

p

1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our
2. See round Thine ark the hun - gry bil - lows curl - ing, See how Thy

pp *cres*

1. night, and Hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy
2. foes their ban - ners are un - furl - ing; Lord, while their darts en -

cen *do.* *f*

1. Church - 's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - migh - ty.
2. - ven - omed they are hurl - ing, Thou canst pre - serve us.

3. Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevai leth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
4. Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

No. 144. Our times are in Thy hand.

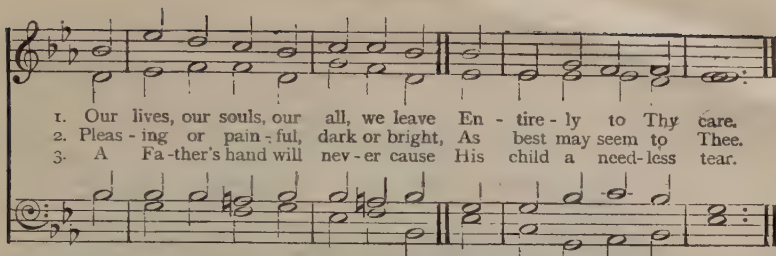
W. F. LLOYD.

FRANCONIA. S.M.

Lutheran Melody.

1. Our times are in Thy hand— O God, we wish them there:
2. Our times are in Thy hand— What - ey - er they may be;
3. Our times are in Thy hand— Why should we doubt or fear?

III.—FAITH.



1. Our lives, our souls, our all, we leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
 2. Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
 3. A Fa - ther's hand will nev - er cause His child a need - less tear.

4. Our times are in Thy hand :
 Jesus, the Crucified,
 Whose hand our many sins have pierced,
 Is now our guard and guide.

5. Our times are in Thy hand :
 We'll always trust to Thee,
 Till we possess the promised land,
 And all Thy glory see.

No. 145. Put thou thy trust in God.

1. PUT thou thy trust in God,
 In duty's path go on ;
 Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
 So shall thy work be done.
 2. Commit thy ways to Him,
 Thy works unto His hands,
 And rest on His unchanging word,
 Who heaven and earth commands.
 3. Though days and years roll on,
 His covenant shall endure ; [face,
 Though clouds and darkness hide His
 The promised grace is sure.
4. Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 His power will clear thy way ;
 Wait thou His time ; the darkest night
 Shall end in brightest day.
 5. Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to Thee ;
 O lift Thou up the sinking head,
 Confirm the feeble knee.
 6. Let us in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.

Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley.

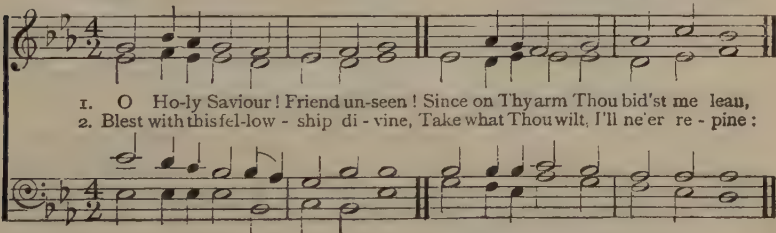
No. 146.

○ Holy Saviour !

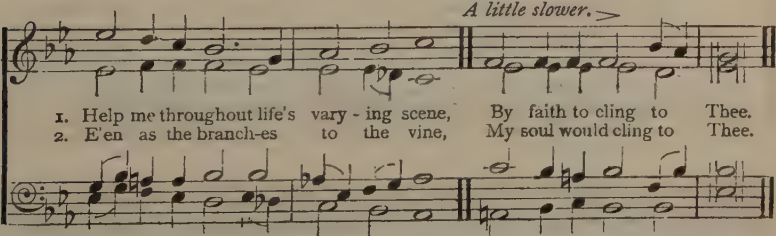
C. ELLIOTT.

8.8.8.6.

J. DOWNING FARRER.



1. O Ho - ly Saviour ! Friend un - seen ! Since on Thy arm Thou bid'st me lean,
 2. Blest with this fel - low - ship di - vine, Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er re - pine :



1. Help me throughout life's vary - ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee.
 2. E'en as the branch - es to the vine, My soul would cling to Thee.

3. What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and joys remove !
 With patient uncomplaining love,
 Still would I cling to Thee.
 4. Oft when I seem to tread alone [grown,
 Some barren waste, with thorns o'er -
 Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
 Whispers, " Still cling to Me."
 5. Though faith and hope may long be tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The soul that clings to Thee !
 6. They fear not Satan, nor the grave ;
 They feel Thee near, and strong to save,
 Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave ;
 Because they cling to Thee.

No. 147. 3 lean upon no broken reed.

REV. DR. H. BONAR.

MANOAH. C.M.

Arr. from ROSSINI.

1. I lean up - on no bro - ken reed, Nor trust an un - tried guide;
2. I hold His hand as on we walk, And still He hold - eth mine;

1. I know Him and He know - eth me, He walk - eth at my side. . .
2. It is a hu - man hand I hold, It is a hand Di - vine. . .

3. "Hold Thou me up" is still my cry,
As o'er the rugged road
Of this my pilgrimage I move,
That leads me nearer God.

4. Lord Jesus, Thou the first and last,
Oh, when wilt Thou appear?
And bring the long, long - looked - for dawn
Of the eternal year.

No. 148. As seemeth best to Thee, my God.

1. As seemeth best to Thee, my God;
I ask no other thing.
All care beside may be at rest,
For Thine is on the wing.
2. As seemeth best to Thee, my God!
Give me the broken will,

Which, leaning on Omnipotence,
Is "more than conqueror" still.

3. If Thou, eternal Lord, to-day
Should'st yield the choice to me,
Then, most of all, my heart would pray,
"As seemeth best to Thee."

Lucy A. Bennett.

No. 149. The Lord my Shepherd is.

REV. I. WATTS.

TRUSTON. S.M.

DR. WALTER B. GILBERT.

1. The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be well sup - plied;
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'n - ly pas - ture grows,
3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim;

1. Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want be - side?
2. Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
3. And guides me in His own right way, For His most ho - ly name.

III.—FAITH.

4. While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear ; [dark shade,
Though I should walk through death's
My Shepherd's with me there.

5. In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

No. 150. Give to the winds thy fears.

1. GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.
2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time ; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
3. He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might ;

His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4. Leave to His sov'reign sway
To choose and to command ;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand.
5. Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee :
Oh lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

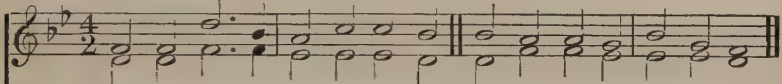
Rev. C. Wesley.

No. 151. Trust Him !

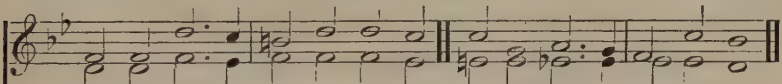
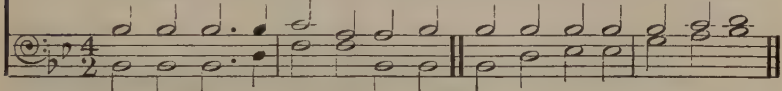
LUCY A. BENNETT.

LUCERNE. 8.7.8.7.

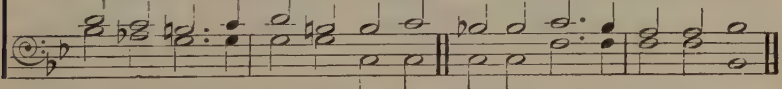
T. A. WILLIS.



1. Trust Him when thy wants are ma - ny ; Trust Him when thy friends are few ;
2. Trust Him when thy soul is bur-den'd With the sense of all its sin ;
3. Trust Him for the "grace suf-fi-cient"—Ev - er e - qual to thy need ;



1. And the time of swift temp-ta-tion Is the time to trust Him too !
2. He will speak the word of par-don, He will make thee clean with - in.
3. Trust Him al - ways for the an - swer, When in His dear name you plead.



4. Trust Him for the grace to conquer—
He is "able to subdue" ;
Trust Him for the power for service ;
Trust Him for the blessing too.

6. Trust Him ! He is ever faithful ;
Trust Him—for His will is best ;
Trust Him—for the heart of Jesus
Is the only place of rest.
7. Trust Him, then, through cloud or sun—
All Thy cares upon Him cast ; [shine,
Till the storm of life is over,
And the trusting days are past.

No. 152. Always with us.

1. ALWAYS with us, always with us,
Words of cheer, and words of love ;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From His dwelling-place above.
2. With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none ;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3. With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear ;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
4. With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream :
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

Nevin.

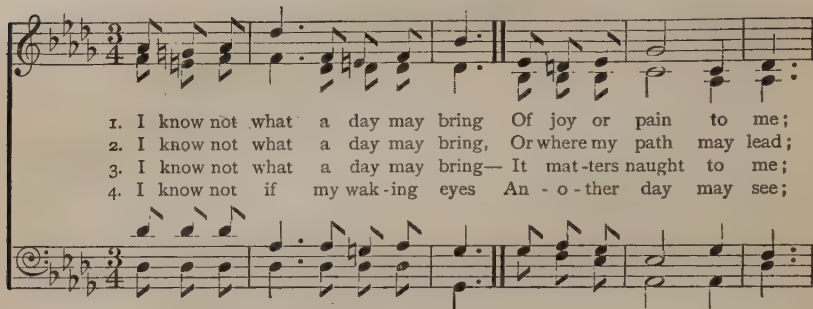
No. 153.

3 Trust and Wait.

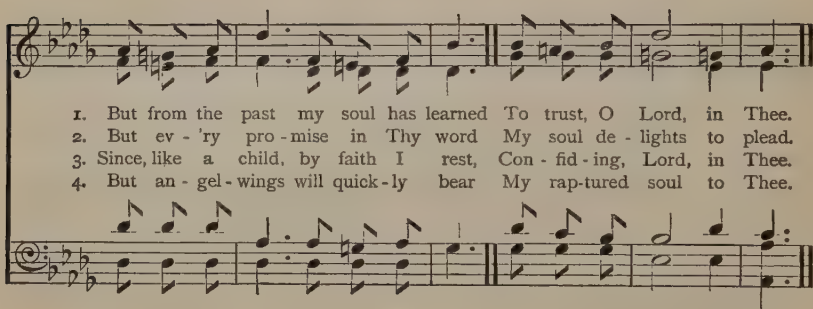
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright. P.M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

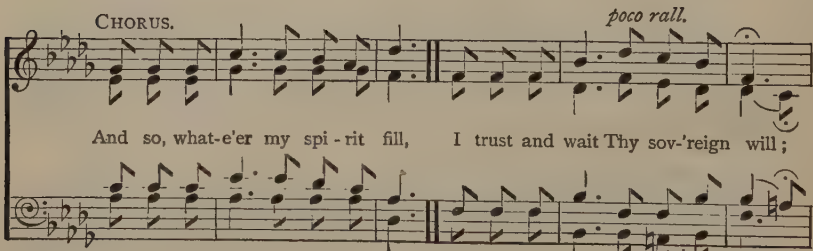


1. I know not what a day may bring Of joy or pain to me;
 2. I know not what a day may bring, Or where my path may lead;
 3. I know not what a day may bring— It mat-ters naught to me;
 4. I know not if my wak-ing eyes An - o - ther day may see;



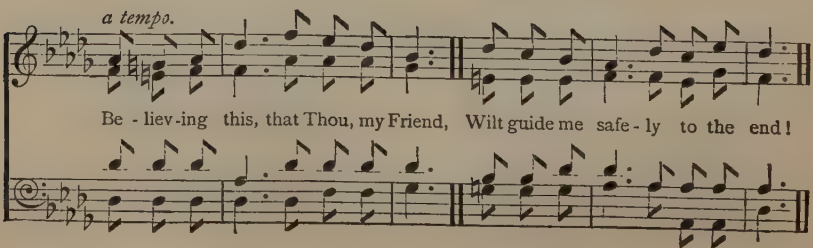
1. But from the past my soul has learned To trust, O Lord, in Thee.
 2. But ev - 'ry pro-mise in Thy word My soul de - lights to plead.
 3. Since, like a child, by faith I rest, Con - fid - ing, Lord, in Thee.
 4. But an - gel - wings will quick - ly bear My rap-tured soul to Thee.

CHORUS. *poco rall.*



And so, what-e'er my spi - rit fill, I trust and wait Thy sov-'reign will;

a tempo.



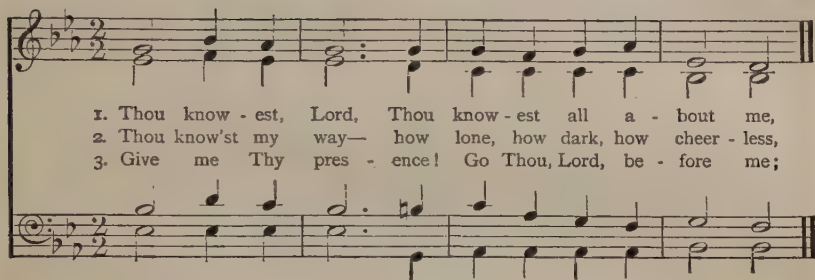
Be - liev-ing this, that Thou, my Friend, Wilt guide me safe - ly to the end!

No. 154. Thou knowest, Lord.

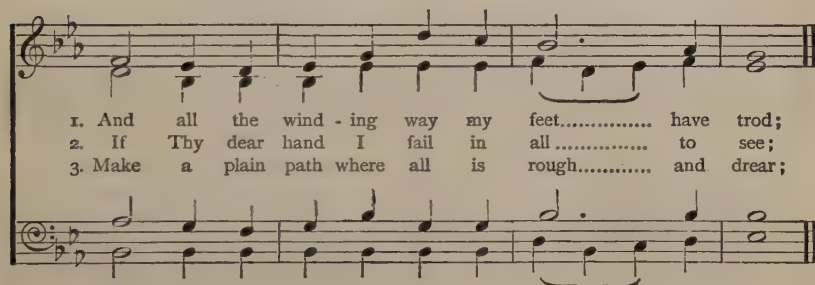
ANNA SHIPTON.

II. IO. II. IO.

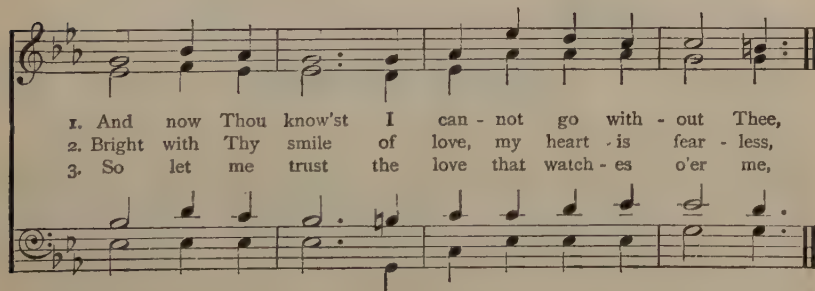
M. L. BRADSHAW.



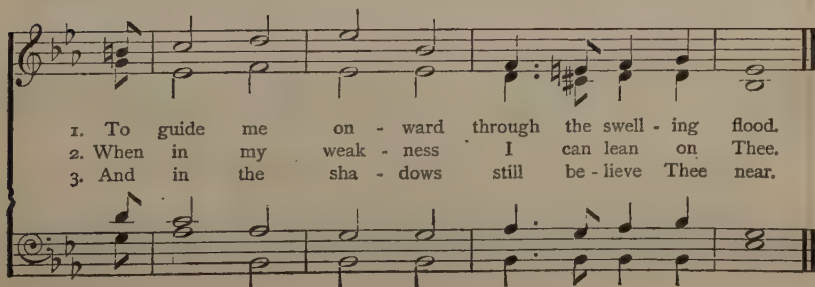
1. Thou know - est, Lord, Thou know - est all a - bout me,
 2. Thou know'st my way— how lone, how dark, how cheer - less,
 3. Give me Thy pres - ence! Go Thou, Lord, be - fore me;



1. And all the wind - ing way my feet..... have trod;
 2. If Thy dear hand I fail in all to see;
 3. Make a plain path where all is rough..... and drear;



1. And now Thou know'st I can - not go with - out Thee,
 2. Bright with Thy smile of love, my heart is fear - less,
 3. So let me trust the love that watch - es o'er me,



1. To guide me on - ward through the swell - ing flood.
 2. When in my weak - ness I can lean on Thee.
 3. And in the sha - dows still be - lieve Thee near.

No. 155.

Trust in the Lord.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

BREMEN. 7.6.7.6.

M. VULPIUS.

1. Trust in the Lord at all times; Pour out thy heart in prayer:
2. Trust, if the call to la - bour Sounds for thee loud and clear;

1. Trust, for He deal - eth gen - tly With those who trust His care.
2. Help will be sent when need - ed— On - ly do thou not fear.

3. Trust; if thy plans are thwarted,
Quietly stand thou still;
Listen for God's direction,
Patiently wait His will.

4. Trust, if the Master bids thee
Serve Him in trying ways;
Strength shall be surely given—
Equal to all thy days.

5. Trust, if a cloud of worries
Darken thy path each day;
One at a time they meet thee—
Trust, and they pass away.

6. Trust, in each hour of darkness:
Light will appear ere long;
Then, oh, the joy of singing
Faith's hallelujah song!

No. 156.

Still will we Trust.

W. H. BURLEIGH.
Smoothly.

II. IO. II. 6.

JOHN CRÜGER.

1. Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and drea - ry, And the heart
2. Our eyes see dim - ly till by faith a - noint - ed, And our blind

1. faint be - neath His chast - ning rod;..... Though rough and steep our
2. choo - ing brings us grief and pain;..... Through Him a - lone, who

III.—FAITH.

1. path - way, worn and wea - ry, Still will we trust in God.
2. hath our way ap - point - ed, We find our peace a - gain.

3. Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat us of good Thou hast for us designed :
Choose for us, God ; Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.
4. Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss :
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

No. 157. Have Faith in God.

W. J. GOVAN, by per.

P.M.

P. SKENE.

1. Have faith in God ! What though thou canst not un - der-stand ?
2. Have faith in God ! " Ah but," thou say'st, " the cloud is dense ; "

1. All things at-tend thy Lord's command : Re-joice be-cause He is so great ;
2. Faith reck-ons not by sight, by sense, But by His word. Than cloud or night

1. Be calm and wait.
2. More strong the light.

3. Have faith in God !
Not in thyself, or thou shalt fail,
For strength of arm has no avail
'Gainst spirit foes. In God alone
Is victory known.
4. Have faith in God !
The hosts of light shall guard thee round
From open heavens, thy Lord be found
Far better than thy highest thought,
Be strong, fear not !

No. 158.

Have Faith in God.

M. A.

12. 11. 12. 11., with Refrain.

MAY AGNEW.

By per. of Salvation Army Musical Board.

SOLO. *mf* *Moderato*.

1. If you ev - er feel down-heart-ed or dis - cou-ra-ged, If you
 2. Dark-est night will al - ways come be - fore the dawn-ing, Sil - ver
 3. God is migh - ty! He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can

1. ev - er think your work is all in vain, If the burdens thrust up-on you make you
 2. lin-ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour-ney He has promised to be
 3. vic-tor be in ev-'ry try-ing hour, Fear and care and sin and sor-row be de -

1. trem-ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic - t'ry gain :
 2. with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al - lowed.
 3. -feat-ed By our faith in God's al-migh-ty con-q'ring power.

mf CHORUS.

Have faith in God,..... the sun will shine,..... Tho' dark the
 Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

III.—FAITH.

clouds..... may be to - day..... His heart has
 Tho' dark the clouds may be to - day,
 planned..... your path and mine—..... Have faith in
 His heart has planned your path and mine—
 God..... have faith al - way.....
 Have faith in God, have faith al - way.

No. 159. The has Entered!

S. A. H.

GALILEE. 8.7.8.7.

W. H. JUDE.

Slowly.
 1. He has en - tered! He has en - tered! Ev - 'ry guest may now de - part;
 2. He has en - tered! He has en - tered! Van - ish ev - 'ry doubt and sin;
 3. Long at my poor heart He tar - ried, Knock - ing with His wound - ed hand;
 4. He has en - tered! He has en - tered! Ev - 'ry sor - row now must flee;
 1. He has ta - ken all the "cham - ber" Of my once di - vid - ed heart.
 2. He has ta - ken full pos - ses - sion, He is Lord of all with - in.
 3. Wide at last to Him I o - pened—Yield - ing all to His com - mand.
 4. Where He reigns as King and Mas - ter, There no grief can ev - er be.

No. 160.

Resignation.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

10. 4. 10. 4.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.

1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A plea-sant road;
2. I do not ask that flow'rs should al-ways spring Be-neath my feet,
3. For one thing on-ly, Lord, dear Lord, I plead, Lead me a-right,
4. I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed Full ra-diance here;

1. I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load.
2. I know too well the poi-son and the sting Of things too sweet.
3. Tho' strength should fal-ter, and tho' heart should bleed, Thro' Peace to Light.
4. Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread With-out a fear.

5. I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6. Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

No. 161. The Ever=Present Saviour.

F. E. COX.

6. 5. 6. 5.

MRS. S. COOPER.

Moderato.

1. Oh, let him, whose sor-row No re-lief can find,
2. Where the mour-ner weep-ing Sheds the se-cret tear,
3. God will nev-er leave thee, All thy wants He knows,
4. Raise thine eyes to hea-ven, When thy spi-rits quail,

1. Trust in God and bor-row Rest for heart and mind.
2. God His watch is keep-ing, Though none else be near.
3. Feels the pains that grieve thee, Sees thy cares and woes,
4. When, by tem-pests dri-ven, Heart and cou-rage fail.

5. When in grief we languish
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

6. All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

7. Jesu, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love.

PART IV.—THE FULNESS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

No. 162.

The Divine Comforter.

HARRIET AUBER.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6.8.4.

REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der last fare-well,
 2. He came sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing Guest,
 3. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,

1. A Guide, a Com-fort-er be-queath'd With us to dwell.
 2. While He can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.
 3. That checks each thought, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.

4. And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are His alone.

5. Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see:
 Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee.

No. 163. God Fills the Soul that it may Pour.

WILLIAM LUFF.

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M.

German.

(Written expressly for this Work.)

1. God fills the soul that it may pour The ful-ness on an-o-ther heart:
 2. God fills the sails with heav'n-ly breath That we may trade to o-ther shores;
 3. God fills us with the fin-est wheat, That, strengthen'd in the in-ner man,

1. Not that the filled with good may store The good God giv-eth to im-part.
 2. Speed from the calms of sloth and death, And car-ry far the heav'n-ly stores.
 3. We may at-tempt some no-ble feat, The starv'd and hun-gry nev-er can.

4. He fills us that our souls may rise
 Above the lower earthly things:
 Mount upward to the cloudless skies,
 Arising as on eagles' wings.

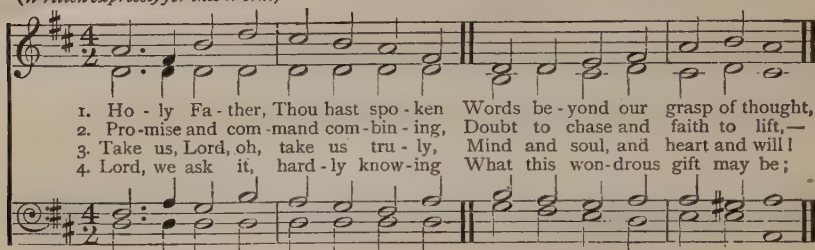
5. Hast thou this filling? Give thy store!
 Speed onward! hoist thy every sail!
 Made strong, put forth thy strength the more,
 Rise high above earth's misty vale.

No. 164. Filled with All the Fulness of God.

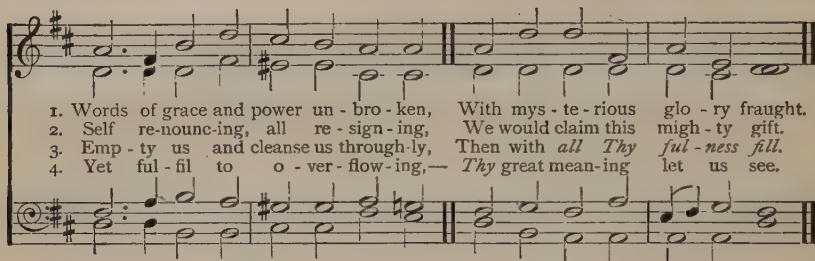
F. R. HAVERGAL.
(Written expressly for this Work.)

ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7.

REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou hast spo - ken Words be - yond our grasp of thought,
2. Pro - mise and com - mand com - bin - ing, Doubt to chase and faith to lift,—
3. Take us, Lord, oh, take us tru - ly, Mind and soul, and heart and will!
4. Lord, we ask it, hard - ly know - ing What this won - drous gift may be;



1. Words of grace and power un - bro - ken, With mys - te - rious glo - ry fraught.
2. Self re - nounc - ing, all re - sign - ing, We would claim this migh - ty gift.
3. Emp - ty us and cleanse us through - ly, Then with all Thy ful - ness fill.
4. Yet ful - fil to o - ver - flow - ing, Thy great mean - ing let us see.

5. Make us in Thy royal palace
Vessels worthy for the King;
From Thy fulness fill our chalice
From Thy never-failing spring.

6. Father, by this blessed filling,
Dwell Thyself in us, we pray!
We are waiting, Thou art willing!
Fill us with Thyself to-day!

No. 165. Holy Ghost, Dispel our Sadness.

1. HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light!

2. From that height that knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, and God can send.

P. Gerhardt.

No. 166. Come, Thou Fount of every Blessing!

1. COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2. Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above;
Oh, the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

4. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Take my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

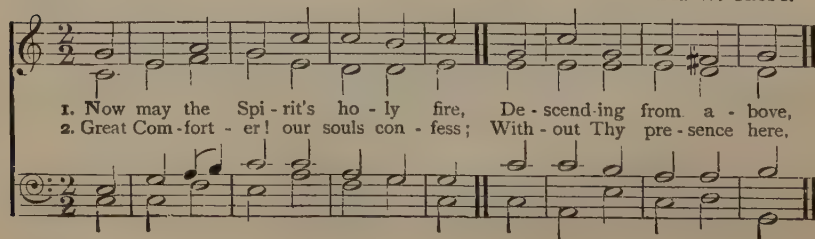
R. Robinson.

No. 167. How may the Spirit's Holy Fire.

TOPLADY.

ST. ANN. C.M.

DR. W. CROFT.



1. Now may the Spi - rit's ho - ly fire, De - scend - ing from a - bove,
2. Great Com - fort - er! our souls con - fess; With - out Thy pre - sence here,

IV.—THE FULNESS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1. His wait-ing fam-i-ly in-spire With joy and peace and love.
2. Our songs of praise are vain ad-dress, We ut-ter heart-less prayer.

3. Wake, heavenly wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices, then, shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

4. Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim Thy word;
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord.

No. 168. O Holy Ghost, Thy People Bless.

REV. SIR H. W. B.

ST. TIMOTHY. C.M.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

Moderato.

By per., from "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

1. O Ho-ly Ghost, Thy peo-ple bless Who long to feel Thy might,
2. To Thee we bring, who art the Lord, Our-selves to be Thy throne;
3. Life-giv-ing Spi-rit, o'er us move, As on the form-less deep;
4. Great Gift of our as-cend-ed King, His sav-ing truth re-veal;

1. And fain would grow in ho-li-ness As chil-dren of the light,
2. Let ev-ry thought, and deed, and word Thy pure do-min-ion own.
3. Give life and or-der, light and love, Where now is death or sleep.
4. Our tongues in-spire His praise to sing, Our hearts His love to feel.

5. True Wind of heaven, from south to north,
For joy or chastening, blow;
The garden-spices shall spring forth
If Thou wilt bid them flow.

6. O Holy Ghost, of sevenfold might,
All graces come from Thee;
Grant us to know and serve aright
One God in Persons Three.

No. 169. "Baptize us with Thy Spirit, Lord."

1. "BAPTIZE us with Thy Spirit, Lord,"
Out of the depths we cried.
No tongues of fire came down; it seemed
Our prayers, in silence, died.
2. But, "though it tarry, wait for it,"
Not lightly God imparts
His mighty blessings; grace and power
Need long-prepared hearts.
3. Say, canst thou drink of that dark cup,
Where tears of anguish flow,
And, ere the baptism of fire,
Be first baptized in woe?
4. Before the voice of God doth speak,
"As man speaks to his friend,"

- A great strong wind perchance may break
The rocks, and mountains rend.
5. Still wilt thou stand before the Lord,
And for His promise wait?
The earth may quake, and shattered hopes
Leave thy life desolate.
6. Within thy heart His fire must burn,
Consuming all the dross;
Till, midst the ashes of a world,
Stands nothing but the Cross.
7. Then, in the calm, "a still small voice
Shall speak, yea, speak to thee;
Wrapped in the mantle of God's truth
And power thy lips shall be.

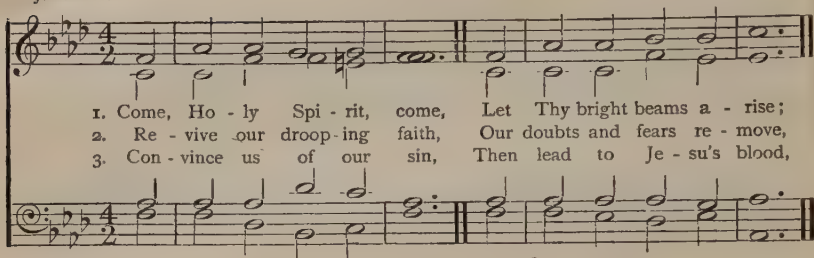
J. H. S.

No. 170. Come, Holy Spirit, Come !

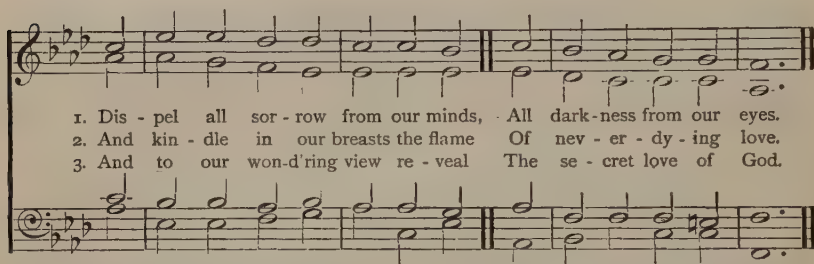
J. HART.

SOUTHWELL. S.M.

DENHAM's Psalter.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come, Let Thy bright beams a - rise ;
 2. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re - move,
 3. Con - vince us of our sin, Then lead to Je - su's blood,



1. Dis - pel all sor - row from our minds, All dark - ness from our eyes.
 2. And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
 3. And to our won - d'ring view re - veal The se - cret love of God.

4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul ;
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new-create the whole.

5. Dwell therefore in our hearts,
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then we shall know, and praise, and love
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

No. 171. Lord, let me feel Thy Power.

1. LORD, let me feel Thy power,
 The power of Thine own love,
 And all that hinders in my heart
 I trust Thee to remove.
 2. Lord, let me feel Thy power,
 And with Thy Spirit fill,
 That sweeter far than aught beside,
 Shall be to do Thy will.
 3. Lord, let me feel Thy power,
 When dark before my eyes,

Some rugged steep, some fiercer storm,
 Some sterner conflict lies.

4. Lord, let me feel Thy power,
 All service then is sweet ;
 Thy way will always be the best
 To quickened, loving feet.

5. Lord, let me feel Thy power,
 Possess me, let me be
 A channel only in Thy hand,
 Kept to be used by Thee.

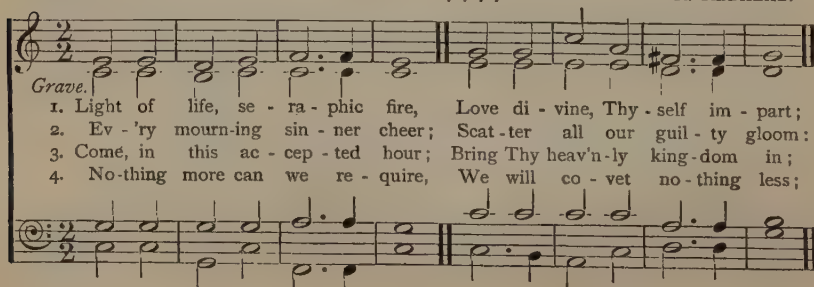
Mary E. Maxwell.

No. 172. Light of Life.

C. WESLEY.

CAPERNAUM. 7.7-7.7.

R. REDHEAD.



1. Light of life, se - ra - phic fire, Love di - vine, Thy - self im - part ;
 2. Ev - 'ry mourn - ing sin - ner cheer ; Scat - ter all our guilt - y gloom ;
 3. Come, in this ac - cep - ted hour ; Bring Thy heav'n - ly king - dom in ;
 4. No - thing more can we re - quire, We will co - vet no - thing less ;

1. Ev - 'ry faint - ing soul in - spire; Shine in ev - 'ry droop - ing heart.
 2. Son of God, ap - pear! ap - pear! To Thy liv - ing tem - ples come.
 3. Fill us with Thy glo - rious power, Root - ing out the love of sin.
 4. Be Thou all our hearts' de - sire, All our joy and all our peace.

No. 173. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. HOLY GHOST, with light Divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.</p> <p>2. Holy Ghost, with power Divine,
Cleave this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin without control
Held dominion o'er my soul.</p> | <p>3. Holy Ghost, with joy Divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.</p> <p>4. Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine:
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.</p> |
|---|--|

A. Reed.

No. 174. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

CHARITY. 7.7.7.5.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH.

SIR JOHN STAINER, Mus.Doc.

1. Gra - cious Spi - rit, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most
 2. Love is kind, and suf - fers long; Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;

rall. VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost Ho - ly, heav'n - ly Love.
 2. Love than death it - self more strong: There - fore give us Love.

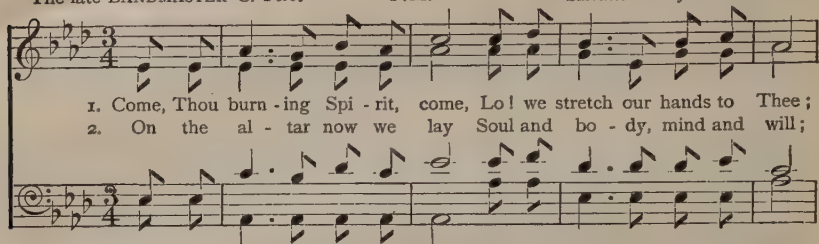
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore give us Love.</p> <p>4. Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Therefore give us Love.</p> | <p>5. Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three
And the best is Love.</p> <p>6. From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us who to Thee sing
Holy, heavenly Love.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 175. Come, Thou Burning Spirit, Come!

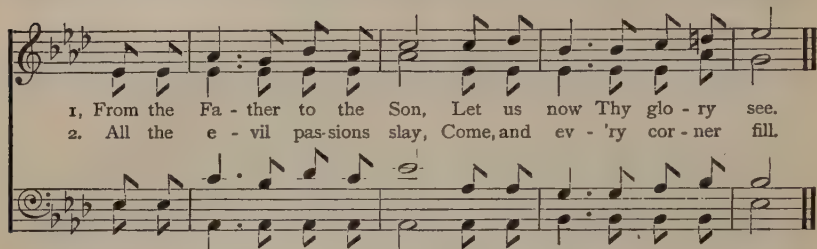
The late BANDMASTER C. FRY.

P.M.

By per. of the
Salvation Army Musical Board.

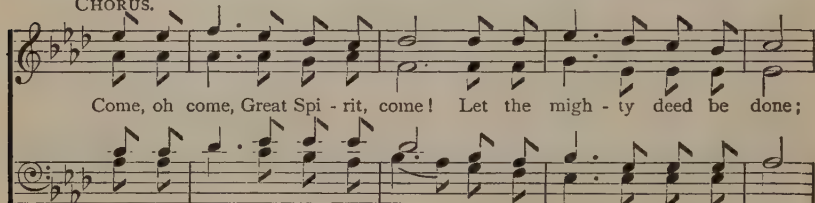


1. Come, Thou burn - ing Spi - rit, come, Lo! we stretch our hands to Thee;
2. On the al - tar now we lay Soul and bo - dy, mind and will;

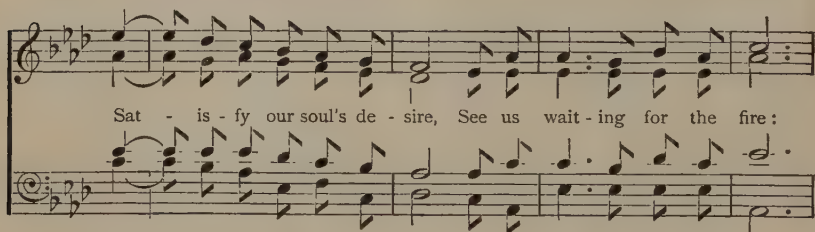


1. From the Fa - ther to the Son, Let us now Thy glo - ry see.
2. All the e - vil pas - sions slay, Come, and ev - 'ry cor - ner fill.

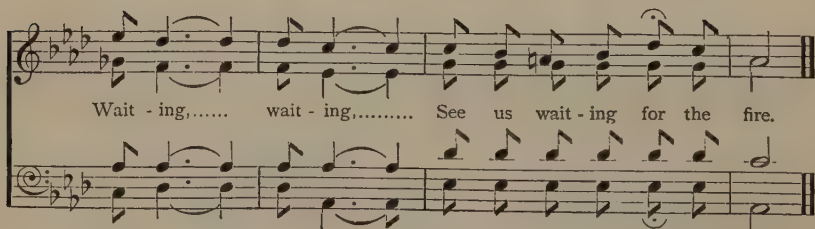
CHORUS.



Come, oh come, Great Spi - rit, come! Let the migh - ty deed be done;



Sat - is - fy our soul's de - sire, See us wait - ing for the fire:



Wait - ing,..... wait - ing,..... See us wait - ing for the fire.

3. Now the sacrifice we make,
Though as dear as a right eye,
For our blessed Saviour's sake,
Who for us did bleed and die.

4. Now, by faith, the gift I claim,
Bought for me by blood Divine:
Through the all-prevailing Name
All the promises are mine.

No. 176. Come, Holy Ghost, our Souls Inspire.

From the Latin, 9th Century.

L.M.

REV. CANON HAVERGAL.

Moderato.

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light-en with ce - les - tial fire;
 2. Thy bless-ed unc-tion from a - bove Is com-fort, life, and fire of love;
 3. A-noint and cheer our soil-ed face With the a - bun-dance of Thy grace;
 4. Teach us to know the Fa-ther, Son, And Thee of Both, to be but One;

1. Thou the a - noint-ing Spi-rit art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts im - part.
 2. En - a - ble with per - pet - ual light The dul-ness of our blind-ed sight:
 3. Keep far our foes, give peace at home; Where Thou art guide no ill can come.
 4. That thro' the a - ges all a - long Re-deem-ing love may be our song.

No. 177. O Thou Exalted Son of God.

1. O THOU exalted Son of God,
 High seated on Thy Father's throne!
 The gifts, the purchase of Thy blood,
 To us Thy waiting saints make known.
2. Come, Holy Ghost, all-sacred Fire!
 Come, fill Thy earthly temples now;
 Emptied of every base desire,
 Reign Thou within, and only Thou.
3. Thy sovereign right, Thy gracious claim,
 To every thought and every power;
 Our lives,—to glorify Thy name,
 We yield Thee in this sacred hour,
4. Fill every chamber of the soul;
 Fill all our thoughts, our passions fill;

Till under Thy supreme control
 Submissive rests our cheerful will.

5. 'Tis done; Thou dost this moment come;
 My longing soul is all Thine own;
 My heart is Thy abiding home;
 Henceforth I live for Thee alone.
6. The altar sanctifies the gift;
 The blood insures the boon divine:
 My outstretched hands to heaven I lift,
 And claim the Father's promise mine.
7. Now rise, exulting rise, my soul,
 Triumphant sing the Saviour's praise;
 His name through earth and skies extol
 With all thy power through all thy days,

F. Bottome.

No. 178. Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove!

1. COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above:
 Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
 O'er every thought and step preside.
2. The light of truth to us display,
 That we may know and choose Thy way;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

3. Conduct us safe, conduct us far
 From every sin and hurtful snare:
 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
 Nor let us from His pastures stray.
4. Lead us to holiness, the road
 That we must take to dwell with God;
 Lead us to God, our final rest,
 To be with Him for ever blessed!

S. Browne.

No. 179. Lord, I hear of Showers of Blessing.

MRS. CODNER.

8.7.8.7. D., with Refrain.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Plaintive.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing, Thou art scat-tring full and free,— }
 { Show'rs the thirs - ty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me. }

2. { Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; }
 { Thou might'st leave me, but the ra-ther Let Thy mer - cy fall on me. }

CHORUS.

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drop - pings fall on me.

3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
 Let me love and cling to Thee:
 I am longing for Thy favour;
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.
4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the Word of power to me.

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless!
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free!
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless!—
 Magnify them all in me.
6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee:
 While the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me.

No. 180. Lord, Thou knowest all the Hunger.

1. LORD, Thou knowest all the hunger
 Of the heart that seeks Thee now;
 How my soul hath long been craving
 What Thou only canst bestow.
 Seeking now, seeking now,
 Let Thy Spirit meet me now.
2. Failure in my walk and witness,
 Failure in my work I see;
 Fruitless toil, un-Christlike living,
 Calling forth no praise to Thee.
3. Now to Thee my soul confesses
 All its failure, all its sin;
 All the pride, the self-contentment,
 All the "secret faults" within.
4. Save me from myself, my Father,
 From each subtle form of pride;

- Lead me now with Christ to Calvary,
 Show me I with Him have died.
5. No more let it be *my* working,
 Nor *my* wisdom, love, or power,
 But the life of Jesus only,
 Passing through me hour by hour.
 6. Let the fulness of Thy Spirit
 Resting on Him cover me,
 That the witness borne to others,
 May bring glory, Lord, to Thee.
 7. Father, in Thy Son's Name, pleading,
 I believe my prayer is heard;
 And I praise Thee for the answer,
 Resting simply on Thy word.
 Praising now, praising now,
 Thou hast answered, Lord, I know!

Freda Hanbury Allen.

No. 181. Spirit Divine! Attend our Prayers.

DR. A. REED.

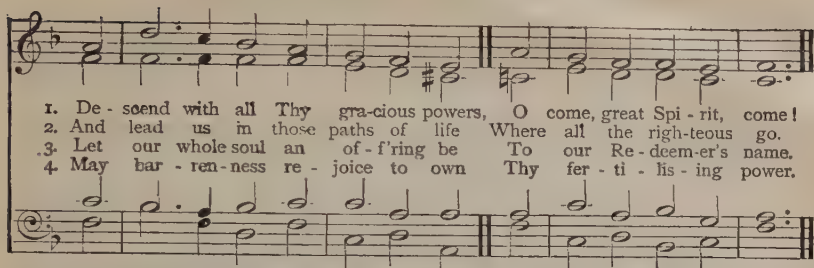
WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.

Old Church Psalmody.

Moderato.

1. Spi - rit Di-vine! at - tend our prayers, And make our hearts Thy home;
 2. Come as the light—to us re-veal Our emp-ti-ness and woe;
 3. Come as the fire—and purge our hearts, Like sa-ri-fi-cial flame;
 4. Come as the dew—and sweet-ly bless This con-se-cra-ted hour;

IV.—THE FULNESS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.



1. De - seend with all Thy gra-cious powers, O come, great Spi - rit, come!
 2. And lead us in those paths of life Where all the righ-teous go.
 3. Let our whole soul an of - f'ring be To our Re - deem-er's name.
 4. May bar - ren-ness re - joice to own Thy fer - ti - lis - ing power.

5. Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
 The wings of peaceful love;
 And let Thy church on earth become
 Blest as the church above.
6. Come as the wind—with rushing sound
 And Pentecostal grace,
 That all of woman born may see
 The glory of Thy face.

No. 182. Spirit of Holiness, do Thou.

1. SPIRIT of Holiness, do Thou
 Dwell in this soul of mine;
 Possess my heart and make me know
 A sanctity divine.
2. Spirit of Truth, Thy word reveal,
 Its treasures open wide;
 Lead me to see my Father's will,
 And in that will abide.
3. Spirit of Jesus, glorify
 The Master's name in me;
 Whether I live or if I die,
 Let Christ exalted be.
4. Spirit of Love, Thy best of gifts
 Upon Thy servant pour;
 Love, which another's burden lifts
 And serves God every hour.

Rev. J. Holroyde.

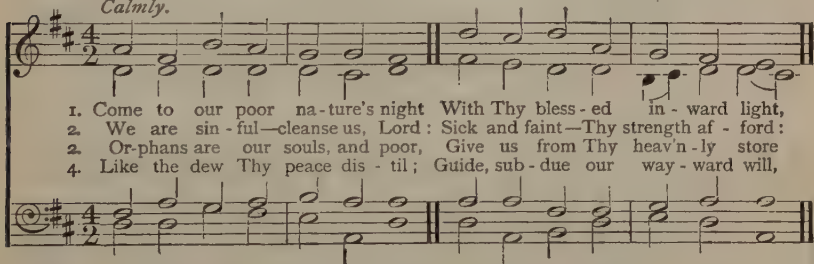
No. 183. Come to our Poor Nature's Night.

REV. G. RAWSON.

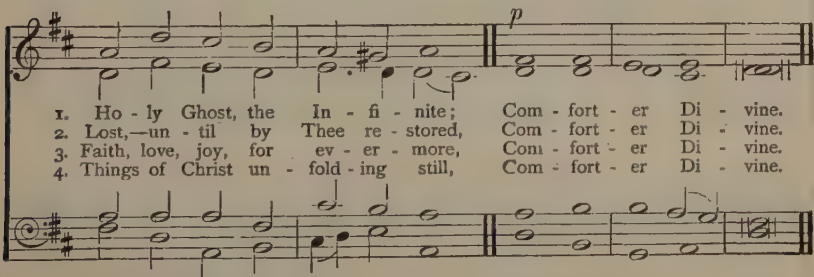
CAPETOWN. 7-7-5.

DR. F. FILITZ.

Calmly.



1. Come to our poor na-ture's night With Thy bless-ed in - ward light,
 2. We are sin - ful—cleanse us, Lord: Sick and faint—Thy strength af - ford:
 2. Or-phans are our souls, and poor, Give us from Thy heav'n - ly store
 4. Like the dew Thy peace dis - til; Guide, sub - due our way - ward will,



1. Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fi - nite, Com - fort - er Di - vine.
 2. Lost,—un - til by Thee re - stored, Com - fort - er Di - vine.
 3. Faith, love, joy, for ev - er more, Com - fort - er Di - vine.
 4. Things of Christ un - fold - ing still, Com - fort - er Di - vine.

5. Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
 Make Thy temple in each breast—
 Shrine of purity confessed;
 Comforter Divine.
6. In us, for us, intercede,
 And with voiceless groanings, plead
 Our unutterable need,
 Comforter Divine.
7. Dwell in us as in the Son,
 With His Father ever One
 In adoring union;
 Comforter Divine.
8. In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
 Earnest of our bliss on high;
 Seal of Immortality;
 Comforter Divine.

No. 184. The Holy Spirit's Power in the Heart.

REV. DR. F. BOTTOME.

DENNIS, S. M.

Swiss Melody.

Slow.

1. The Ho - ly Ghost is come, We feel His pres - ence here;
2. This ten - der - ness of love, This hush of sol - emn power;

1. Our hearts would now no lon - ger roam, But bow in fil - ial fear.
2. 'Tis Heav'n des - cend - ing from a - bove, To fill this fa - voured hour.

3. Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines,
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

4. No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray:
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

No. 185. Revive the Hearts of All.

JAMES L. BLACK.

8.7.8.7. D.

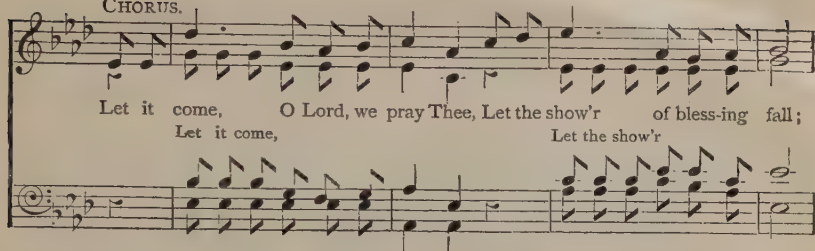
JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. God is here, and that to bless us With the Spi - rit's quick'ning pow'r!
2. God is here! we feel His pres - ence In this con - se - crat - ed place;
3. God is here! oh, then, be - liev - ing, Bring to Him our one de - sire,
4. Sa - viour, grant the prayer we of - fer, While in sim - ple faith we bow;

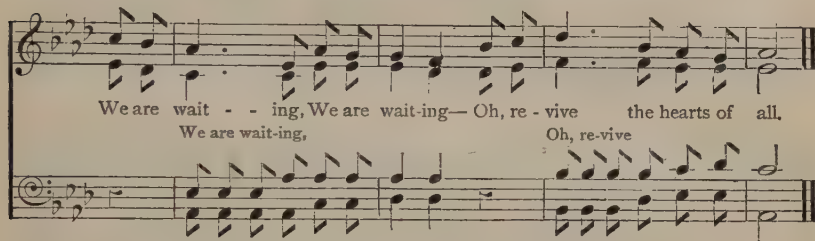
1. See, the cloud, al - rea - dy bend - ing, Waits to drop the grate - ful show'r.
2. But we need the soul - re - fresh - ing Of His free, un - bound - ed grace.
3. That His love may now be kin - dled, Till its flame each heart in - spire.
4. From the win - dows of Thy mer - cy Pour us out a bless - ing now.

IV.—THE FULNESS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

CHORUS.



Let it come, O Lord, we pray Thee, Let the show'r of bless-ing fall;
Let it come, Let the show'r



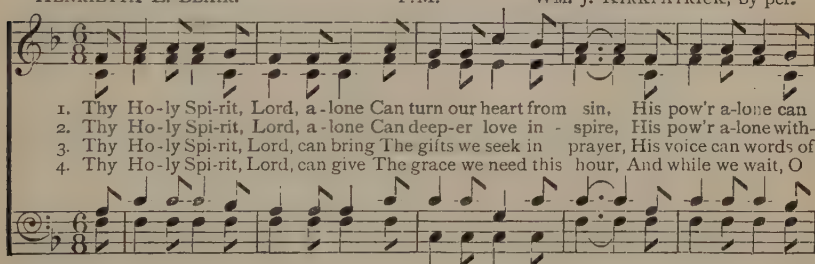
We are wait - - ing, We are wait-ing— Oh, re - vive the hearts of all.
We are wait-ing, Oh, re-vive

No. 186. Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

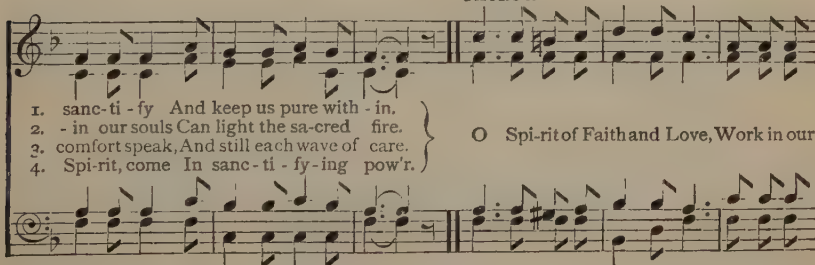
P.M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

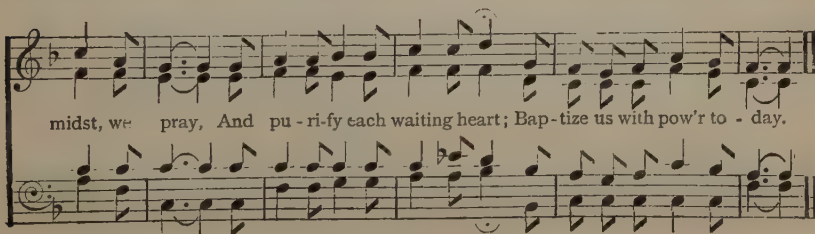


1. Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit, Lord, a-lone Can turn our heart from sin, His pow'r a-lone can
2. Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit, Lord, a-lone Can deep-er love in - spire, His pow'r a-lone with-
3. Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in prayer, His voice can words of
4. Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour, And while we wait, O

CHORUS.



1. sanc-ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.
2. - in our souls Can light the sa-cred fire.
3. comfort speak, And still each wave of care.
4. Spi-rit, come In sanc-ti - fy-ing pow'r. } O Spi-rit of Faith and Love, Work in our



midst, we pray, And pu - ri - fy each waiting heart; Bap - tize us with pow'r to - day.

No. 187. Jesus, Thine All-victorious Love.

(By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.)

C.M.

DR. HASTINGS.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, Thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my soul a -
 2. Oh that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to
 3. Thou, who at Pen - te - cost didst fall, Do Thou my sins con -

1. - broad; Then shall my heart no lon - ger rove, Root -
 2. glow; Burn up the dross of base de - sire, And
 3. - sume; Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for Thee I call; Spi -

rit.
 1. - ed and fix'd in God, Root - ed and fix'd in God.
 2. make the moun - tains flow, And make the moun - tains flow.
 3. - rit of burn - ing, come, Spi - rit of burn - ing, come.

4. Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter Thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

5. My steadfast soul, from falling free,
 Shall then no longer move,
 While Christ is all the world to me,
 And all my heart is love.

No. 188.

"With One Accord."

E. MAY GRIMES.

10. 10. 10. 10.

H. GREEN.

1. "With one ac - cord" with - in an up - per room The faith - ful
 2. "With one ac - cord"—un - til the migh - ty gift Of Pen - te -

IV.—THE FULNESS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1. fol - low - ers of Je - sus met: One was the hope of
 2. - cos - tal pow - er was out - poured; Then forth as wit - ness.

1. ev - 'ry wait - ing soul, And on one ob - ject great each heart was set.
 2. - es pos - sess'd of God— To preach the Re - sur - rec - tion of the Lord!

3.
 "With one accord" within the House of God
 A Hallelujah song is daily raised,
 As with the *voice of one*, from vocal hearts
 Jehovah's name is glorified and praised.

4.
 Pour down Thy Spirit once again, dear Lord;
 Our cry goes up to Thee for "latter rain";
 Unite Thy people as the "*heart of one*,"
 And Pentecostal days shall come again!

No. 189. Holy Spirit, Come, we Pray.

7-7-7.

From BEETHOVEN.

Sustained.

1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, come, we pray, Shed from heav'n Thine
 2. Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor; Come, Thou Source of

1. in - ward ray; Kin - dle dark - ness in - to day.
 2. all our store; Light of hearts for ev - er - more.

3. Thou, of Comforters the best;
 Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
 Sweet refreshment of the breast;
4. Thou, in labour our repose,
 Cooling shade when noontide glows,
 Solace sweet in all our woes!
5. Light most blissful! Fire Divine!
 Fill, oh, fill these hearts of Thine;
 On our inmost being shine.
6. If in Thee it be not wrought,
 All in men is simply nought:
 Nothing pure in deed or thought.

7. Cleanse the sordid from their stain,
 On the thirsty pour Thy rain,
 Heal the wounded of their pain.
8. To Thy will the stubborn mould,
 Melt the frozen heart and cold,
 Guide the wanderer to the fold.
9. On the faithful who confide
 Solely in Thyself as Guide,
 Let Thy sevenfold gifts abide.
10. Grant them virtue's full increase,
 Grant them safe and sweet release,
 Grant them everlasting peace.

PART V.—THE OVERCOMING LIFE.

No. 190. None but Christ can Satisfy.

B. E. (arr.).

C.M.D.

J. MC GRANAHAN,

1. O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found, And found in Thee a - lone,
2. I sighed for rest and hap - pi - ness, I yearned for them, not Thee;

1. The peace, the joy I sought so long, The bliss till now un - known.
2. But while I passed my Sa - viour by, His love laid hold on me.....

CHORUS.

Now none but Christ can sat - is - fy, None o - ther name for me;
for me;

There's love, and life, and last - ing joy, Lord Je - sus, found in Thee.

3. I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But ah! the waters failed!
E'en as I stooped to drink they'd fled,
And mocked me as I wailed,

4. The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received,
Thy loveliness to see,

No. 191. The Saviour who Saves Always.

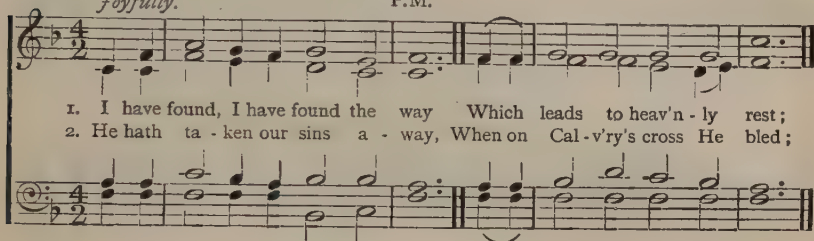
PASTEUR THEO MONOD.

Trs. expressly for this Work by REV. WADE ROBINSON.

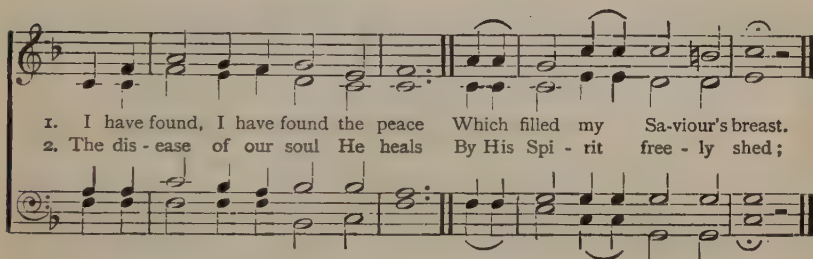
REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Foyfully.

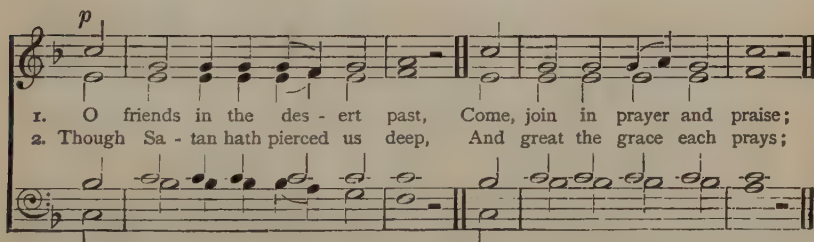
P.M.



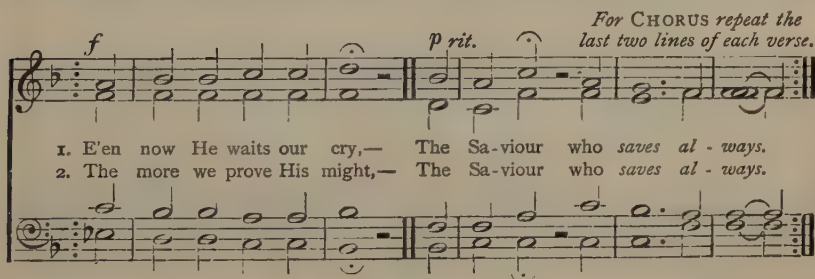
1. I have found, I have found the way Which leads to heav'n - ly rest;
2. He hath ta - ken our sins a - way, When on Cal - v'ry's cross He bled;



1. I have found, I have found the peace Which filled my Sa-viour's breast.
2. The dis - ease of our soul He heals By His Spi - rit free - ly shed;



1. O friends in the des - ert past, Come, join in prayer and praise;
2. Though Sa - tan hath pierced us deep, And great the grace each prays;



1. E'en now He waits our cry,— The Sa-viour who saves al - ways.
2. The more we prove His might,— The Sa-viour who saves al - ways.

For CHORUS repeat the last two lines of each verse.

3. Long, alas! in the gloom I fought,
'Mid strife of wind and waves;
Jesus seemed only this to me:
A Saviour who *sometimes* saves.
But sweet are the light and calm
That fill my happy days,
Since now I *fully trust*
The Saviour who *saves always*.

4. O my Sun and my Shield art Thou!
Lead on where Thou hast trod;
My Salvation, my Joy, my Song,
My Brother, and yet my God.
Whate'er then my life betide,
I now can trust and praise;
Each moment Thou wilt save,
O Saviour, who *sav'st always*.

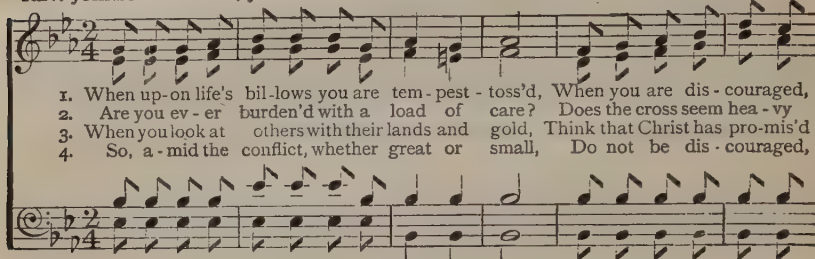
No. 192. Count your Blessings.

By permission.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jun.

II. II. II. II.

E. O. EXCELL.

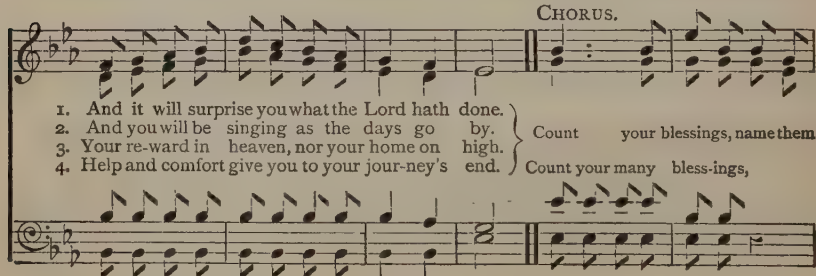


1. When up-on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - toss'd, When you are dis - couraged,
 2. Are you ev - er burden'd with a load of care? Does the cross seem hea - vy
 3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has pro-mis'd
 4. So, a - mid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be dis - couraged,

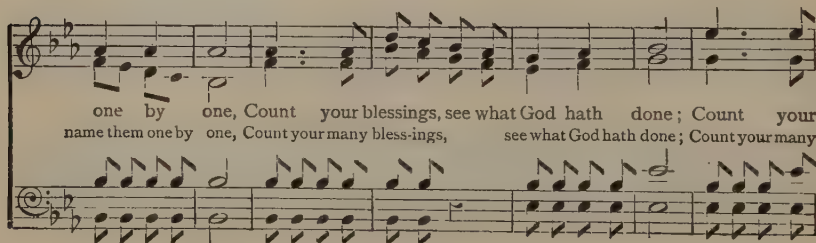


1. think-ing all is lost, Count your ma-ny blessings, name them one by one,
 2. you are called to bear? Count your ma-ny blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will fly,
 3. you His wealth un - told, Count your ma-ny blessings, mo - ney can - not buy
 4. God is o - ver all, Count your ma-ny blessings, an - gels will at - tend,

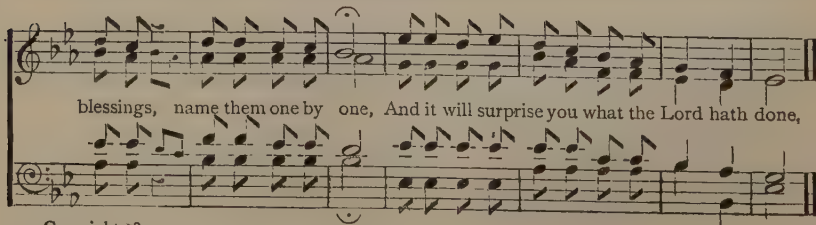
CHORUS.



1. And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
 2. And you will be singing as the days go by. } Count your blessings, name them
 3. Your re-ward in heaven, nor your home on high. } Count your many bless-ings,
 4. Help and comfort give you to your jour-ney's end.



one by one, Count your blessings, see what God hath done; Count your
 name them one by one, Count your many blessings, see what God hath done; Count your many



blessings, name them one by one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done,

No. 193. The Cross is not Greater.

By per. Sal. Army Musical Board.

P.M.

Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. The Cross that He gave may be hea - vy, But it ne'er out-weighs His
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp - er Than com-posed His crown for

1. grace; The storm that I feared may sur - round me, But it
2. me; The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than He

CHORUS.

1. ne'er ex-cludes His face. } The Cross is not great-er than His
2. drank in Geth - sem - ane. }

grace, The storm can-not hide His bless-ed face; I am

sat-is-fied to know That with Je-sus here be-low I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

3. The light of his love shineth brighter
As it falls on paths of woe;
The toil of my work groweth lighter
As I stoop to raise the low,

4. His will I have joy in fulfilling
As I'm walking in His sight;
My all to the blood I am bringing,
It alone can keep me right.

No. 194. I'm More than Conqueror.

(By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.)

PARKER.

8.5.8.5.8.8.5.

H. C. CAMP.

Bold.

1. I'm more than con-q'ror through His blood, Je - sus saves me now; I
 2. Be - fore the bat - tle - lines are spread, Je - sus saves me now; Be -
 3. I'll ask no more that I may see, Je - sus saves me now; His

1. rest be-neath the shield of God, Je-sus saves me now. I go a king-dom
 2. -fore the boasting foe is dead, Je-sus saves me now. I win the fight, tho'
 3. pro-mise is e-nough for me, Je-sus saves me now. Though foes be strong and

1. to ob-tain, I shall thro' Him the vic - t'ry gain, Je - sus saves me now.
 2. not be-gun, I'll trust and shout, still march-ing on, Je - sus saves me now.
 3. walls be high, I'll shout, He gives the vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves me now.

4. Why should I ask a sign from God?
 Jesus saves me now;
 Can I not trust the pre-cious blood?
 Jesus saves me now.
 Strong in His word, I meet the foe,
 And, shouting, win without a blow:
 Jesus saves me now.

5. Should Satan come like 'whelming waves,
 Jesus saves me now;
 Ere trials crush, my Father saves,
 Jesus saves me now.
 He hides me till the storm is past,
 For me He tempers every blast:
 Jesus saves me now.

No. 195. Jesus Saves me Now.

A. C. D.

P.M.

Old Melody.

(Written expressly for this Work.)

Joyful.

1. { Je - sus hath died and hath ris - en a - gain, Pardon and peace to be - stow; }
 { Ful - ly I trust Him; from sin's guilty stain Je - sus saves me now. }
 2. { Sin's con-dem-na - tion is o - ver and gone, Jesus alone knoweth how; }
 { Life and Sal - va - tion my soul hath put on: Je - sus saves me now. }

V.—THE OVERCOMING LIFE.

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me now, Je - sus saves me now;

Yes, Je - sus saves me all the time; Je - sus saves me now.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. Satan may tempt, but he never shall reign,
 <i>That Christ will never allow;</i>
 Doubts I have buried, and this is my strain,
 "Jesus saves me now."</p> <p>4. Resting in Jesus, abiding in Him,
 Gladly my faith can avow,—
 Never again need my pathway be dim:
 Jesus saves me now.</p> | <p>5. Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin—
 Satan to Jesus must bow;
 Therefore I triumph without and within:
 Jesus saves me now.</p> <p>6. Sorrow and pain may beset me about,
 Nothing can darken my brow;
 Battling in faith, I can joyfully shout:
 "Jesus saves me now."</p> |
|---|---|

No. 196. Is your Life Fully Yielded?

CAROL FIELD.

10.8.10.8.

ROSE C. MEYER.

In quick time.

1. Is your life *ful-ly* yield-ed to Je - sus? Is He King *a-lone* in your soul?
 2. Do you look for His guidance in *all* things? Do you trust Him with *ev-'ry* care?

1. Is the gov-ernment placed on His shoul - der, Not on - ly in part, but the whole?
 2. Do you keep in His presence each mo - ment, And *always* your joy with Him share?

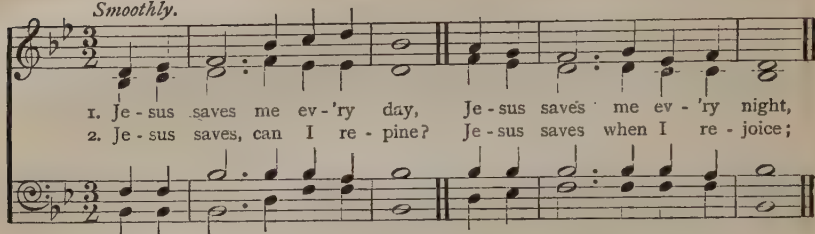
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Do you sit at His feet in the morning,
 And wait ere you go on your way;
 Seeking <i>first</i> for the strength and the wisdom,
 To live to <i>His</i> glory all day?</p> | <p>4. Do you trust Him for victory ever,
 Over self and Satan and sin?
 Do you follow the sure, gentle leading
 Of God's Holy Spirit within?</p> |
|---|--|

No. 197. Jesus Saves me all the Time.

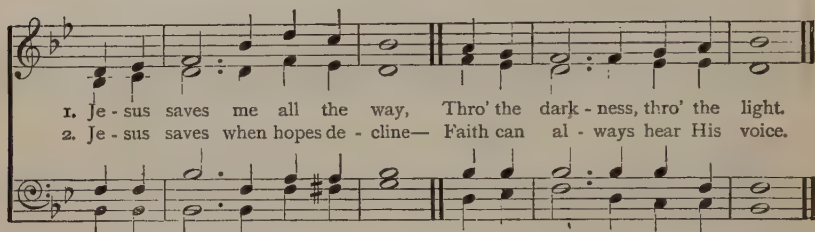
7-7-7-7.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.



1. Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day, Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry night,
2. Je - sus saves, can I re - pine? Je - sus saves when I re - joice;



1. Je - sus saves me all the way, Thro' the dark - ness, thro' the light.
2. Je - sus saves when hopes de - cline— Faith can al - ways hear His voice.

3. Jesus saves when sorrows come,
Jesus saves when death appears;
Jesus saves and leads me home,
Now He saves from doubts and fears.

4. Jesus saves me, He is mine;
Jesus saves me, I am His;
Jesus saves as I recline
On His precious promises.

5. Jesus saves, He saves from sin,
Jesus saves, I feel Him nigh;
Jesus saves, He dwells within,
Gladly do I testify.

6. Jesus saves, O mighty power!
Jesus saves, O bliss sublime!
Jesus saves me hour by hour,
Jesus saves me all the time.

No. 198.

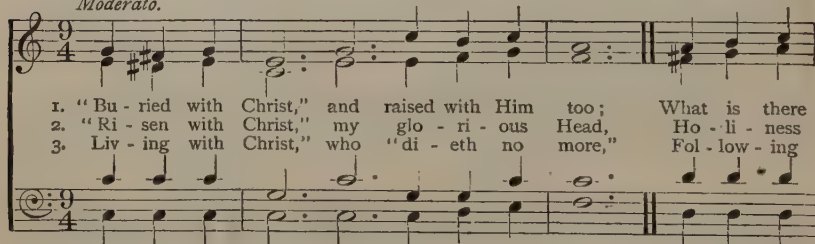
Resurrection Life.

REV. T. R.

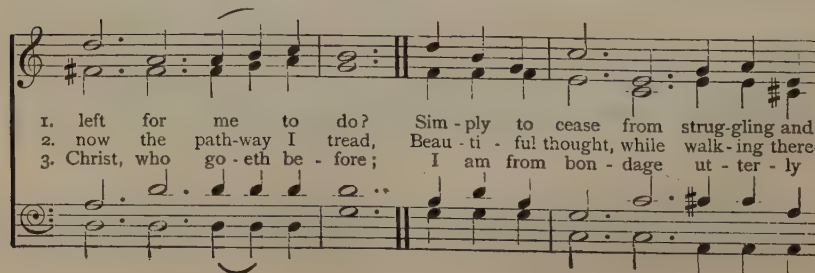
9.9.9.9.5.

REV. T. RYDER.

Moderato.



1. "Bu - ried with Christ," and raised with Him too; What is there
2. "Ri - sen with Christ," my glo - ri - ous Head, Ho - li - ness
3. Liv - ing with Christ," who "di - eth no more," Fol - low - ing



1. left for me to do? Sim - ply to cease from strug - gling and
2. now the path - way I tread, Beau - ti - ful thought, while walk - ing there—
3. Christ, who go - eth be - fore; I am from bon - dage ut - ter - ly

V.—THE OVERCOMING LIFE.

CHORUS.

1. strife, Sim-ply to "walk in new-ness of life."
 2. - in: "He that is dead is freed from sin."
 3. freed, Reck-on-ing self as "dead in-deed." } Glo-ry be to God.

4. Living for Christ, my members I yield,
 Servants to God, for evermore sealed,
 "Not under law," I'm now "under grace,"
 Sin is dethroned, and Christ takes its place.
 Glory be to God.

5. Growing in Christ; no more shall be named
 Things of which now I'm truly ashamed,
 "Fruit unto holiness" will I bear,
 Life evermore, the end I shall share.
 Glory be to God.

No. 199.

Full Salvation!

ST. WERBURGH. 8.7.8.7.4 7.

WEBBE.

1. Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Lo, the four-tain o-pened wide;
 2. Oh, the glo-rious re - ve - la - tion! See the cleans-ing cur - rent flow,
 3. Love's re - sist - less cur - rent sweeping All the re - gions deep with - in;

1. Streams through ev-'ry land and na-tion From the Sa-viour's wound-ed side.
 2. Wash-ing stains of con-dem-na-tion Whi-ter than the dri-ven snow:
 3. Thought, and wish, and sen-ses keep-ing Now, and ev-'ry in-stant, clean:

1. Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Streams an end - less crim-son tide.
 2. Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Oh, the rap-t'rous bliss to know!
 3. Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! From the guilt and power of sin.

4. Life immortal, heaven descending,
 Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine:
 God and man in oneness blending—
 Oh, what fellowship is mine!
 Full salvation!
 Raised in Christ to life divine!

5. Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
 Fear and shame are mine no more;
 Faith knows naught of dark to-morrow,
 For my Saviour goes before:
 Full salvation!
 Full and free for evermore.

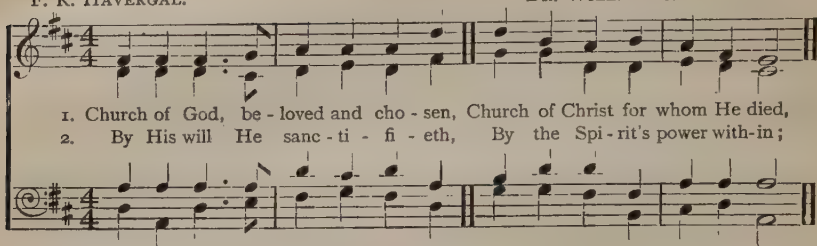
No. 200.

Church of God.

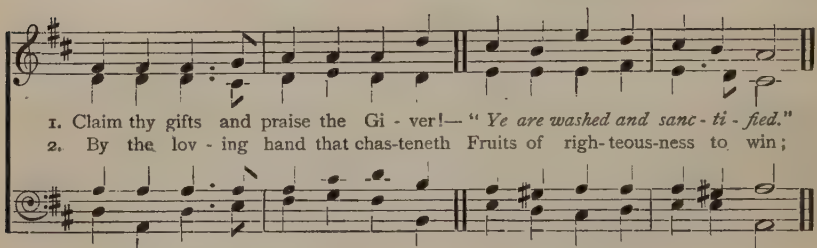
ST. ASAPH. 8.7.8.7. D.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

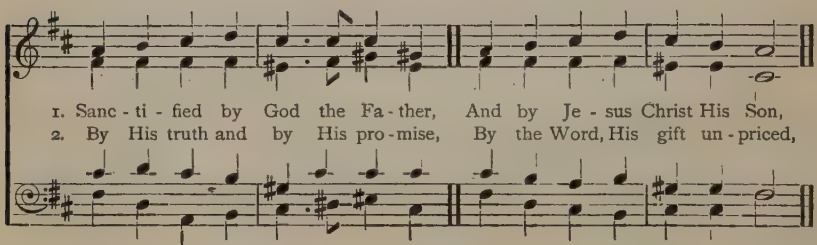
DR. WILLIAM S. BAMBRIDGE.



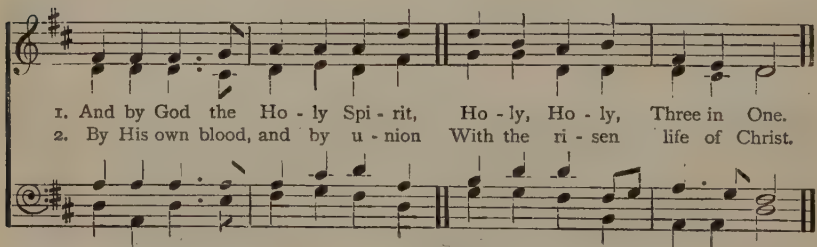
1. Church of God, be - loved and cho - sen, Church of Christ for whom He died,
2. By His will He sanc - ti - fi - eth, By the Spi - rit's power with-in;



1. Claim thy gifts and praise the Gi - ver!— "Ye are washed and sanc - ti - fied."
2. By the lov - ing hand that chas-teneth Fruits of righ-teous-ness to win;



1. Sanc - ti - fied by God the Fa - ther, And by Je - sus Christ His Son,
2. By His truth and by His pro-mise, By the Word, His gift un - priced,



1. And by God the Ho - ly Spi - rit, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Three in One.
2. By His own blood, and by u - nion With the ri - sen life of Christ,

3. *Holiness by faith in Jesus,*
Not by effort of thine own,—
Sin's dominion crushed and broken
By the power of *grace alone,—*
God's own holiness within thee,
His own beauty on thy brow:
This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,
This thy blessed portion now.

4. He will sanctify thee wholly;
Body, spirit, soul shall be
Blameless till thy Saviour's coming
In His glorious majesty!
He hath perfected for ever
Those whom He hath sanctified;
Spotless, glorious, and holy,
Is the Church, His chosen Bride.

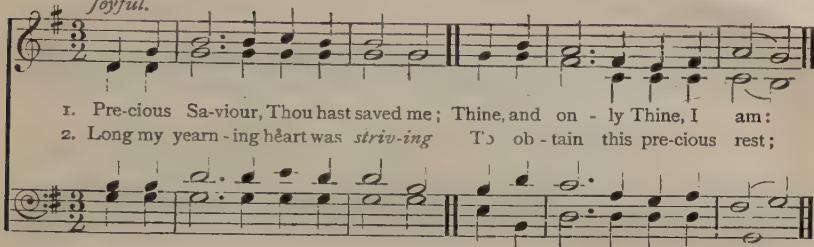
No. 201. Oh, the Cleansing Blood!

LOUISE M. ROUSE.

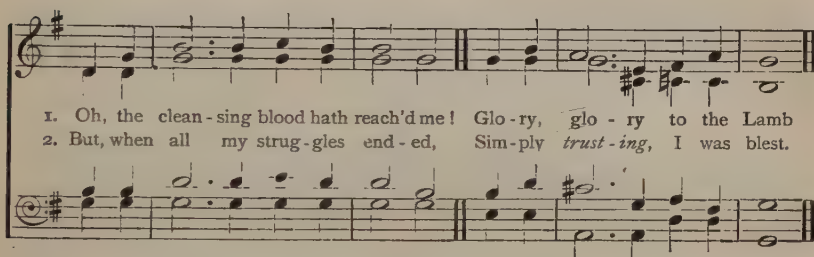
8.7.8.7. D.

DORA BOOLE.

Joyful.

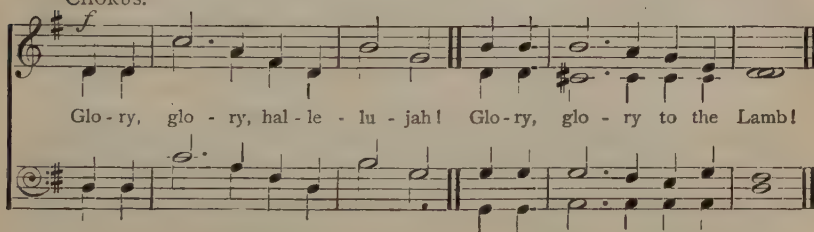


1. Pre-cious Sa-viour, Thou hast saved me; Thine, and on - ly Thine, I am:
2. Long my yearn-ing heart was *striv-ing* To ob-tain this pre-cious rest;

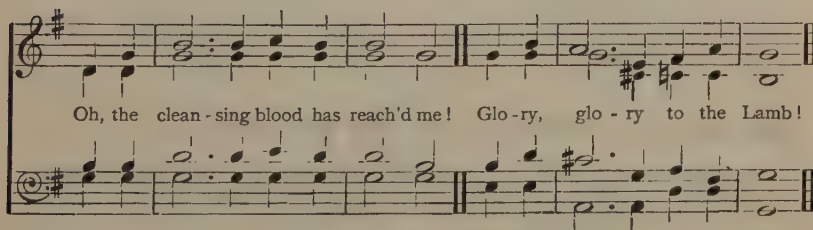


1. Oh, the clean-sing blood hath reach'd me! Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb
2. But, when all my strug-gles end-ed, Sim-ply *trust-ing*, I was blest.

CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!



Oh, the clean-sing blood has reach'd me! Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Trusting, trusting every moment;
Feeling now the blood applied;
Lying in the cleansing fountain,
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.</p> <p>4. Consecrated to Thy service,
I will live and die to Thee;
I will witness to Thy glory,
Of salvation, full and free.</p> | <p>5. Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed my soul from sin's corruption,
Sanctified, and made me whole.</p> <p>6. Glory to the Lord who bought me,
Glory for His saving power;
Glory to the Lord who keeps me,
Glory, glory evermore!</p> |
|--|--|

No. 202. Lord Jesus, Thou dost keep Thy Child.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.

1. Lord Je-sus, Thou dost keep Thy child Thro' sun-shine or thro' tempests wild;
2. O glorious Saviour, Thee I praise; To Thee my new glad song I raise,

1. Je - sus, I trust in Thee: Thine is such wondrous pow'r to save;
2. And tell of what Thou art. Thy grace is bound-less in its store;

1. Thine is the migh - ty love that gave Its all on Cal - va - ry.
2. Thy face of love shines ev - er - more, Thou giv - est me Thy heart.

3. Upon Thy promises I stand,
Trusting in Thee: Thine own right hand
Doth keep and comfort me;
My soul doth triumph in Thy word;
Thine, Thine be all the praise, dear Lord,
As Thine the victory.

4. Love perfecteth what it begins;
Thy power doth save me from my sins;
Thy grace upholdeth me.
This life of trust, how glad, how sweet;
My need and Thy great fulness meet,
And I have all in Thee.

No. 203. Poor weary heart, why sad and lone?

1. POOR weary heart, why sad and lone
When there is waiting for thee One
Who would be All to thee?
He knows thy cares, thy doubts and fears,
He listens to thy sighs, and hears
In deepest sympathy.

2. Oh! restless, thirsty, hungering one,
When God's own well-beloved Son
Came down to Calvary,
He died to save thee from all sin,
That thou might'st joy and rest in Him,
For constant victory.

3. Wilt thou not yield Him *all* thy heart?
The holding back of any part
Will leave thee weary still.
He sacrificed His All for thee,
Thine All it is His wish to be:
Is He to have His Will?

4. Oh! crown Him King *this very day*,
Let this great Saviour have His Way
And be thine All in All.
Then strong in Him, go forth to prove
God's own unutterable Love
Is thine, whate'er befall.

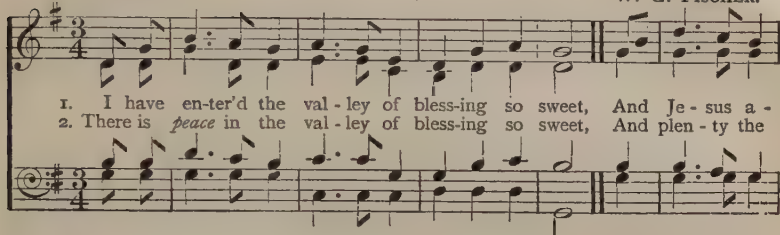
Emmeline G. Thiselton.

No. 204. 3 have entered the valley.

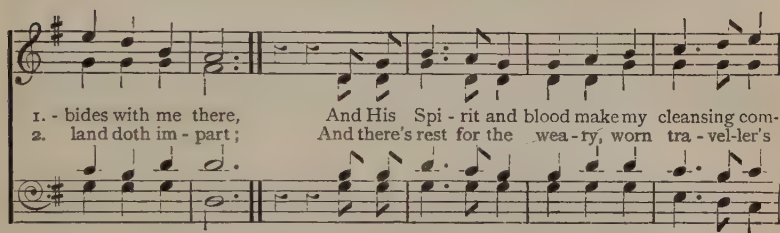
A. WITTENMEYER.

P.M.

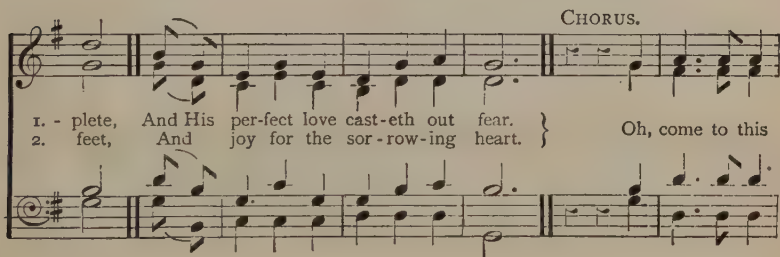
W. G. FISCHER.



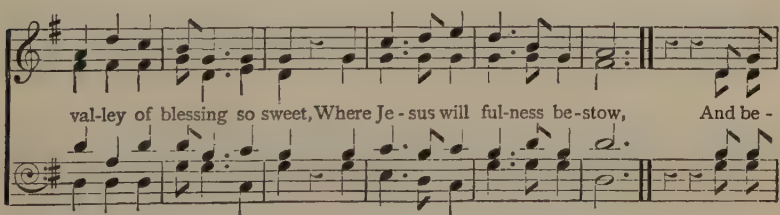
1. I have en-ter'd the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je-sus a -
2. There is *peace* in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen - ty the



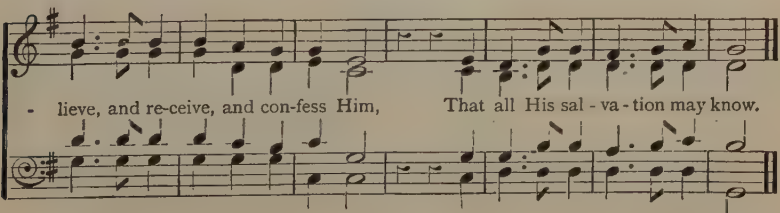
1. - bides with me there, And His Spi - rit and blood make my cleansing com-
2. land doth im - part; And there's rest for the wea - ry, worn tra - vel-ler's



CHORUS.
1. - plete, And His per-fect love cast-eth out fear. } Oh, come to this
2. feet, And joy for the sor-row-ing heart. }



val-ley of blessing so sweet, Where Je - sus will ful-ness be-stow, And be -



- lieve, and re-ceive, and con-fess Him, That all His sal - va - tion may know.

3-

4-

There is *love* in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel,
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.

There's a *song* in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at His feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

No. 205.

Thou art able.

J. S. PIGOTT.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

BURNHAM HORNER.

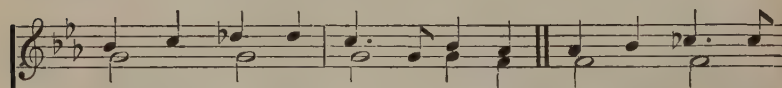
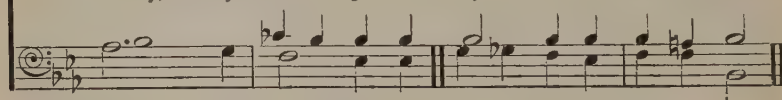
Slowly.



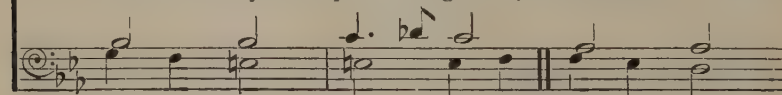
1. Thou art a - ble, bless - ed Je - sus, E'en Thy weak - est ones to keep;
2. Thou art a - ble; Thou who hold - est Waves and tem - pests in Thy hand;



1. And Thy faith - ful - ness is ev - er As a vast and shore - less deep.
2. Safe - ly, sure - ly Thou wilt pi - lot Thy be - lov - ed to the land:



1. 'Tis Thine own right hand up - holds us, While Thy ten - der -
2. And since Thy sweet peace Thou giv - est, Since Thou lov - est



1. - ness en - folds us, And Thou bidd'st us cease to weep.
2. and Thou liv - est, Ev - 'ry cloud is rain - bow - spann'd.



3. Thou art able, glorious Saviour!
Oh, the rapture of the thought!
Shall we find it hard to trust Thee,
Where all life with love is fraught?
Thou, whose love is never sleeping,
For the sweetness of Thy keeping,
Can we praise Thee as we ought?

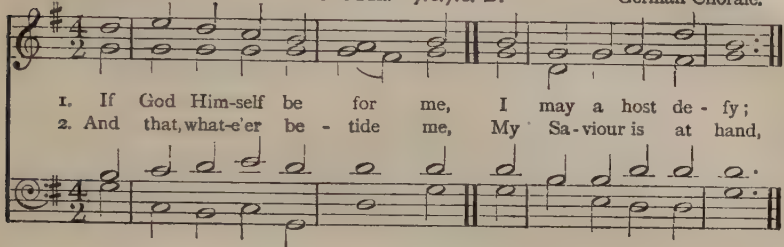
4. Thou art able! we adore Thee!
We ascribe to Thee the power,
And glad anthems to Thy glory
We would sing each day and hour:
While the joy of now possessing
In Thyself each promised blessing
Is our sweet, unending dower.

No. 206. If God Himself be for me.

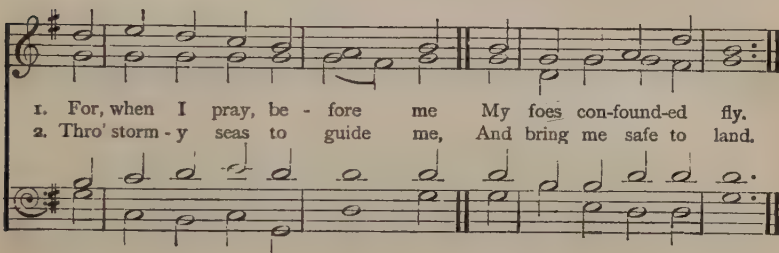
PAUL GERHARDT.

CRÜGER. 7.6.7.6. D.

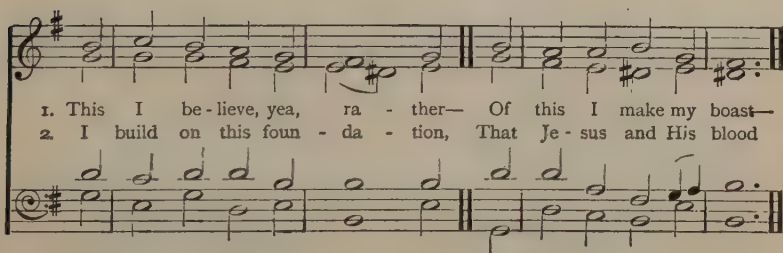
German Chorale.



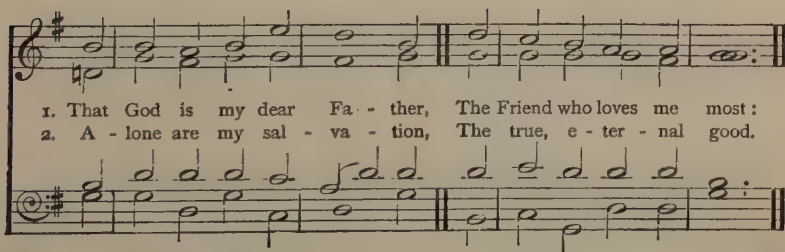
1. If God Him-self be for me, I may a host de - fy;
2. And that, what-e'er be - tide me, My Sa-vi-our is at hand,



1. For, when I pray, be - fore me My foes con-found-ed fly.
2. Thro' storm - y seas to guide me, And bring me safe to land,



1. This I be-lieve, yea, ra - ther— Of this I make my boast—
2. I build on this foun - da - tion, That Je - sus and His blood



1. That God is my dear Fa - ther, The Friend who loves me most:
2. A - lone are my sal - va - tion, The true, e - ter - nal good.

3. His Holy Spirit dwelleth
Within my willing heart,
Tames it, when it rebelleth,
And soothes the keenest smart:
And when my soul is lying
Weak, trembling, and oppressed,
He pleads with groans and sighing
That cannot be expressed.

4. To mine His Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God, for him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store:
There God Himself prepareth
My heritage and lot,
And, though my body weareth,
My heaven shall fail me not.

No. 207. Thou wilt shew me, mighty Father.

REV. C. A. FOX.

INFANTS' PETITION. 8.7.8.7.

H. J. C. HOLMES.

1. Thou wilt shew me, mighty Fa-ther, Step by step, the wondrous way ;
2. Side by side, we know not whith-er, But with Whom we know full well ;

rall.

1. Side by side, thro' Time's long twi-light, Press we to the dawning day !
2. Side by side, henceforth for ev-er With Thee, veiled Emman-u-el.

No. 208.

"Thou remainest."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. "THOU remainest." Breathe it softly,
As in loneliness ye wait,
As the vanished ones long waited
For the opening of the gate.</p> <p>2. "Thou remainest." This thy watchword
When the foes from ambush start ;
Vain their siege ! If God be with us
Peace may garrison the heart.</p> <p>3. "Thou remainest." Peace our portion
Though the billows toss and foam ;
Lo, the vessel rides at anchor,
Everywhere is God and Home !</p> | <p>4. Nature, in her moods inconstant
Can desert the child she bore ;
Hope betrays by brightest promise,—
"Thou remainest" evermore.</p> <p>5. Silent the familiar voices,—
Vacant places, who can fill ?
Vanished forms and absent faces—
"Thou remainest" with us still.</p> <p>6. Years recede ; the Christ abideth,
Time and change may do their worst ;
All is ours, for Thou remainest,
Thou art Last as well as First.</p> |
|--|---|

Lucy A. Bennett.

No. 209. Lord and Master we will own Him.

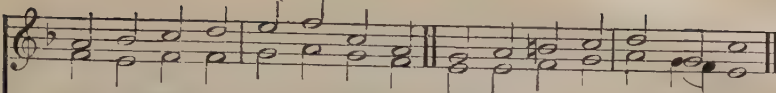
LUCY A. BENNETT.

CASTLEGATE. 8.7.8.7. D.

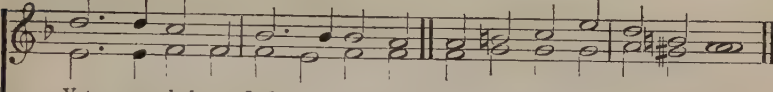
ARTHUR PAGE.

1. Lord and Master we will own Him, Swift to re-cog-nise His claim :

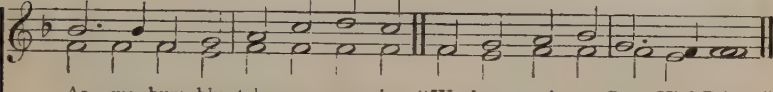
V.—THE OVERCOMING LIFE.



King of kings our hearts enthrone Him, Bless-ed be His Ho-ly Name!



Yet new glad-ness finds ex-pres-sion, And the rap-ture is in-creased,



As we hum-bly take pos-ses-sion, "We have such a Great High Priest!"

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. "Blessing"? yearning heart that criest;
 Stay, the Blessor comes to you!
 "Higher truth"? But this is highest,
 We are in Himself—The TRUE.
 Not attainment, not acquirement,
 But His fulness fully known;
 Guarantee for all requirement,
 Jesus is upon the Throne.</p> | <p>3. By a Priesthood all unchanging
 Jesus meets our changing need:
 Naught from us His love estranging,
 Truly we are bless'd indeed.
 Lo, a covenant unbroken
 Spans the distance, "Till He come"—
 Of the things which we have spoken,
 This, for aye, remains the sum.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 210. Welcome, welcome, O Redeemer.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. WELCOME, welcome, O Redeemer,
 Welcome to this heart of mine.
 Lord, I make a full surrender,
 Every power and thought be Thine:
 Thine entirely, Thine entirely,
 Through eternal ages Thine;
 Thine entirely, thine entirely,
 Through eternal ages Thine.</p> <p>2. Oh, I love Thee, precious Jesus,
 And I know that Thou art mine;
 All my heart I give Thee, Jesus,
 And I know Thou mak'st it Thine.
 Take my warmest, best affections,
 Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
 And with all Thy loving Spirit
 All my emptied nature fill.</p> | <p>3. Vain the world, its pleasures boasting;
 Vain the charms of life to me;
 Gold is dross, and riches worthless,
 If they turn my heart from Thee.
 Nearer, dearer than a brother,
 Source and centre of my bliss;
 All of joy, and all of sorrow,
 Find their end in knowing this.</p> <p>4. Known to all to be Thy mansion,
 Earth and hell shall disappear;
 Or in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is there.
 Shout, ye angels! shout, ye angels!
 Shout, O saints, the Lord is here;
 Shout, ye angels! shout, ye angels!
 Shout, O saints, the Lord is here.</p> |
|--|--|

F. J. Crosby and F. Bottome.

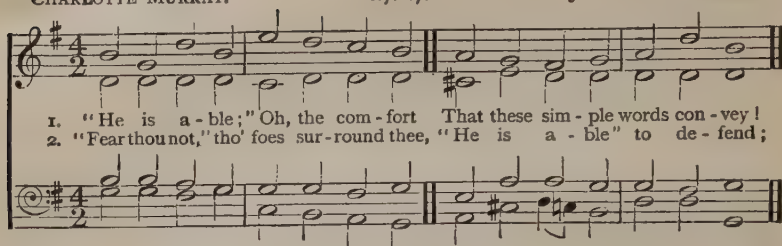
No. 211.

"He is able."

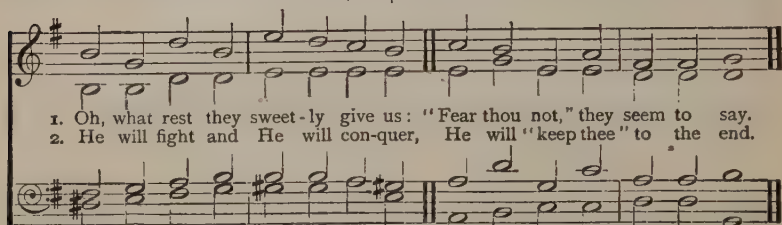
CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

8.7.8.7.

J. DOWNING FARRER.



1. "He is a - ble;" Oh, the com - fort That these sim - ple words con - vey !
2. "Fear thou not," tho' foes sur - round thee, "He is a - ble" to de - fend;



1. Oh, what rest they sweet - ly give us : "Fear thou not," they seem to say.
2. He will fight and He will con - quer, He will "keep thee" to the end.

3. "He is able," ev'ry burden
That oppresses thee, to bear;
Dost thou fear some cloud to enter?
He will meet thee surely there.
4. "He is able" to go with thee
Thro' the dark, or thro' the light;
Where He stays no evil cometh—
With Him near—all, all is bright.

5. In the "valley of the shadow,"
Where the fears of death appal,
"He is able" to dispel them,
And to triumph over all.
6. When, within His arms of mercy,
We to Heaven's gates have come,
"He is able" to undo them,
And to bid us "Welcome Home!"

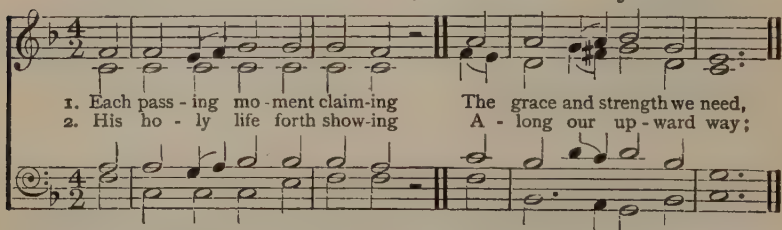
No. 212.

Each passing moment.

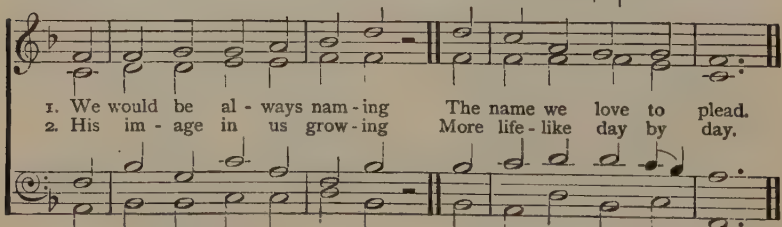
A. E. M.

BARTON. 7.6.7.6.

J. H. KNECHT.



1. Each pass - ing mo - ment claim - ing The grace and strength we need,
2. His ho - ly life forth show - ing A - long our up - ward way;



1. We would be al - ways nam - ing The name we love to plead.
2. His im - age in us grow - ing More life - like day by day.

3. Our very faces beaming
Doxologies unsung;
Our ransomed natures seeming
To heavenly music strung.
4. For ever o'er us streaming
The light of Jesu's love,
In the fair distance gleaming
The pearly gates above.

5. Then in the kingdom bending
Before our Saviour's feet,
Life's dark enigmas ending
In hallelujahs sweet.
6. No trembling notes of sadness:
The rest of faith becomes
A rest in love and gladness—
Eternal glory won.

No. 213. Lord, for to-morrow.

8.4.8.4.

ROSE C. MEYER.

p *Moderato.*

1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray;
2. Let me both di-li-gent-ly work, And du-ly pray;

p *senza rit.*

1. Keep me, my God, from stain of sin— Just for to-day.
2. Let me be kind in word and deed— Just for to-day.

3. Let me be slow to do my will;
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself—
Just for to-day.
4. Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips—
Just for to-day.

5. Cleanse and receive my parting soul;
Be Thou my stay;
Oh, bid me, if to-day I die,
Go home to-day!
6. So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray:
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

No. 214. Why should I fear the darkest hour?

J. NEWTON.

8.8.8.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Joyful.

1. Why should I fear the dark-est hour, Or trem-ble at the Tempter's power?
2. Though hot the fight, why quit the field? Why must I ei-ther fly or yield,
3. When crea-ture-com-forts fade and die, Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
4. Though all the flocks and herds were dead, My soul a fa-mine need not dread,

1. Je-sus vouchsafes to be my Tower.
2. Since Je-sus is my might-y Shield?
3. Je-sus still lives, and still is nigh.
4. For Je-sus is my liv-ing Bread.

5. I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

6. Though Sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of Grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my Righteousness.

7. Though faint my pray'rs and cold my love,
My stead-fast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

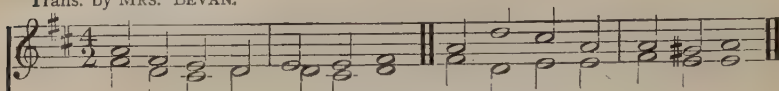
8. Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is Power divine;
Jesus is all, and He is mine!

No. 215. Name of Jesus! highest Name!

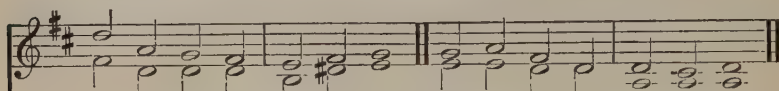
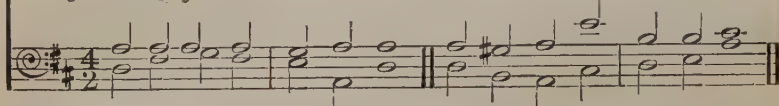
TERSTEEGEN.
Trans. by MRS. BEVAN.

BUCKLAND. 7.7.7.7.

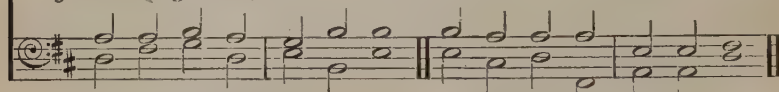
REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.



1. Name of Je - sus! high - est Name! Name that earth and Heaven a - dore!
2. Name of Je - sus! liv - ing tide! Days of drought for me are past!
3. Name of Je - sus! dear - est Name! Bread of Heaven, and balm of love;



1. From the heart of God it came, Leads me to God's heart once more.
2. How much more than sat - is - fied Are the thirs - ty lips at last!
3. Oil of glad - ness, sur - est claim To the trea - sures stored a - bove.



4. Jesus gives forgiveness free,
Jesus cleanses all my stains;
Jesus gives His life to me,
Jesus always He remains.

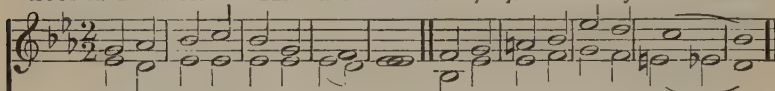
5. Only Jesus! fairest Name!
Life, and rest, and peace, and bliss;
Jesus, evermore the same,
He is mine, and I am His.

No. 216. Jesus, Name of matchless splendour!

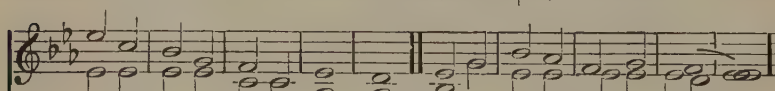
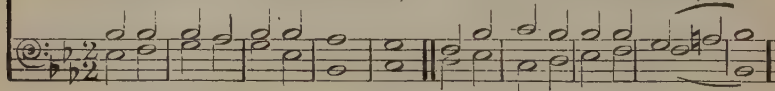
LUCY A. BENNETT.

TENDER SHEPHERD. 8.7.8.7.

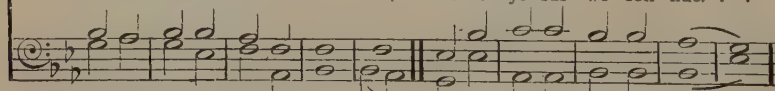
H. J. E. HOLMES.



1. Je - sus, Name of matchless splendour! Name all oth - er names a - bove! . .
2. Name that to our hearts is near - est, Here the stricken soul doth hide; . .



1. Glorious Son of God in - car - nate, King of kings, and Lord of love! . .
2. Name that to our hearts is dear - est, As in Je - sus we con - fide. . .



3. "Call Him Jesus!" He shall save us
From the tyranny of sin;
From its condemnation save us—
From iniquity within.

4. Thanks we give, and adoration,
Every day and every hour,
For an "uttermost" salvation,
Freedom from its guilt and power.

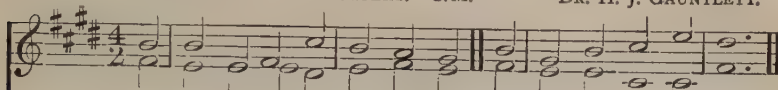
5. "Jesus," sweetest note of any
In the lowly pilgrim's song;
"Jesus!" the triumphant music
Of the bright angelic throng.
6. Earth to Him her face upraises,
Knows Him as the great "I am!"
Heaven resounds with Jesu's praises,
"Glory to the bleeding Lamb!"

No. 217. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm.

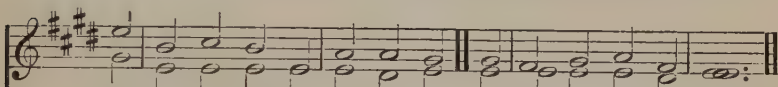
REV. DR. H. BONAR.

ST. FULBERT. C.M.

DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breez-es blow ;
2. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest-ing on Thy breast ;



1. Be like the night-dew's cool-ing balm Up-on earth's fe-vered brow.
2. Soothe me with ho-ly hymn and psalm, And bid my spi-rit rest.

3. Yes, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;
4. Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

5. Calm 'mid the restless heaving throng,
Who do not know Thy name ;
Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame.
6. Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain ;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' eternal calm to gain.

No. 218. My God, the spring of all my joys.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2. In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, *I am His.*

Rev. J. Watts.

No. 219. O Saviour, Thou whose pitying love.

1. O SAVIOUR, Thou whose pitying love
Has made a place for me,
Whose touch has healed a broken heart,
And turned its love to Thee.

2. Thou who hast changed a barren life
To verdant summer land,
And filled my cup to overflow
By Thine abundant hand,

3. Oh magnify Thy wondrous grace
In this poor heart of mine,
That all the energies of life
Henceforward may be Thine.

4. And touch the broken, voiceless chords
Which long have silent lain,
That filled with melody may be
The hours that still remain.

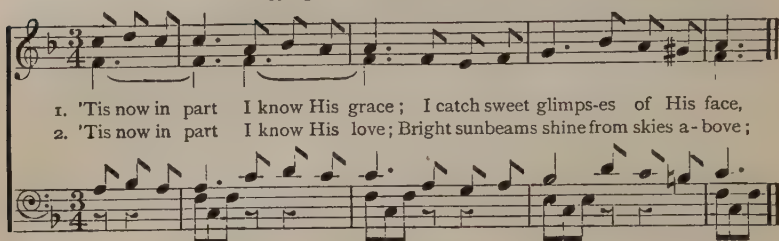
5. Thus may the world that reads my life
A risen Saviour see,
And own that life lived out in Him
In constant victory.

C. Butler-Stoney.

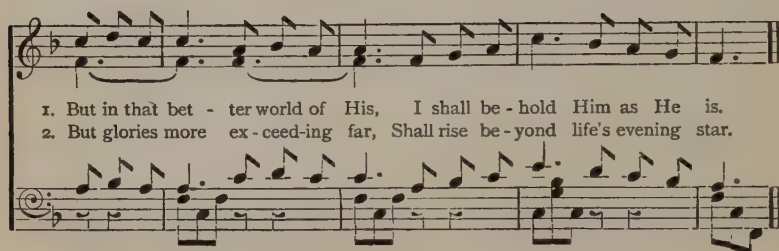
No. 220. Then shall I know.

E. E. HEWITT.

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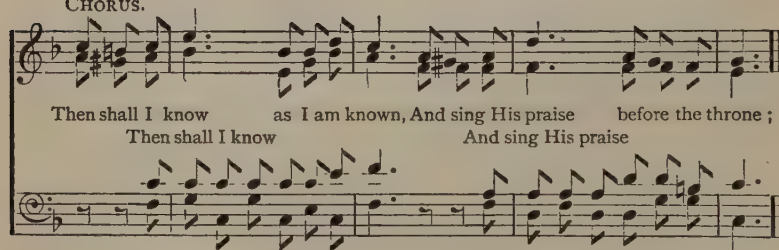


1. 'Tis now in part I know His grace; I catch sweet glimps-es of His face,
2. 'Tis now in part I know His love; Bright sunbeams shine from skies a-bove;

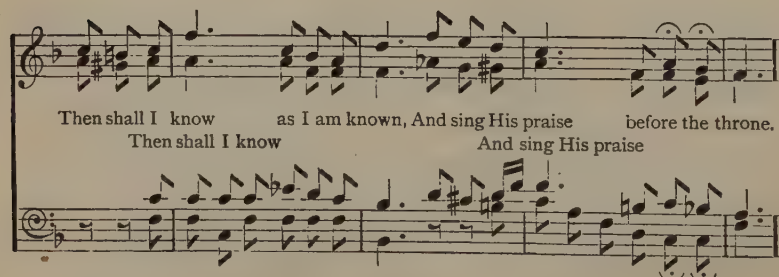


1. But in that bet-ter world of His, I shall be-hold Him as He is.
2. But glories more ex-ceed-ing far, Shall rise be-yond life's evening star.

CHORUS.



Then shall I know as I am known, And sing His praise before the throne;
Then shall I know And sing His praise



Then shall I know as I am known, And sing His praise before the throne.
Then shall I know And sing His praise

3. 'Tis now in part I understand
The leadings of my Father's hand;
But I shall own His ways were right,
When welcomed to His home of light.

4. 'Tis now in part, but O how sweet
To rest by faith at His dear feet;
Though now we see as through a glass,
The veil will lift, the shadows pass.

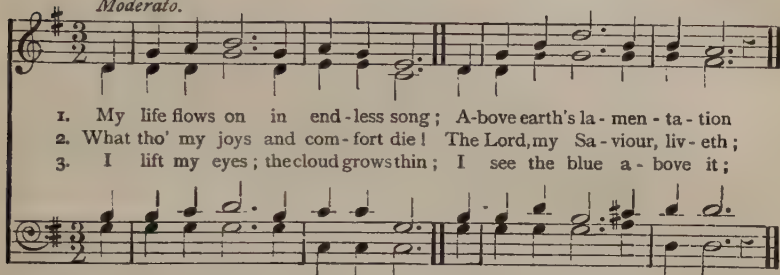
No. 221. My life flows on in endless song.

F. J. HARTLEY.

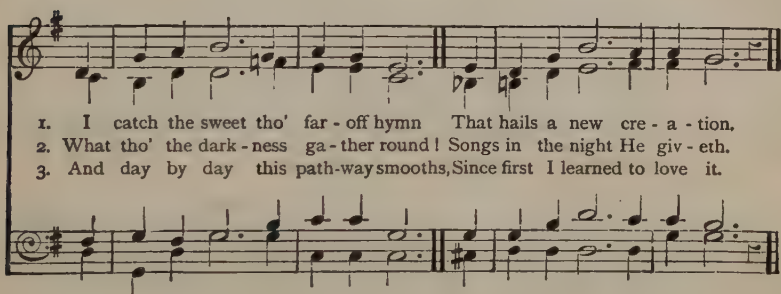
8.7.8.7. D.

REV. R. LOWRY.

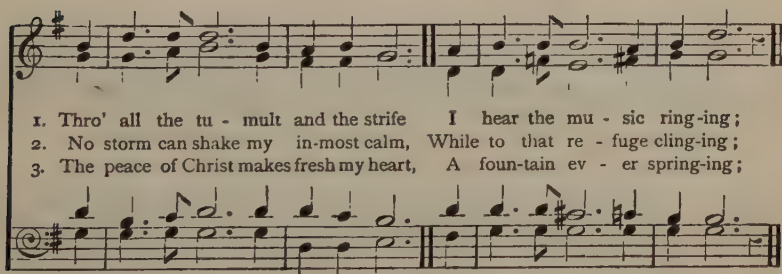
Moderato.



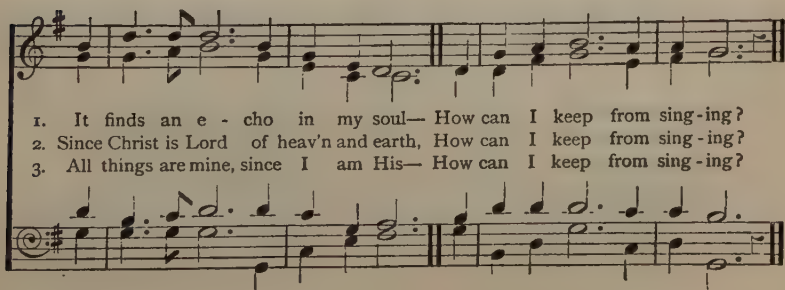
1. My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove earth's la-men-ta-tion
 2. What tho' my joys and com-fort die! The Lord, my Sa-viour, liv-eth;
 3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a-bove it;



1. I catch the sweet tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a-tion.
 2. What tho' the dark-ness ga-ther round! Songs in the night He giv-eth.
 3. And day by day this path-way smooths, Since first I learned to love it.



1. Thro' all the tu-mult and the strife I hear the mu-sic ring-ing;
 2. No storm can shake my in-most calm, While to that re-fuge cling-ing;
 3. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A foun-tain ev-er spring-ing;



1. It finds an e-cho in my soul—How can I keep from sing-ing?
 2. Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?
 3. All things are mine, since I am His—How can I keep from sing-ing?

No. 222. Looking unto Jesus.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

HERMAS. 6.5.6.5. D.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

(Written expressly for this Work.)

Joyfully.

1. Look-ing un-to Je-sus, Ne-ver need we yield! O-ver all the ar-mour,
2. Look a-way to Je-sus, Look a-way from all! Then we need not stum-ble,

p

1. Faith the bat-tle-shield! Stand-ard of sal-va-tion, In our hearts un-furl'd,
2. Then we shall not fall. From each snare that lur-eth, Foe or phan-tom grim,

cres. **CHORUS.** *ff*

1. Let its e-le-va-tion O-ver-come the world. } Look-ing un-to Je-sus,
2. Safe-ty this en-sur-eth, Look a-way to Him. }

Ne-ver need we yield! O-ver all the ar-mour Faith the bat-tle-shield,

3. Looking into Jesus,
Wond'ringly we trace
Heights of power and glory,
Depths of love and grace.
Vistas far unfolding
Ever stretch before,
As we gaze, beholding,
Ever more and more.

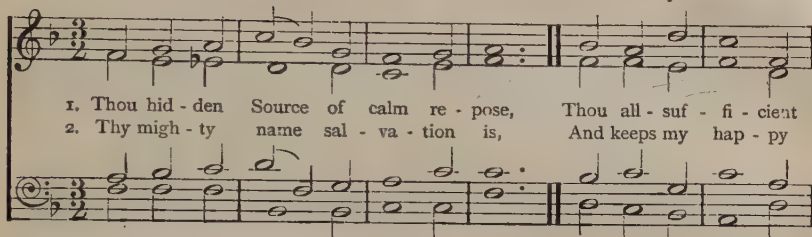
4. Looking up to Jesus,
On the Emerald Throne,
Faith shall pierce the heavens,
Where our King is gone.
Lord, on Thee depending,
Now, continually,
Heart and mind ascending,
Let us dwell with Thee.

No. 223. Thou Hidden Source.

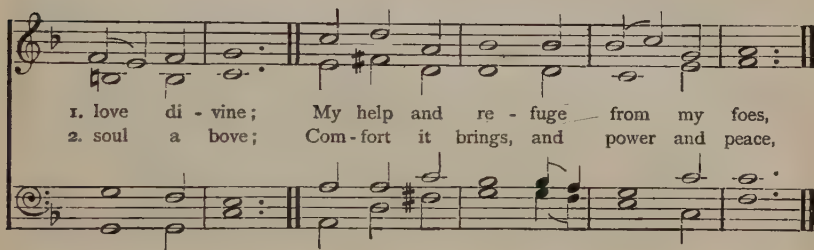
REV. C. WESLEY.

PATER OMNIUM. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

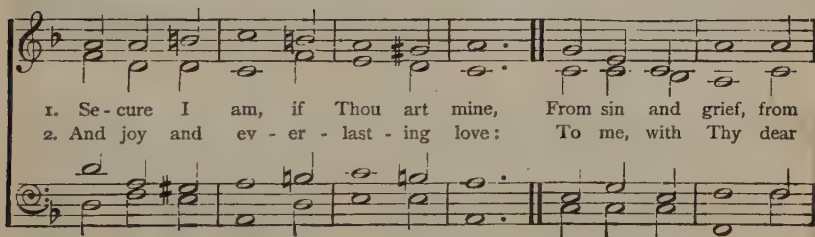
H. J. E. HOLMES.



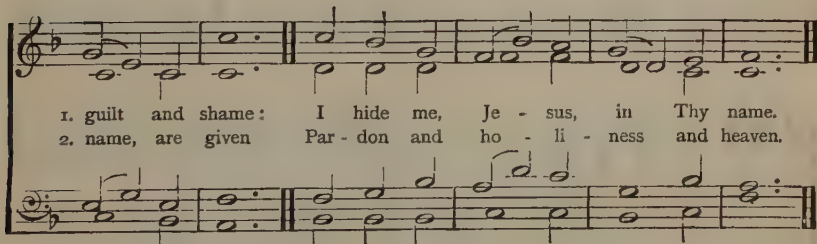
1. Thou hid - den Source of calm re - pose, Thou all - suf - fi - cient
2. Thy migh - ty name sal - va - tion is, And keeps my hap - py



1. love di - vine; My help and re - fuge from my foes,
2. soul a bove; Com - fort it brings, and power and peace,



1. Se - cure I am, if Thou art mine, From sin and grief, from
2. And joy and ev - er - last - ing love: To me, with Thy dear



1. guilt and shame: I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name.
2. name, are given Par - don and ho - li - ness and heaven.

3. Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, mine ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4. In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, mine almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my heaven, my all.

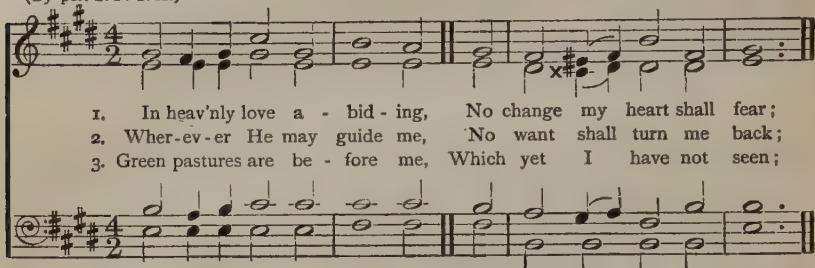
PART VI.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

No. 224. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

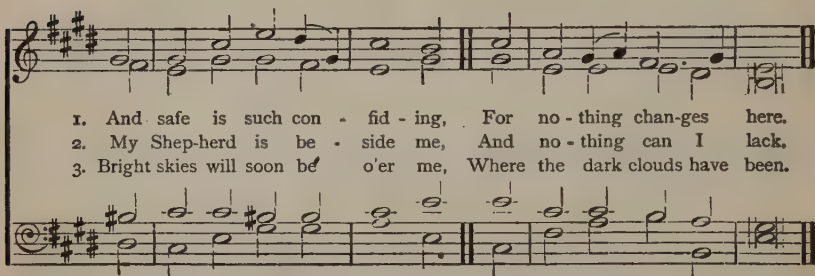
A. L. WARING.
(By per. S. P. C. K.)

7.6.7.6. D.

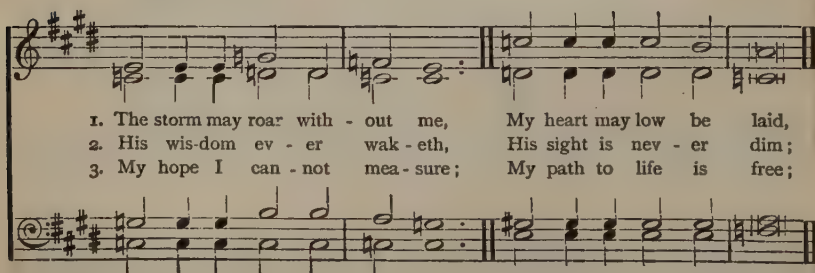
REV. E. HUSBAND.



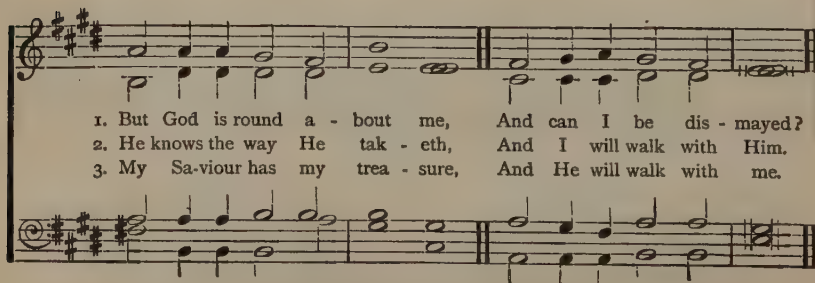
1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher-ev-er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;



1. And safe is such con - fid - ing, For no - thing chan-ges here.
2. My Shep-herd is be - side me, And no - thing can I lack.
3. Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been.



1. The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
2. His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;
3. My hope I can - not mea - sure; My path to life is free;



1. But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
2. He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
3. My Sa-viour has my trea - sure, And He will walk with me.

The above Hymn may also be sung to No. 77.

No. 225.

Be Still, my Soul!

ST. HELEN. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

KATHARINA VON SCHLEGEL.

(Tr. JANE L. BORTHWICK.)

WALTER HATELY.

1. Be still, my soul! the Lord is on thy side; Bear pa-tient-ly the
2. Be still, my soul! thy God doth un-der-take To guide the fu-ture

1. cross of grief and pain; Leave to thy God to or-der and pro-vide;
2. as He has the past: Thy hope, thy con-fi-dence let no-thing shake:

1. In ev-'ry change He faith-ful will re-main. Be still, my soul! thy
2. All now mys-te-rious shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul! the

1. best, thy heav'n-ly Friend Through thorn-y ways leads to a joy-ful end.
2. waves and winds still know His voice who ruled them while He dwelt be-low.

3. Be still, my soul! when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears:
Be still, my soul! thy Jesus can repay
From His own fulness all He takes away.
4. Be still, my soul! the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord;
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul! when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

No. 226.

I am the Lord's!

LUCY A. BENNETT.

II. IO. II. IO.

REV. H. G. WARREN.

1. I am the Lord's! O joy be-yond ex - pres - sion, O sweet re -
2. I am the Lord's! It hush-es ev -'ry mur - mur, It soothes the

1. -sponse to voice of love Di - vine; Faith's joy-ous "Yes" to the as - sur-ing
2. fe - ver'd spi - rit to its rest; I am the Lord's! It is the child's re -

1. whis - per, "Fear not! I have re-deem'd thee; thou art Mine."
2. -join - der, Who knows and feels the Fa - ther's will is best.

3.
I am the Lord's! It is the glad confession,
Wherewith the Bride recalls the happy day,
When love's "I will" accepted Him for ever,
"The Lord's," to love, to honour and obey.

4.
I am the Lord's! O eagerly and gladly,
Triumphantly and gratefully we sing;
I am the Lord's! It is the rock unflinching
To which our storm-tossed souls in dark-
ness cling.

5.
I am the Lord's! Yet teach me all it meaneth,
All it involves of love and loyalty,
Of holy service, absolute surrender,
And unreserved obedience unto Thee.

6.
I am the Lord's! Yes; body, soul, and
spirit,—
O seal them irrecoverably Thine;
As Thou, Beloved, in Thy grace and fulness
For ever and for evermore art mine.

The above Hymn may also be sung to "BERLIN," No. 269.

No. 227. I flee unto Thee to hide me.

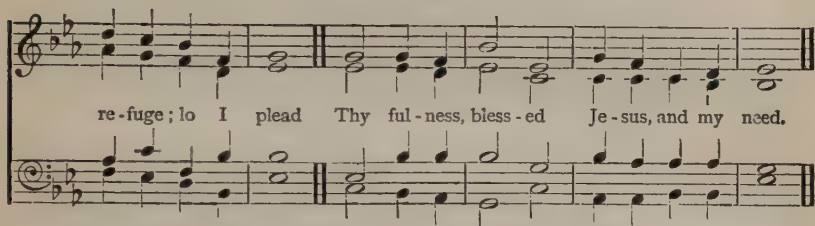
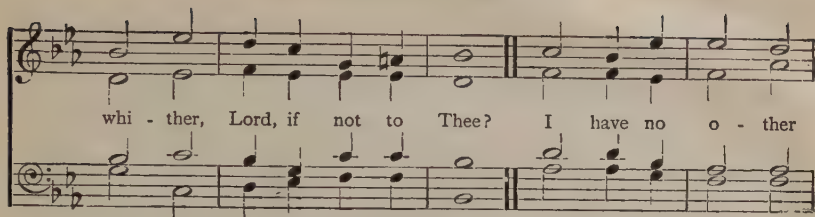
LUCY A. BENNETT.

HABERGHAM. IO. IO. IO. IO.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. O Sa - viour of the lost, where should I flee? Whi - ther, ah!

VI.—UNION WITH CHRIST.



2.
To Thee I fly when overwhelmed with woe;
To Thee with every care a heart can know;
To Thee for help, and not to scheme nor
plan;
To Thee, and not to frail and erring man.

4.
Our human lips are powerless to express
The measure of our deep indebtedness!
We have no words to thank Thee: lo, we
flee,
Speechless but satisfied, to hide in Thee!

3.
O peaceful Haven! calm, serene, and fair—
Thrice happy are the souls that harbour there!
O resting-place of Faith! O Love's abode!
O sacred hiding-place! O Heart of God!

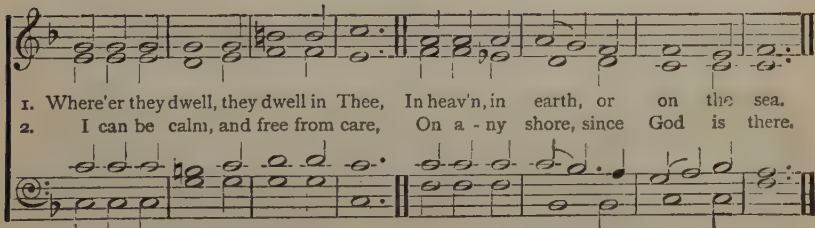
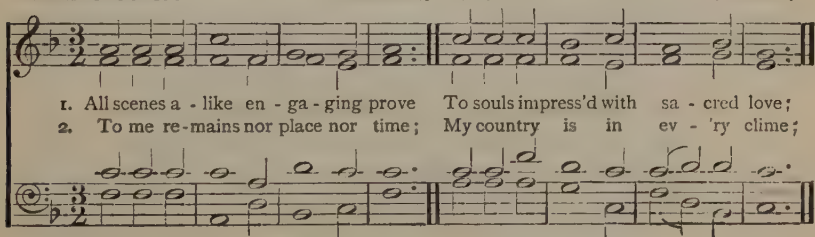
5.
To hide in Thee—till, earthly peril o'er,
Our souls shall need a hiding-place no more;
But learn the fairer joy Thy love hath stored,
The bliss of being "ever with the Lord."

No. 228. All Scenes alike engaging Prove.

MADAME GUYON.

HESPERUS. L.M.

H. BAKER.



3. While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4. Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,—
Secure of finding God in all.

No. 229. Safe in the centre of Thy loving Will.

JANE WOODFALL.

WINDERMERE. 10.10.10.10.

A. J. FOXWELL.

Composed expressly for this work.

1. Safe in the cen - tre of Thy lov - ing Will, My God and
 2. With - in this place of per - fect safe - ty hid, From hence - forth
 3. The seorch - ing flame a - round my soul may burn, But while with -

1. Fa - ther, — this in - deed is rest! No sad fore - bod - ings
 2. let me ev - er - more a - bide: My fears are gone, my
 3. - in Thy Will I qui - et lie, It can not touch me,

1. now, no dread of ill, How free from care I am—how tru - ly blest!
 2. rest - less long - ing still'd; My God, I trust Thee and am sat - is - fied.
 3. can not do me harm; There - fore I wait, and lay all struggling by.

4. The blood of Christ has washed away my sin,
 And through that blood I am at peace with Thee;
 My will is Thine,—no controversy now,
 Thy peace which passeth knowledge keepeth me.
5. Thus will I live and walk from day to day,
 Contented, trustful, satisfied, and still;
 What life so shielded, or what life so free,
 As that within the centre of Thy Will!

No. 230. O Blessed Life—the heart at rest.

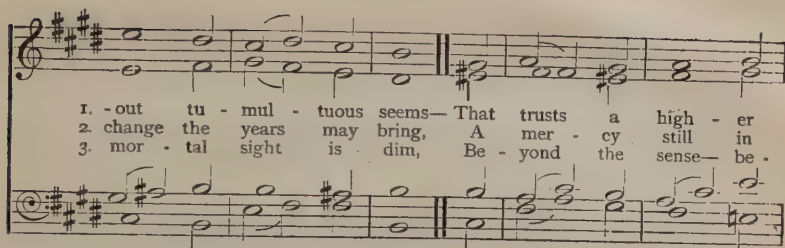
REV. W. T. MATSON.

BLESSED LIFE. L.M.

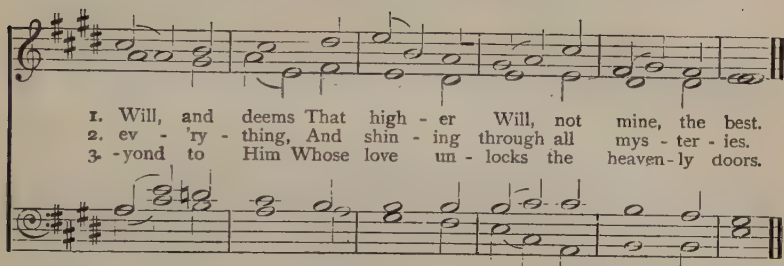
A. J. FOXWELL.

1. O bless - ed Life—the heart at rest When all with -
 2. O bless - ed Life—the mind that sees, What - ev - er
 3. O bless - ed Life—the soul that soars, When sense of

VI.—UNION WITH CHRIST.



1. - out tu - mul - tuous seems— That trusts a high - er
2. change the years may bring, A mer - cy still in
3. mor - tal sight is dim, Be - yond the sense— be -



1. Will, and deems That high - er Will, not mine, the best.
2. ev - ry - thing, And shin - ing through all mys - ter - ies.
3. - yond to Him Whose love un - locks the heav - en - ly doors.

4. O blessed Life—heart, mind, and soul,
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

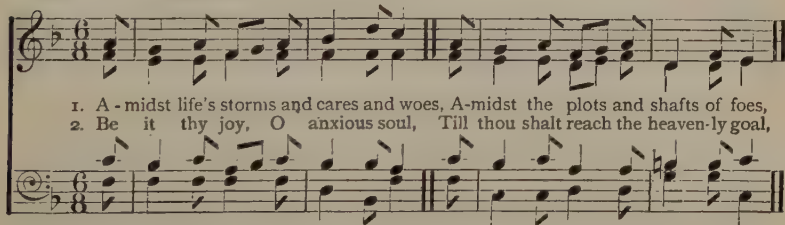
5. O Life, how blessed, how divine,
High Life, the earnest of a higher:
Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessed Life be mine.

No. 231. Amidst life's storms.

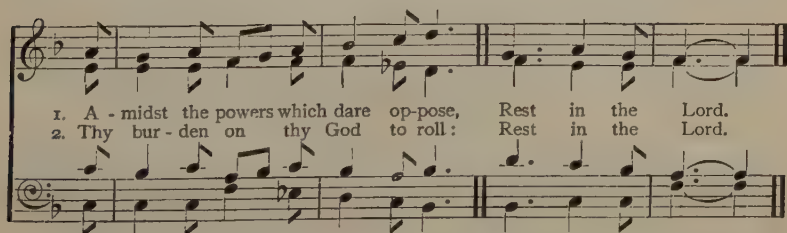
REV. A. C. THISLETON.

8.8.8.4.

C. H. FORREST.



1. A - midst life's storms and cares and woes, A-midst the plots and shafts of foes,
2. Be it thy joy, O anxious soul, Till thou shalt reach the heav - en - ly goal,



1. A - midst the powers which dare op - pose, Rest in the Lord.
2. Thy bur - den on thy God to roll: Rest in the Lord.

3. Sickness may try, and losses come;
But thou art on the safe way home:
Thy Father will disperse the gloom:
Rest in the Lord.

4. In quiet calm,—in Christ's own rest,—
Is secret strength for all oppress;
All things are working for the best:
Rest in the Lord.

5. Rest in His truth, His power, His grace;
Rest in His knowledge of thy case;
Rest in the sunshine of His face:
Rest in the Lord.

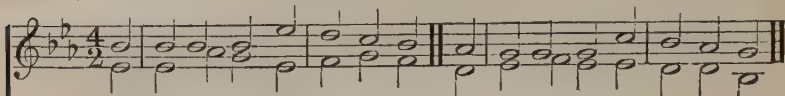
6. Rest in His love—it cannot chill;
Rest in His sweet and blessed will;
Rest in Himself: be hushed, be still:
Rest in the Lord.

No. 232. Lord, Thou hast made Thyself to me.

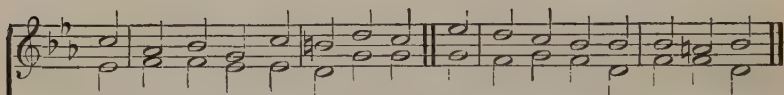
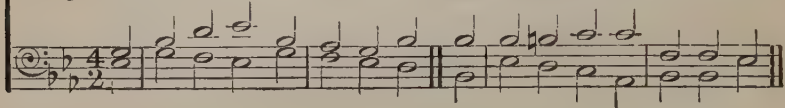
REV. J. B. FRENCH.

COMPLINE. 8.8.8.8.8.

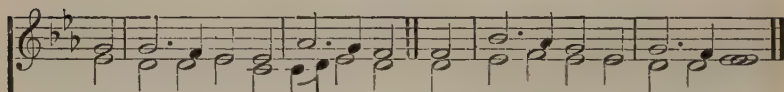
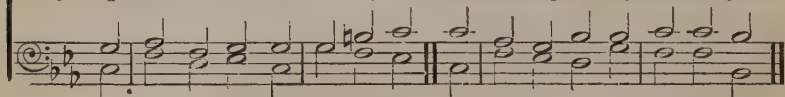
REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.



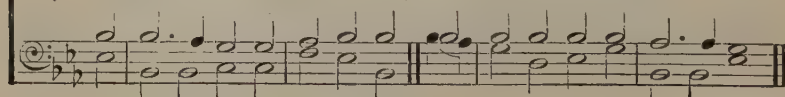
1. Lord, Thou hast made Thy-self to me A liv-ing, bright re-al-i-ty,
2. And Thou, blest vis-ion of my soul, Hast made my bro-ken na-ture whole;
3. Near-er and dear-er still to me, Thou liv-ing, lov-ing Sa-viour be;



1. More pre-sent to faith's vis-ion keen Than an-y earth-ly ob-ject seen;
2. Hast pu-ri-fied my base de-sires, And kin-dled pas-sion's ho-liest fires;
3. Bright-er the vis-ion of Thy face, More charming still Thy words of grace;



1. More dear, more in-ti-mate-ly nigh Than e'en the clos-est earth-ly tie.
2. My na-ture Thou hast lift-ed up, And filled me with a glo-rious hope.
3. So, life shall be transformed to love, A heaven be-low,—a heaven a-bove.



No. 233

Abundant Life.

P. SKENE.

P. M.

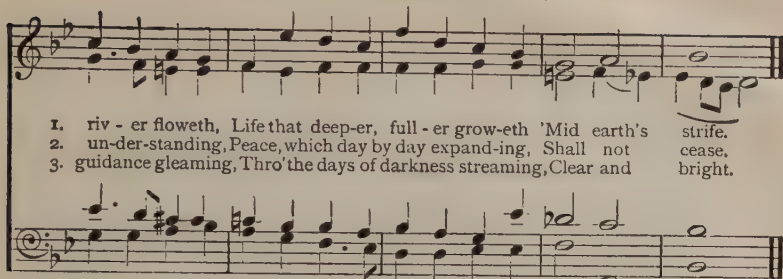
P. SKENE.



1. Lord Je-sus, I have found in Thee A-bun-dant Life; Life that as a
2. Lord Je-sus, I have found in Thee E-ter-nal Peace; Peace which passeth
3. Lord Je-sus, I have found in Thee Un-cloud-ed Light; Light in rays of



VI.—UNION WITH CHRIST.



1. riv - er floweth, Life that deep-er, full - er grow-eth 'Mid earth's strife.
2. un-der-standing, Peace, which day by day expand-ing, Shall not cease.
3. guidance gleaming, Thro' the days of darkness streaming, Clear and bright.

4. Lord Jesus, I have found in Thee
Exceeding Joy;
In Thy Presence, joy for ever,
Joy which even Satan never.
Can destroy.

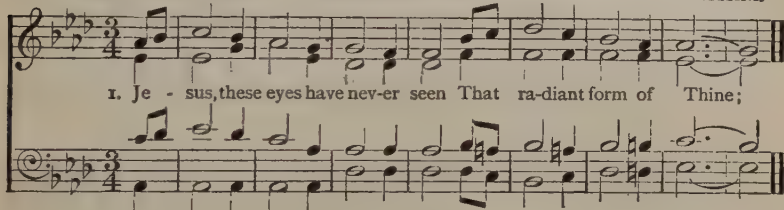
5. Lord Jesus, I have found in Thee
The Love of God;
Perfect Love that never faileth,
Love which ever more availeth
By Thy Blood,

No. 234. Jesus, these eyes have never seen.

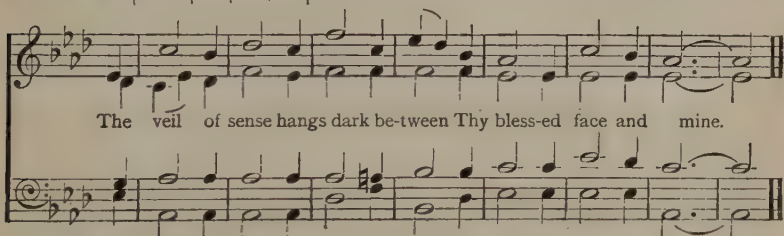
REV. DR. RAY PALMER.

MANOAH. C.M.

Arr. from ROSSINI.



1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev-er seen That ra-diant form of Thine;



The veil of sense hangs dark be-tween Thy bless-ed face and mine.

2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.
3. Like some bright dream, that comes un-
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
4. Yea, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord. and will,
Unseen but not unknown.
5. When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart;
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

No. 235. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.

1. MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief,

4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5. To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

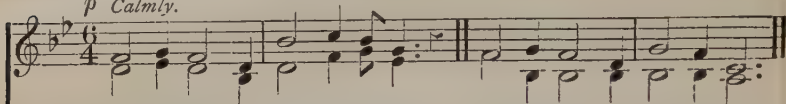
6. Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divins,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine!

Dr. S. Siennett.

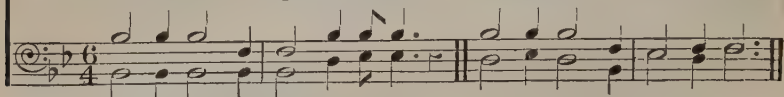
No. 236. The Voice of Jesus.

REV. DR. F. BOTTOME. By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

S. J. VAIL.

p Calmly.

1. Oh, the voice of ten - der mer-cy, Clear and full a - bove the strife;
 2. At His touch are sight and healing, At His word the dead a - rise;



1. It is Je - sus pass - ing by me, Hark ! He speaks the word of life.
 2. When He speaks, Himself re-veal-ing, Ev - 'ry doubt be - fore Him flies.



CHORUS.



He is call-ing,—“Come to me!” Lord, I glad - ly haste to Thee.



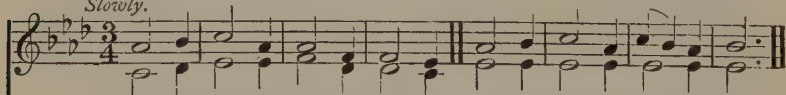
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. Lamb of God, His blood atoneth,—
 He the perfect sacrifice;
 Not a sin my soul bemoaneth,
 But before His presence dies.</p> <p>4. Son of God, He ever liveth,
 Saves me to the uttermost !
 And in Him my soul receiveth
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> | <p>5. Blessed sense of heaven within me,
 Blessed consciousness of love;
 Blessed resurrection glory,
 Raised to sit with Christ above.</p> <p>6. Oh the fulness of salvation !
 Oh the broadness of His grace !
 Oh the rapturous exaltation !
 Oh the smiling of His face !</p> |
|---|---|

No. 237. Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer !

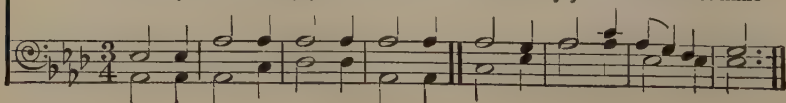
FANNY J. CROSBY.

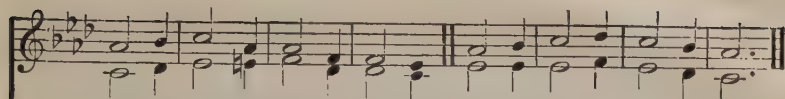
8.7.8.7., and Chorus.

W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.

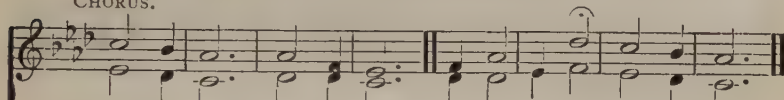
1. On - ly Thee, my soul's Re-deem-er ! Whom have I in heaven be - side —
 2. On - ly Thee ! No joy I cov - et, But the joy to call Thee mine—



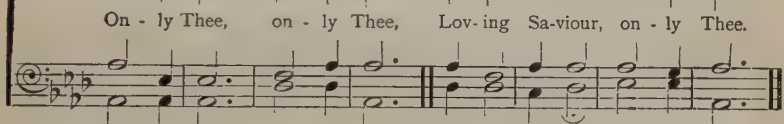


1. Who on earth, with love so ten-der, All my wand'ring steps will guide?
2. Joy that gives the blest as-sur-ance Thou hast owned and sealed me Thine.

CHORUS.



On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, Lov-ing Sa-viour, on - ly Thee.




- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Only Thee, I ask no other;
Thou art more than all to me;
Life, or health, or creature comfort—
I would give them all for Thee.</p> | <p>4. Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 238. All the way my Saviour leads me.

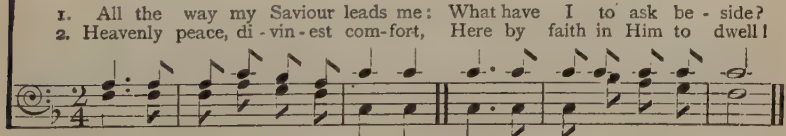

FANNY J. CROSBY.

8.7.8.7.

German Evening Hymn.

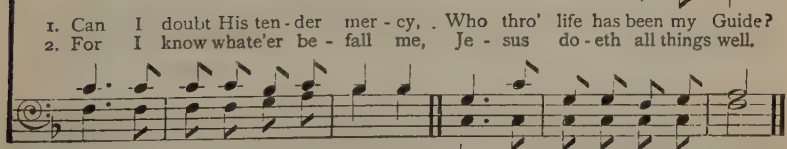
Joyful.


1. All the way my Saviour leads me: What have I to ask be-side?
2. Heavenly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!

p rit.

1. Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
2. For I know whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. All the way my Saviour leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for ev'ry trial,
Feeds me with the living bread:</p> <p>4. Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see,</p> | <p>5. All the way my Saviour leads me;
Oh the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.</p> <p>6. When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 239. In the shadow of His wings.

J. B. ATCHINSON.

P.M.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
 2. In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace; Peace that passeth under-
 3. In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy; There is joy to tell the

1. la-bour, There is rest for friend and neighbour: In the shadow of His wings There is
 2. -standing; Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending: In the shadow of His wings There is
 3. sto-ry, Joy ex-ceed-ing, full of glo-ry: In the shadow of His wings There is

rit. CHORUS.
 1. rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of His wings There is rest, *sweet rest.*
 2. peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of His wings There is peace, *sweet peace.*
 3. joy, glad joy, In the shadow of His wings There is joy, *glad joy.* } There is rest, *sweet rest*;

There is peace, *sweet peace*; There is joy, *glad joy*; In the shadow of His wings! There is rest,

sweet rest; There is peace, *sweet peace*; There is joy, *glad joy*; In the shadow of His wings!

No. 240.

At peace with God!

P.M.

R. SLATER. By per. of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

Swedish Tune.

p Andante.

1. At peace with God! How great the bless - ing In fel - low -
 2. The fear of death has gone for ev - er, No more to
 3. At peace with God!—No change can harm me, Which - ev - er

1. - ship with Him to be, And from all stains of sin set
 2. cause my heart to grieve; There is a place, I do be -
 3. way my course may run; One wish a - lone—God's will be

CHORUS.

1. free, How rich am I such wealth pos - sess - ing.
 2. - lieve, In heaven for me be - yond the ri - ver. My soul has
 3. done, I seek since I have known His mer - cy.

found a rest - ing place, And I am now, through heaven - ly

At peace with God..... *rit.*
 grace, At peace with God, at peace with God.

No. 241. Why will you do without Him ?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

P.M.

By per. ADA ROSE.

1. I could not do with-out Him : Je - sus is more to me Than
 2. Why will you do with-out Him ? Is He not kind in - deed ? Did

1. all the rich - est, fairest gifts Of earth could ev - er be. . . But the
 2. He not die to save you ? Is He not all you need ? . . . Do

1. more I find Him pre - cious, And the more I find Him true, The
 2. you not want a Sa - viour ? Do you not want a Friend — One

1. more I long for you to find What He can do for you.
 2. who will love you faith - ful - ly And love you to the end ?

3. Why should you do without Him ?

It is not yet too late :

He has not closed the day of grace,

He has not shut the gate.

He calls you ! hush ! He calls you !

He would not have you go

Another step without Him,

Because He loves you so,

4. Why will you do without Him ?

He calls and calls again :

Come unto Me ! come unto Me !

Oh, shall He call in vain ?

He wants to have you with Him,

Do you not want Him, too ?

You cannot do without Him,

And He wants even you,

No. 242. Jesus! I am resting, resting.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

P.M.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyfully.

1. Je - sus! I am rest-ing, rest-ing In the joy of what *Thou* art;
 2. Oh, how great Thy lov-ing-kind-ness, Vast-er, broader than the sea!
 CHO.—Je - sus! I am rest-ing, rest-ing In the joy of what *Thou* art;

1. I am find-ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov-ing heart.
 2. Oh, how mar-vel-lous Thy good-ness, La-vished all on me!
 I am find-ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov-ing heart.

1. Thou hast bid me gaze up-on Thee, And Thy beau-ty fills my soul,
 2. Yes, I rest in Thee, Be-lov-ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,

1. For, by Thy trans-form-ing pow-er, Thou hast made me whole.
 2. Know Thy cer-tain-ty of pro-mise, And have made it mine.

3. Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
 I behold Thee as Thou art,
 And Thy love, so pure, so changeless,
 Satisfies my heart;
 Satisfies its deepest longings,
 Meets, supplies its every need,
 Compasseth me round with blessings:
 Thine is love indeed!

4. Ever lift Thy face upon me,
 As I work and wait for Thee;
 Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
 Earth's dark shadows flee.
 Brightness of my Father's glory,
 Sunshine of my Father's face,
 Keep me ever trusting, resting,
 Fill me with Thy grace,

No. 243. *I* will guide thee with Mine eye.

N. NILES.

8.7.8.7. D.

P. P. BLISS.

p Joyfully.

1. Pre-cious pro-mise God hath giv-en To the wea-ry pass-er
2. When temp-ta-tions fierce as-sail thee, When thy trust-ed help-ers

1. by, On the way from earth to heav-en: "I will
2. fly, Let this pro-mise ring with-in thee, "I will

REFRAIN.

1. guide thee with Mine eye." } "I will guide thee, I will
2. guide thee with Mine eye." }

guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine eye; On the

way from earth to heav-en I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3. When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4. When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy faithful Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

No. 244. My will is the will of my God.

REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

P.M.

W. G. FISCHER.

Joyful.

1. I stand all be-wildered with wonder, And gaze on the o-cean of
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it— The bless-ing that set-teth me

1. love, And o-ver the waves to my spi-rit Comes
2. free; But when I had ceased from my strug-gles, His

CHORUS.

1. peace, like a hea-ven-ly dove. } The cross now cov-ers my
2. peace Je-sus gave un-to me. }

sins, The past is un-der the blood; I'm

p rit.

trusting in Je-sus for all, My will is the will of my God.

3. He laid His hand on me, and healed me,
And bade me be ev'ry whit whole,
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.
4. The Prince of my Peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh:
"My peace I will give unto thee,

No. 245. On Thee my heart is Resting.

PASTEUR THEO. MONOD.

7.6.7.6. D.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyfully.

1. On Thee my heart is rest - ing! Ah, this is rest in - deed!
 2. My guilt is great, but great - er The mer - cy Thou dost give;
 3. Through me, Thou gen - tle Mas - ter, Thy pur - pos - es ful - fil!

1. What else, Al - migh - ty Sa - viour, Can a poor sin - ner need?
 2. Thy - self, a spot - less Of - f'ring, Hast died that I should live.
 3. I yield my - self for ev - er To Thy most ho - ly will.

1. Thy light is all my wis - dom, Thy love is all my stay;
 2. With Thee, my soul un - fet - tered, Has ris - en from the dust;
 3. What though I be but weak - ness? My strength is not in me;

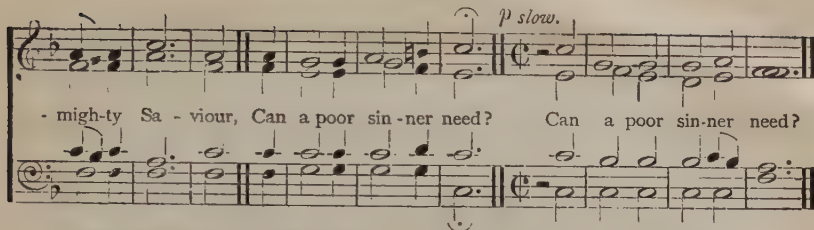
1. Our Fa - ther's home in glo - ry Draws near - er ev - 'ry day.
 2. Thy blood is all my trea - sure, Thy word is all my trust.
 3. The poor - est of Thy peo - ple Has all things, hav - ing Thee.

CHORUS.

On Thee my heart is rest - ing! Ah, this is rest in - deed! What else, Al -

VI.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

p slow.



- migh-ty Sa - viour, Can a poor sin-ner need? Can a poor sin-ner need?

4. When clouds are darkest round me,
Thou, Lord, art then most near,
My drooping faith to quicken,
My weary soul to cheer.
Safe nestling in Thy bosom,
I gaze upon Thy face;
In vain my foes would drive me
From Thee, my hiding-place.

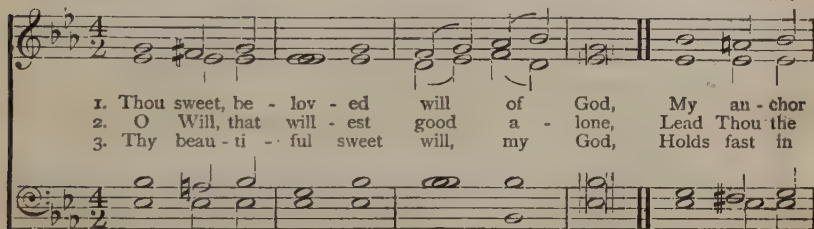
5. 'Tis Thou hast made me happy,
'Tis Thou hast set me free;
To whom shall I give glory
For ever, but to Thee?
Of earthly love and blessing
Should every stream run dry,
Thy grace shall still be with me,
Thy grace, to live and die!

No. 246. Thou Sweet, Beloved Will of God.

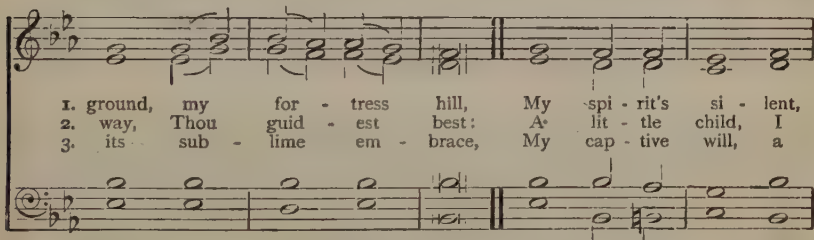
MADAME GUYON.

HOLLY. L.M.

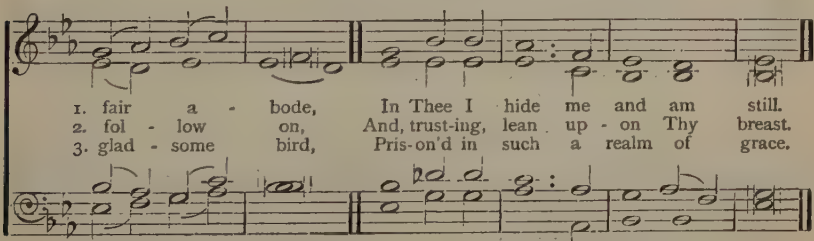
GEORGE HEWS.



1. Thou sweet, be - lov - ed will of God, My an - chor
2. O Will, that will - est good a - lone, Lead Thou the
3. Thy beau - ti - ful sweet will, my God, Holds fast in



1. ground, my for - tress hill, My spi - rit's si - lent,
2. way, Thou guid - est best: A - lit - tle child, I
3. its sub - lime em - brace, My cap - tive will, a



1. fair a - bode, In Thee I hide me and am still.
2. fol - low on, And, trust-ing, lean up - on Thy breast.
3. glad - some bird, Pris-on'd in such a realm of grace.

4. Within this place of certain good
Love evermore expands her wings,
Or nestling in Thy perfect choice,
Abides content with what it brings.
5. Oh, lightest burden, sweetest yoke!
It lifts, it bears my happy soul,
It giveth wings to this poor heart;
My freedom is Thy grand control.

6. Upon God's will I lay me down,
As child upon its mother's breast;
No silken couch, nor softest bed,
Could ever give me such deep rest.
7. Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine;
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes!
To every dear command of Thine.

No. 247. 3 Could not Do without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

MUNICH. 7.6.7.6. D.

German Chorale.

1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sa - viour of the lost,
 2. I could not do with - out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone,
 3. I could not do with - out Thee, For, oh, the way is long,

1. Whose pre - cious blood re - deem'd me At such tre - men - dous cost;
 2. I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own;
 3. And I am of - ten wea - ry, And sigh re - pla - ces song;

1. Thy righ - teous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be
 2. But Thou, be - lov - ed Sa - viour, Art all in all to me,
 3. How could I do with - out Thee? I do not know the way;

1. My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
 2. And weak - ness will be pow - er If lean - ing hard on Thee.
 3. Thou know - est, and Thou lead - est, And wilt not let me stray.

4. I could not do without Thee,
 O Jesus, Saviour dear;
 E'en when my eyes are holden,
 I know that Thou art near:
 How dreary and how lonely
 This changeful life would be
 Without the sweet communion,
 The secret rest with Thee!

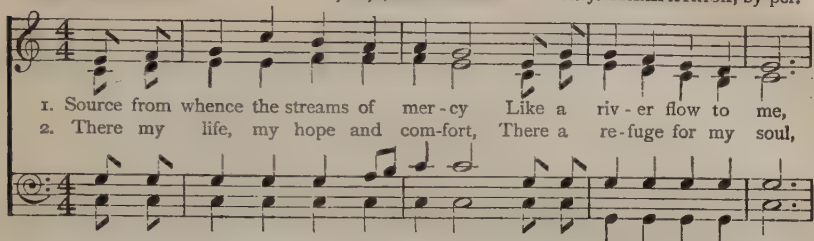
5. I could not do without Thee,
 For years are fleeting fast,
 And soon in solemn loneliness
 The river must be passed:
 But Thou wilt never leave me,
 And though the waves roll high,
 I know Thou wilt be near me,
 And whisper, "It is I."

No. 248. Keep me ever Close to Thee.

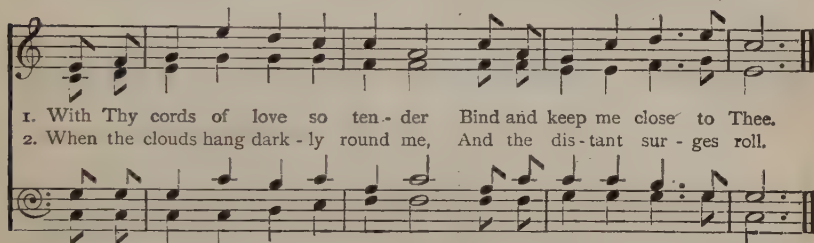
FANNY J. CROSBY.

8.7.8.7., and Refrain.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

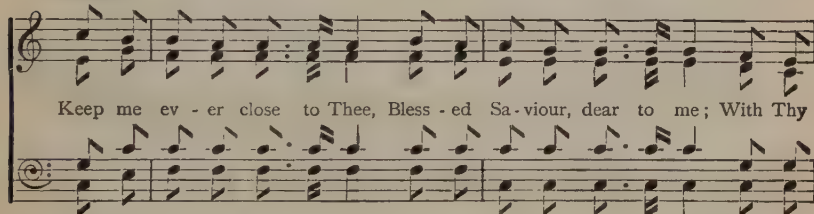


1. Source from whence the streams of mer-cy Like a riv-er flow to me,
2. There my life, my hope and com-fort, There a re-fuge for my soul,

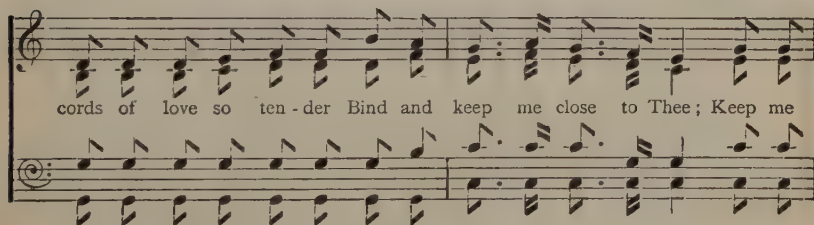


1. With Thy cords of love so ten-der Bind and keep me close to Thee.
2. When the clouds hang dark-ly round me, And the dis-tant sur-ges roll.

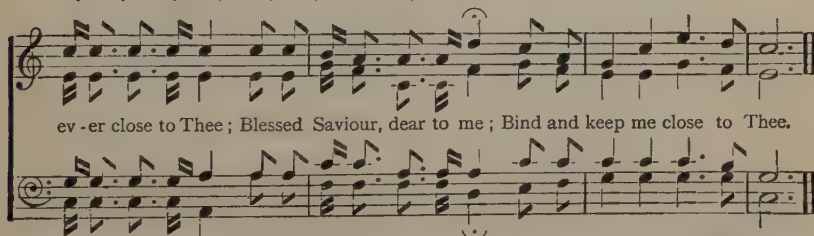
CHORUS.



Keep me ev-er close to Thee, Bless-ed Sa-viour, dear to me; With Thy



cords of love so ten-der Bind and keep me close to Thee; Keep me



ev-er close to Thee; Blessed Saviour, dear to me; Bind and keep me close to Thee.

3. There in holy, sweet communion
With Thy Spirit day by day,
Faith to realms of light and glory
Bears my raptured soul away.

4. Close to Thee, O Saviour, keep me,
Till I reach the shining shore,
Till I join the raptured army,
Shouting joy for evermore.

No. 249: On Thee, O Jesus, strongly Leaning.

REV. DR. H. BONAR.

9.6.9.6.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.

1. On Thee, O Je-sus, strongly lean-ing, I calm-ly on-ward go;
2. In Thee for ev-er, Lord, a-bid-ing, I feel that all is well;

1. No cloud, no cold-ness in-ter-ven-ing, To damp love's bless-ed glow.
2. With-in Thy love for ev-er hid-ing, Who can my glad-ness tell?

3. True Light of light, for ever shining,
I hail Thy happy ray;
Bright Sun of suns, still undeclining,
'Tis Thou who mak'st my day!
4. Without Thee life and time are sadness,
No fragrance breathes around;
But with Thee even grief is gladness,
My heart its home hath found.
5. In Thee my soul is sweetly resting,
My hand takes hold of Thine;
My hope is ever upward hasting;
And Thou, and Thou, art mine!
6. My refuge from each storm that rages,
From wind, and wave, and war;
My home throughout eternal ages,
Above yon sparkling star!

No. 250. Jesus is the Same for Ever.

REV. WADE ROBINSON.

8.8.4.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

*Calmly.**p*

1. Je-sus is the same for ever; We may change, but Jesus never, Je-sus never.
2. Oh, what rest in Him a-biding, In His love and care confiding, Still con-fid-ing!

3. From our wanderings home returning,
Lo, He meets us with His yearning,
Fondest yearning.
4. Small the service we can render,
He is patient still and tender,—
Oh, how tender!
5. Day by day He walks beside us,
Ours to shield us, ours to guide us,
Shield and guide us.
6. Calm we sleep, for He, unsleeping,
Folds us with almighty keeping,
Sleepless keeping.
7. Lo, the heart that He created
Only with Himself is sated,
Sweetly sated.
8. He is nearer than our nearest,
He is dearer than our dearest,
More than dearest.
9. He will lead us to perfection,
And complete His great election,
His election.
10. Down the age His purpose ranges,
Changeless in the midst of changes,
Through all changes.
11. For the work He set before Him,
We adore Him—fall before Him,
We adore Him.
12. Earth! to heaven with praises raise Him!
Heaven! with higher praising praise Him!
Praise Him, praise Him!

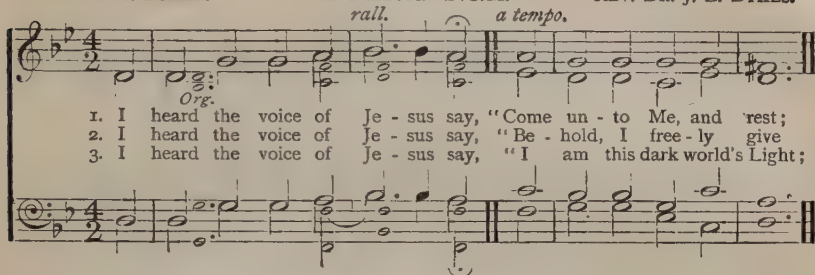
No. 251. I heard the Voice of Jesus say.

REV. DR. H. BONAR.

VOX DILECTI. D.C.M.

REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.

rall. *a tempo.*



Org.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me, and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

1. Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast.
2. The liv - ing wa - ter: thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
3. Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And - all thy day be bright."

1. I came to Je - sus as I was— Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
- * 2. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
- * 3. I look'd to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

1. I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
2. My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
3. And in that Light of life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done.

* In verses 2 and 3, for music of lines 5 and 6, substitute the following:—

2. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
3. I look'd to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

No. 252. I've found a Joy in Sorrow.

J. CREWDSON.

P.M.

IRA D. SANKEY.

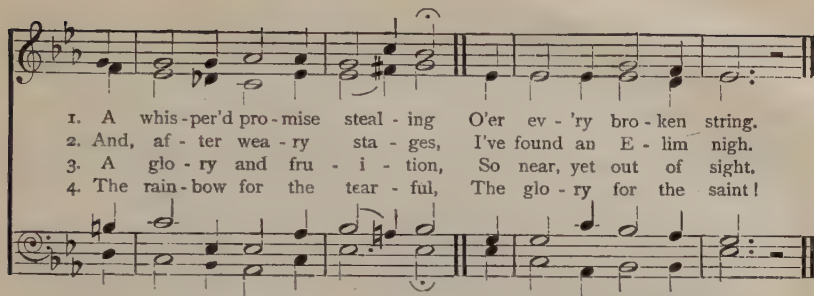
Smoothly.

1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain,
 2. I've found a glad ho - san - nah For ev - 'ry woe and wail;
 3. An E - lim with its cool - ness, Its foun-tains, and its shade;
 4. My Sa-viour, Thee pos - ses - sing, I have the joy, the balm,

1. A beau - ti - ful to - mor - row, Of sun-shine af - ter rain;
 2. A hand - ful of sweet man - na When grapes of Es - chol fail;
 3. A bless - ing in its ful - ness, When buds of pro - mise fade;
 4. The heal - ing and the bless - ing, The sun-shine and the psalm;

1. I've found a branch of heal - ing Near ev - 'ry bit - ter spring;
 2. I've found a Rock of A - ges When des - ert wells are dry;
 3. O'er tears of soft con - tri - tion I've seen a rain - bow light;
 4. The pro - mise for the fear - ful, The E - lim for the faint,

1. A whis-per'd pro - mise steal - ing O'er ev - 'ry bro - ken string,
 2. And, af - ter wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh;
 3. A glo - ry and fru - i - tion, So near, yet out of sight;
 4. The rain - bow for the tear - ful, The glo - ry for the saint!



1. A whis-per'd pro-mise steal-ing O'er ev-ry bro-ken string.
 2. And, af-ter wea-ry sta-ges, I've found an E-lim-nigh.
 3. A glo-ry and fru-i-tion, So near, yet out of sight.
 4. The rain-bow for the tear-ful, The glo-ry for the saint!

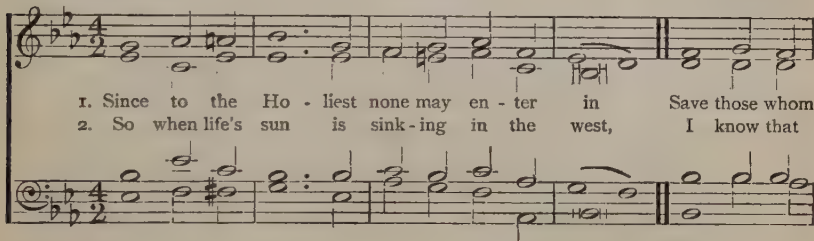
No. 253.

Christ, my Life!

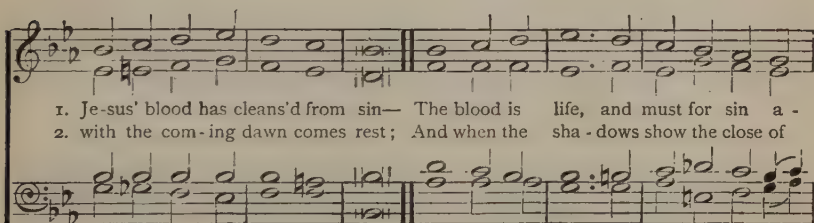
C. BUTLER STONEY.

IO. IO. IO. IO.

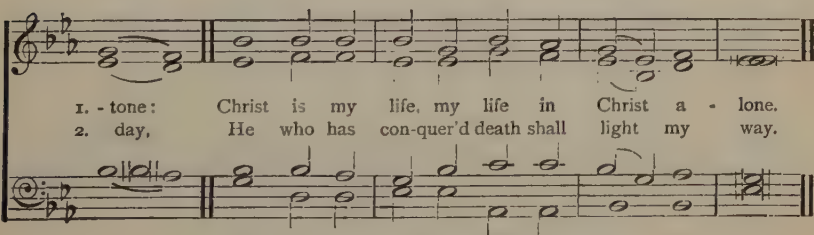
FRANK PINCOTT.



1. Since to the Ho-liest none may en-ter in Save those whom
 2. So when life's sun is sink-ing in the west, I know that



1. Je-sus' blood has cleans'd from sin— The blood is life, and must for sin a -
 2. with the com-ing dawn comes rest; And when the sha-dows show the close of



1. - tone: Christ is my life, my life in Christ a - lone.
 2. day, He who has con-quer'd death shall light my way.

3. And as I've learnt on earth the rest He gives,
 And here to live with Him who ever lives,
 I know where He is, at my God's right hand,
 Must be my country and my Fatherland.
4. Thus may I prove in Christ my risen Lord
 All that He's promised in His written word—
 My Life, my Way, my Home, my Rest above,
 When sleep of death shall wake to endless love.

No. 254. Thou art with me!

10. 10. 10. 10.

AMY L. FOWLER. By per. of the Salvation Army Musical Board. AMY L. FOWLER.

p *cres.*

1. Thou art with me! Tho' far from friends and home And coun-try too, I
 2. With me! Yes, hour by hour, and day by day Thou art my Guide, my
 3. With me in all my trou-ble and dis-tress; With me in all my
 4. From Thy free pres-ence whi-ther can I flee? Wak-ing or sleep-ing
 5. I can-not see Thee with these mor-tal eyes, And yet Thy pro-mise,

dim.

1. am no more a-lone; Friend-less and lone-ly I can nev-er be
 2. Com-fort-er, and Stay! No o-ther friend could be so close or near
 3. joy and hap-pi-ness; In all my care, per-plex-i-ty, and pain,
 4. I am still with Thee; Trials lose their ter-rors, and temp-ta-tions fly,
 5. Lord, I re-al-ize; For Thy per-pet-ual pres-ence is to me

cres. *f* *dim.* *mf* CHORUS.

1. Since Thou, O Lord, art ev-er-more with me.
 2. As Thou art to me, Je-sus, Sa-viour dear!
 3. Thou art at hand to com-fort and sus-tain.
 4. Je-sus, my Sa-viour, when Thou art so-nigh.
 5. An ac-tual fact, a glad re-al-i-ty!

What is it, Lord, Thou

cres. *p*

say-est un-to me? "Fear not, My ser-vant, I will be with thee!" O Lord, I

VI.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

No. 255.

Resting.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
Written expressly for this Work.

II. II. II. II.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

4. Resting in the pastures and beneath the Rock,
Resting by the waters where He leads His flock,
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet,
Resting in His very arms—oh, rest complete!

5. Resting and believing, let us onward press;
Resting on Himself, the Lord our righteousness!
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones sing—
"Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King!"

No. 256. I am His, and He is mine.

REV. WADE ROBINSON.

7-7-7-7. D.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.

1. Loved with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know ;
2. Heaven a - bove is soft - er blue, Earth a - round is sweet - er green !

1. Spi - rit, breath - ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so !
2. Some - thing lives in ev - 'ry hue Christ - less eyes have nev - er seen :

1. Oh this full and per - fect peace ! Oh this trans - port all di - vine !
2. Birds with glad - der songs o'er - flow, Flow'rs with deep - er beau - ties shine,

*Repeat last two lines of
each verse as CHORUS p*

1. In a love which can - not cease, I am His, and He is mine.
2. Since I know, as now I know, I am His, and He is mine.

3. Things that once were wild alarms
 Cannot now disturb my rest ;
 Closed in everlasting arms,
 Pillowed on the loving breast.
Oh to lie for ever here,
 Doubt and care and self resign,
While He whispers in my ear—
 I am His, and He is mine.

4. His for ever, only His :
 Who the Lord and me shall part ?
 Ah, with what a rest of bliss
 Christ can fill the loving heart !
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
 First-born light in gloom decline ;
But, while God and I shall be,
 I am His, and He is mine.

No. 257. 3 Lay my Sins on Jesus.

REV. DR. H. BONAR.

DERWENTWATER. 7.6.7.6.D.

A. J. FOXWELL.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All ful - ness dwells in Him;

1. He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - cur - sed load.
2. He heal - eth my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.

1. I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
2. I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;

1. White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
2. He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.

3. I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus—
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

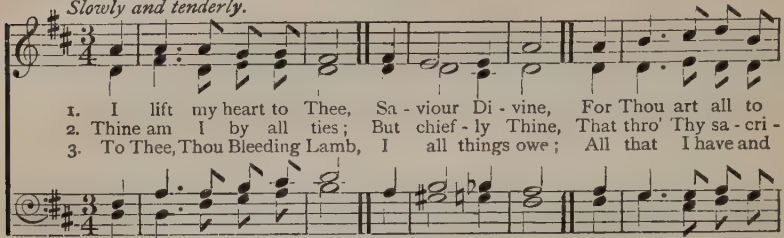
4. I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child!
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

No. 258. My Belovèd is Mine, and I am His.

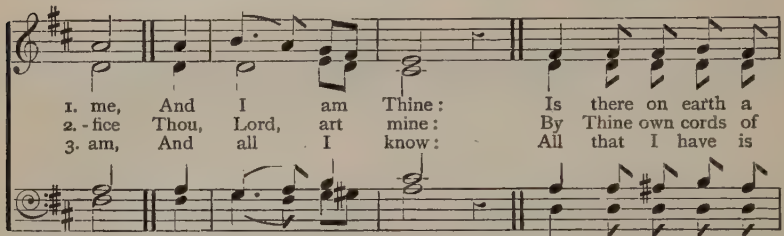
C. E. MUDIE.

P.M.

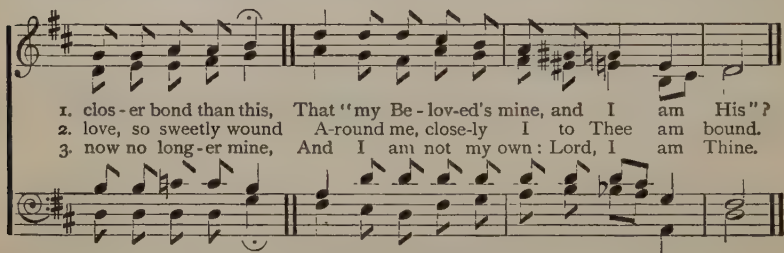
REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Slowly and tenderly.


1. I lift my heart to Thee, Sa - viour Di - vine, For Thou art all to
 2. Thine am I by all ties; But chief - ly Thine, That thro' Thy sa - cri -
 3. To Thee, Thou Bleeding Lamb, I all things owe; All that I have and



1. me, And I am Thine: Is there on earth a
 2. - fice Thou, Lord, art mine: By Thine own cords of
 3. am, And all I know: All that I have is



1. clos - er bond than this, That "my Be - lov-ed's mine, and I am His"?
 2. love, so sweetly wound A-round me, close-ly I to Thee am bound.
 3. now no long-er mine, And I am not my own: Lord, I am Thine.

4. How can I, Lord, withhold
 Life's brightest hour
 From Thee; or gathered gold,
 Or any power?

Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
 When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me?

5. I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
 Me in Thy love,
 Until death's hallowed sleep
 Shall me remove

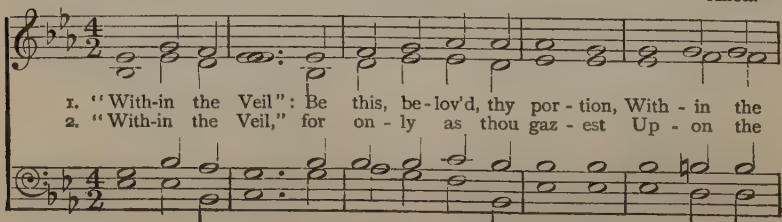
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
 Thou and Thine own are One for evermore.

No. 259. "Within the Veil."

FREDA HANBURY ALLEN.

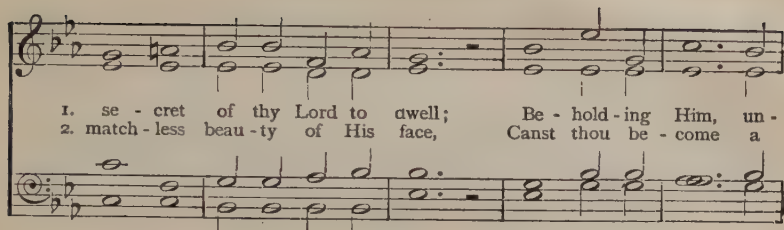
II. IO. II. IO.

Anon.

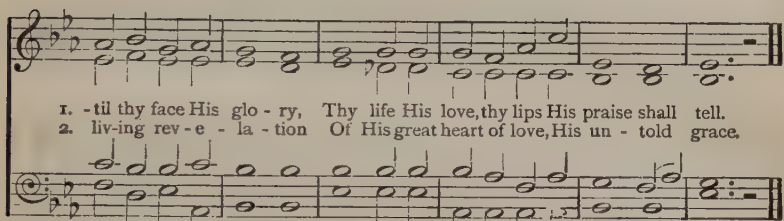


1. "With-in the Veil": Be this, be-lov'd, thy por - tion, With - in the
 2. "With-in the Veil," for on - ly as thou gaz - est Up - on the

VI.—UNION WITH CHRIST.



1. se - cret of thy Lord to dwell; Be - hold - ing Him, un -
2. match - less beau - ty of His face, Canst thou be - come a



1. - til thy face His glo - ry, Thy life His love, thy lips His praise shall tell.
2. liv - ing rev - e - la - tion Of His great heart of love, His un - told grace.

3. "Within the Veil," His fragrance poured upon thee,
Without the Veil, that fragrance shed abroad;
"Within the Veil," His hand shall tune the music
Which sounds on earth the praises of thy Lord.
4. "Within the Veil," thy spirit deeply anchored,
Thou walkest calm above a world of strife;
"Within the Veil" thy soul with Him united,
Shall live on earth His resurrection life.

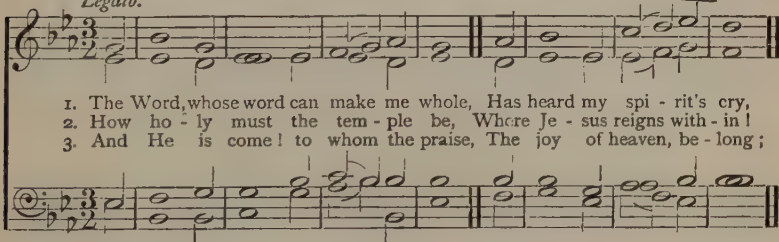
No. 260. The Palace of the Soul.

SPRING GARDENS. C.M.

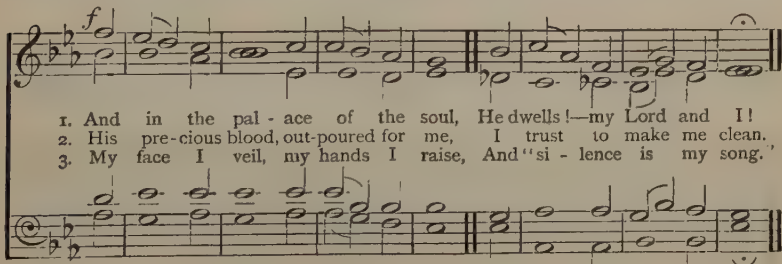
W. J. GOVAN. By per. from "In His Presence."

Legato.

C.



1. The Word, whose word can make me whole, Has heard my spi - rit's cry,
2. How ho - ly must the tem - ple be, Where Je - sus reigns with - in!
3. And He is come! to whom the praise, The joy of heaven, be - long;



1. And in the pal - ace of the soul, He dwells!—my Lord and I!
2. His pre - cious blood, out - poured for me, I trust to make me clean.
3. My face I veil, my hands I raise, And "si - lence is my song."

4. And now to me the gladdest thing
Be His sweet will alone;
Content, since I am with the King,
To make His choice my own.

5. He makes His palace in my soul,
He brings my spirit nigh:
Within my heart, 'neath His control
I dwell,—my Lord and I!

No. 261.

Shew me Thy way.

E. SAXBY.

10.10.10.10.

REV. E. HUSBAND.

1. Shew me Thy way, O Lord, and make it plain, I would o -

- bey, Thy word speak yet a-gain. I will not take one step un - til I

know Which way it is that Thou wouldst have me go.

2. O Lord, I cannot see—vouchsafe me light ;
The mist bewilders me, impedes my sight ;
Hold Thou my hand and lead me by Thy side :
I dare not go alone, be Thou my Guide.
3. I will be patient, Lord, trustful and still,
I will not doubt Thy word—my hopes fulfil ;
How can I perish clinging to Thy side,
My Counsellor, my Saviour, and my Guide?

No. 262.

Jesus is mine!

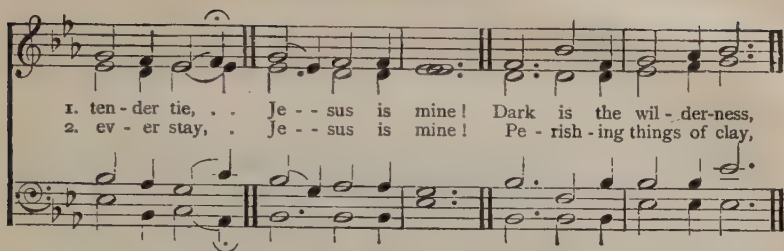
MRS. C. J. BONAR.

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

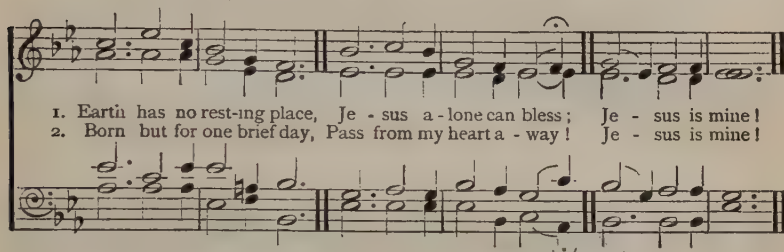
T. E. PERKINS.

Slowly.

1. Fade, fade each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I



1. ten - der tie, . . Je - - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,
2. ev - er stay, . . Je - - sus is mine! Pe - rish - ing things of clay,



1. Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine!
2. Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way! Je - sus is mine!

3. Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4. Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest!
Welcome, my Saviour's breast!
Jesus is mine!

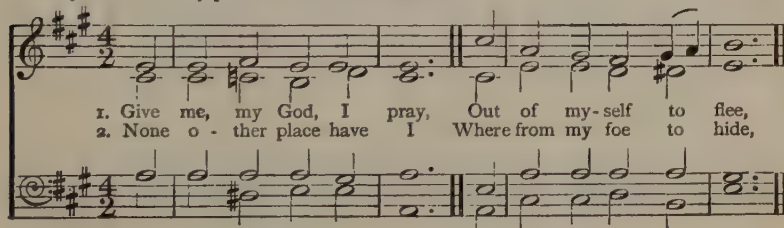
No. 263.

My Hiding Place.

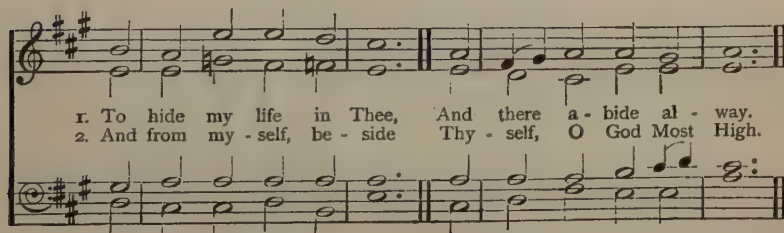
KODAI KANAL. 6.6.6.6.

W. J. GOVAN. By per. from "In His Presence."

R. H. BOYS.



1. Give me, my God, I pray, Out of my - self to flee,
2. None o - ther place have I Where from my foe to hide,



1. To hide my life in Thee, And there a - bide al - way.
2. And from my - self, be - side Thy - self, O God Most High.

3. As Thou, O Christ, didst hide
When in the flesh below,
Veiled in Thy Father, so
Thee would I abide.

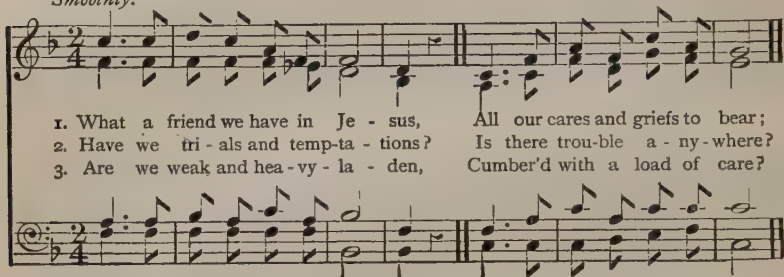
4. Hid in the Christ who died,
My life in Thine outpoured!
Hid in the living Lord,
O Thou, my soul, abide.

No. 264. What a friend we have in Jesus!

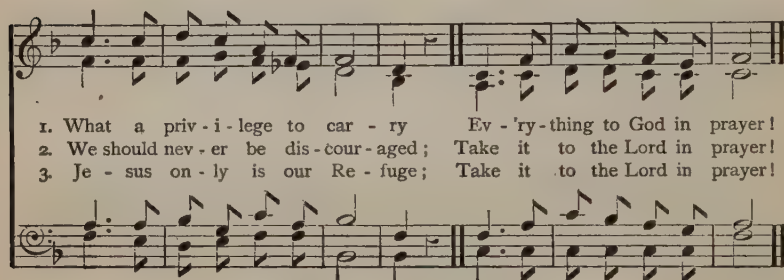
REV. DR. H. BONAR.

8.7.8.7. D.

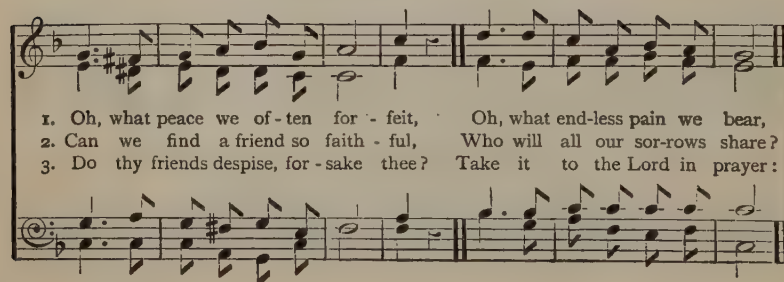
C. C. CONVERSE.

Smoothly.


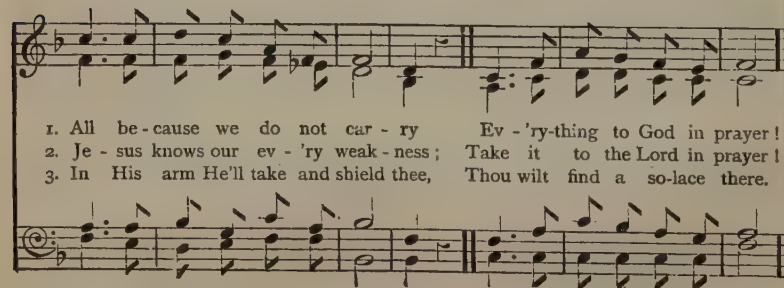
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our cares and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and hea - vy - la - den, Cumber'd with a load of care?



1. What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 2. We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged; Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 3. Je - sus on - ly is our Re - fuge; Take it to the Lord in prayer!



1. Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what end - less pain we bear,
 2. Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 3. Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer:



1. All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 2. Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 3. In His arm He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

No. 265. In God I have found a retreat.

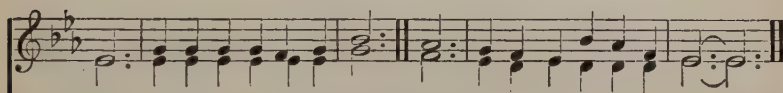
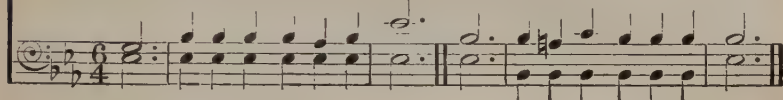
J. NICHOLSON.

P.M.

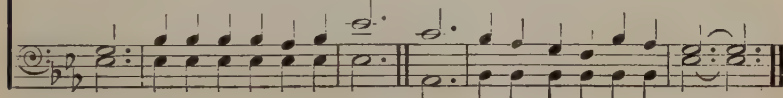
ASA HULL.

Joyfully.

1. In God I have found a re-treat, Where I can se-cure-ly a-bide;
 2. I dread not the ter-ror by night, Nor ar-row can harm me by day;
 3. The pes-ti-lence walking a-bout, When darkness has set-tled a-broad,



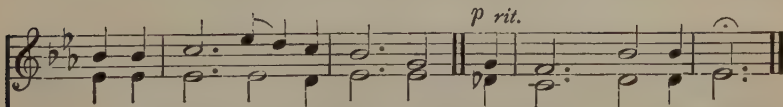
1. No refuge nor rest so com-plete, And here I in-tend to re-side.
 2. His shadow has covered me quite, My fears He has driv-en a-way.
 3. Can nev-er com-pel me to doubt The presence and power of God.



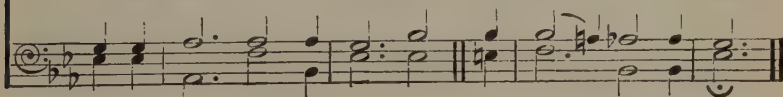
CHORUS.



Oh, what com-fort it brings, As my soul sweet-ly sings!



I am safe from all dan-ger While un-der His wings.



4. The wasting destruction at noon,
 No fearful foreboding can bring;
 With Jesus my soul doth commune,
 His perfect salvation I sing.

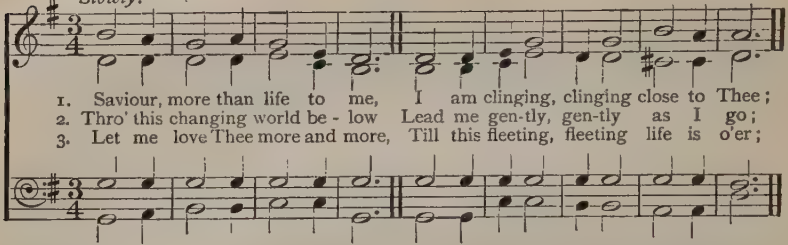
5. A thousand may fall at my side,
 And ten thousand at my right hand,
 Above me His wings are spread wide,
 Beneath them in safety I stand.

No. 266. Saviour, more than life to me.

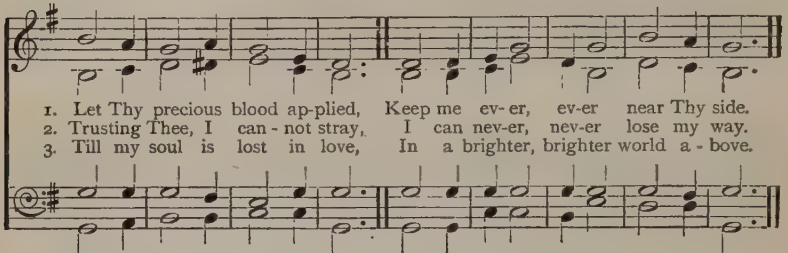
FANNY J. CROSBY.

P.M.

W. H. DOANE.

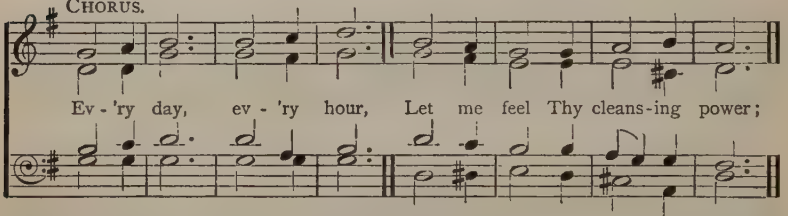
Slowly.


1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
 2. Thro' this changing world be - low Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

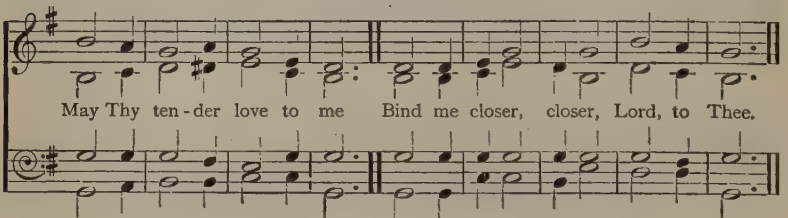


1. Let Thy precious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
 2. Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
 3. Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.

CHORUS.



Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans - ing power;



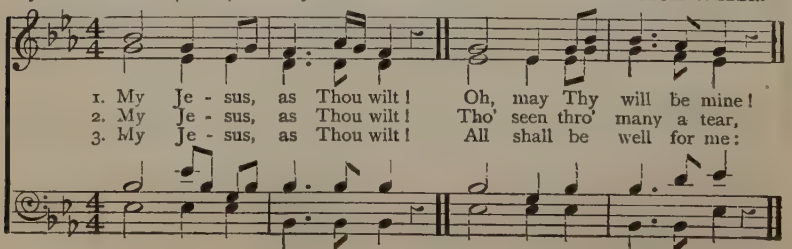
May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

No. 267. My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

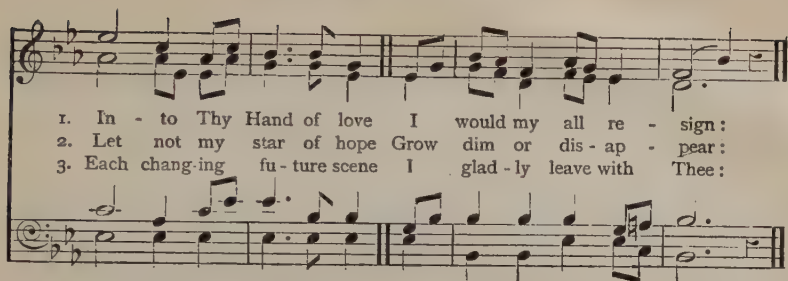
J. BORTHWICK. (trans.)

JEWETT. 6.6.6.6. D.

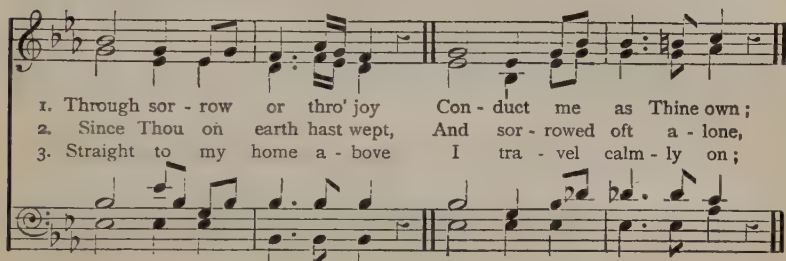
From WEBER.



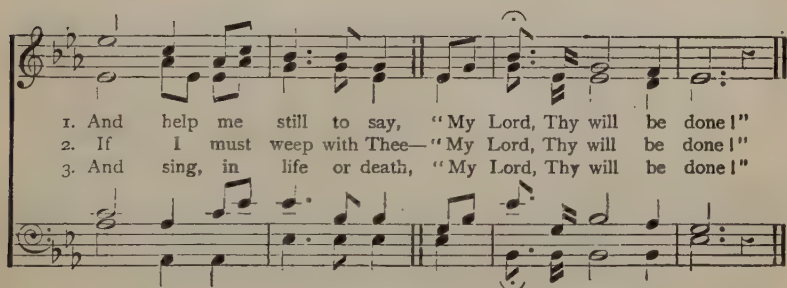
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine!
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear,
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me:



1. In - to Thy Hand of love I would my all re - sign :
 2. Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear :
 3. Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly leave with Thee :



1. Through sor - row or thro' joy Con - duct me as Thine own ;
 2. Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
 3. Straight to my home a - bove I tra - vel calm - ly on ;



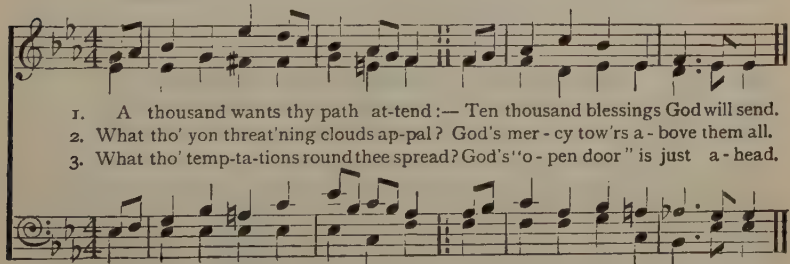
1. And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done!"
 2. If I must weep with Thee—"My Lord, Thy will be done!"
 3. And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done!"

No. 268. A thousand wants.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

8.8.

C. H. FORREST.



1. A thousand wants thy path at - tend :— Ten thousand blessings God will send.
 2. What tho' yon threat'ning clouds ap - pal? God's mer - cy tow'rs a - bove them all.
 3. What tho' temp - ta - tions round thee spread? God's "o - pen door" is just a - head.

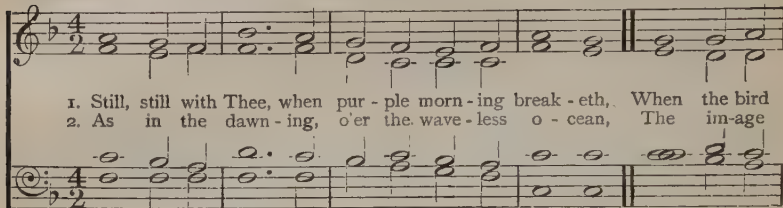
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4. Ways of escape seem lost in night :—
 God's "way" awaits thy wondering sight.</p> <p>5. Deep unto deep perchance may call :—
 Jehovah will respond to all.</p> | <p>6. What need soe'er thy heart describes,
 That is the need thy God supplies.</p> <p>7. O'er the calm current of His will
 Grace bears thee onward, homeward still.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 269.

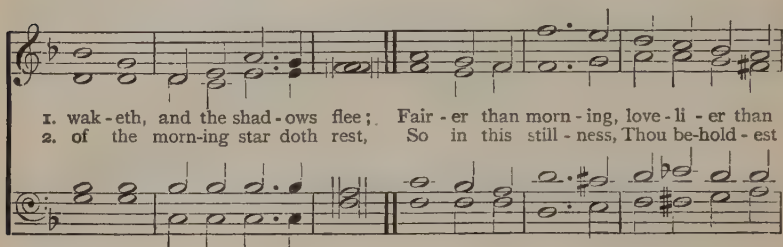
Still, still with Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. BERLIN. 11. 10. 11. 10.

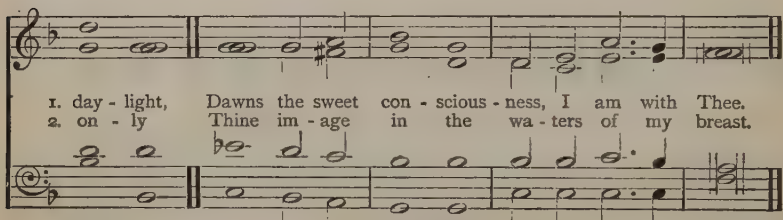
From MENDELSSOHN.



1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
2. As in the dawn-ing, o'er the wave-less o-cean, The im-age



1. wak-eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love-li-er than
2. of the morn-ing star doth rest, So in this still-ness, Thou be-hold-est



1. day-light, Dawns the sweet con-sci-ous-ness, I am with Thee.
2. on-ly Thine im-age in the wa-ters of my breast.

3. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.
4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

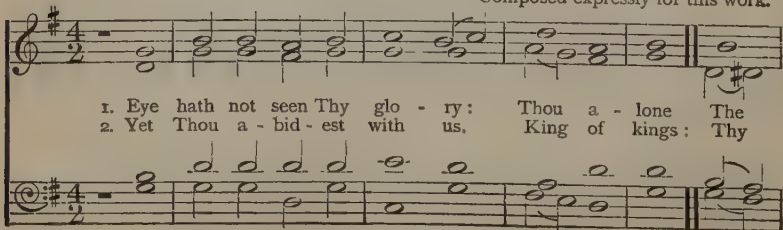
No. 270. Eye hath not seen Thy glory.

E. W. EDDIS.

GRETA. 10. 6. 10. 6.

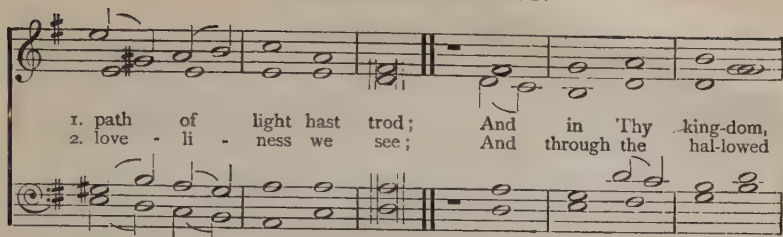
A. J. FOXWELL.

Composed expressly for this work.

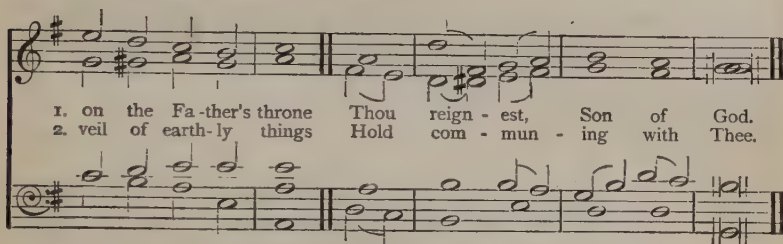


1. Eye hath not seen Thy glo-ry: Thou a-lone The
2. Yet Thou a-bid-est with us, King of kings: Thy

VI.—UNION WITH CHRIST.



1. path of light hast trod; And in Thy king-dom,
2. love - li - ness we see; And through the hal-lowed



1. on the Fa-ther's throne Thou reign - est, Son of God.
2. veil of earth-ly things Hold com - mun - ing with Thee.

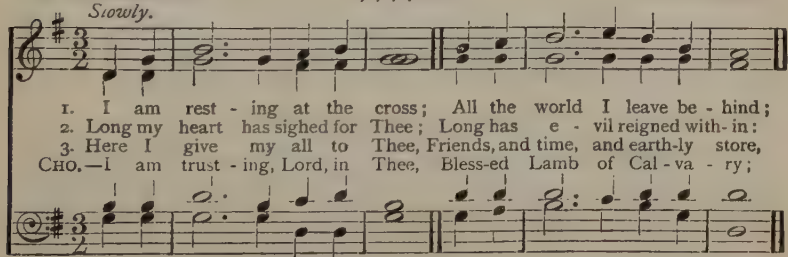
3. Thou livest in us: from the tomb of earth
To heaven with Thee we rise,
And, through the portal of our second birth,
Behold the eternal prize.
4. The door in heaven is opened: Jesus, Lord,
The Crown is on Thy brow;
Amid the immortal hosts of light adored
In glory dwellest Thou.

No. 271. 3 am resting at the Cross.

W. MACDONALD.
Slowly.

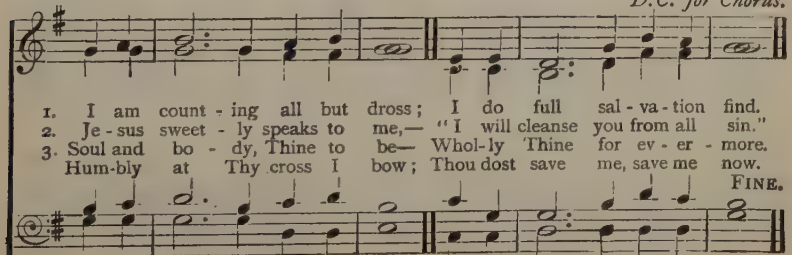
7-7-7-7. D.

W. G. FISCHER.



1. I am rest - ing at the cross; All the world I leave be - hind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store,
CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D.C. for Chorus.



1. I am count - ing all but dross; I do full sal - va - tion find.
2. Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
3. Soul and bo - dy, Thine to be— Whol-ly Thine for ev - er - more.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Thou dost save me, save me now.
FINE.

4. In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5. Jesus lives! He fills my soul!
Perfect in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb,

No. 272.

Perfect Peace.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

6.5.6.5. D.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyful.

1. Like a ri-ver, glo-ri-ous Is God's per-fect peace, O-ver all vic-
 2. Hid-den in the hol-low Of His bless-ed hand, Nev-er foe can
 3. Ev'-ry joy or tri-al Fall-eth from a-bove, Traced up-on our

1. -to-ri-ous In its bright in-crease; Per-fect, yet it flow-eth
 2. fol-low, Nev-er trai-tor stand; Not a surge of wor-ry,
 3. di-al By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him ful-ly
 CHO.—Stayed up-on Je-ho-vah,

Dal' G for Chorus.

1. Full-er ev'-ry day,—Per-fect, yet it grow-eth Deep-er all the way.
 2. Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur-ry, Touch the spi-rit there.
 3. All for us to do; They who trust Him whol-ly Find Him wholly true.
 Hearts are ful-ly blest; Finding, as He pro-mised, Per-fect peace and rest.

FINE.

No. 273.

Jesus Triumphant!

C. BUTLER-STONEY.

10.10.10.10.

FRANK PINCOTT.

1. Je-sus tri-umph-ant when the storm-clouds break, And the loud
 2. Je-sus tri-umph-ant thro' the fleet-ing years; Je-sus tri-
 3. Je-sus tri-umph-ant, when in work for Thee, Sad and dis-

1. thun-der bids the soul a-wake; When bi-ting blasts lay
 2. -umph-ant, spite of blinding tears; High o-ver all, to
 3. -heartened, no re-sults we see; When gathered force of

1. earth-ly pro-jects low, And one by ons the fondest treasures go.
 2. hear Thy lov-ing voice, Which bids the heart look upward and re-joice.
 3. e-vil seems to win, And work for Christ seems lost in work of sin.

4. Jesus triumphant all along the line ;
 Triumphant Saviour, all Thy triumph mine ;
 For since I am a partner in Thy love,
 My life on earth is lived through Thee above.
5. Jesus triumphant as I fall asleep,
 No fear of death to those whom Thou shalt keep ;
 Jesus triumphant when the body dies,
 And earth in earth, all that is mortal lies.
6. Jesus triumphant when the spirit wings
 Upward and heavenward to the King of kings ;
 And through the last great triumph of Thy grace
 Triumphant saints shall see Thee face to face.

No. 274. I am Thine own, O Christ !

MRS. H. BRADLEY.

6.6.6.4.

REV. A. A. WRIGHT.

Slowly and tenderly.

1. I am Thine own, O Christ ; Hence-forth en-tire-ly Thine ;
 2. No earth-ly joy can lure My qui-et soul from Thee ;

1. And life from this glad hour, New life is mine.
 2. This deep de-light, so pure, Is heaven to me.

3. My joyful song of praise
 In sweet content I sing ;
 To Thee the note I raise,
 My King ! my King !
4. I cannot tell the art
 By which such bliss is given ;
 I know Thou hast my heart,
 And I—have heaven,
5. O peace,—O holy rest,
 O balmy breath of love ;
 O heart, divinest, best,—
 Thy depth I prove.
6. I ask this gift of Thee—
 A life all lily-fair ;
 And fragrant as the place
 Where seraphs are,

No. 275. The Rest of Faith.

F. R. HAVERGAL (arr.).

SPOHR. 8.6.8.6.8.6.

From SPOHR.

1. Mas - ter, how shall I bless Thy name, For love so great to me!
 2. "No anx - ious thought up - on thy brow The watch - ing world should see,
 3. How shall I praise Thee, Sa - viour dear, For this new life so sweet,

1. For sweet en - a - blings of Thy grace, So sov - 'reign, yet so free,—
 2. No care - ful - ness! O child of - God, For *no - thing* care - ful be!
 3. For tak - ing all the care I laid At Thy be - lov - ed feet,

1. That taught me to o - bey Thy word, And cast my care on Thee?
 2. But cast Thou *all* thy care on Him Who al - ways cares for thee."
 3. Keep - ing Thy hand up - on my heart To still each anx - ious beat?

4. I long to praise Thee more, and yet
 This is no care to me,
 If Thou shalt fill my mouth with songs
 Then I will sing to Thee;
 And if my silence praise Thee best,
 Then silent I will be.

5. Yet if it be Thy will, dear Lord,
 Oh, send me forth to be
 Thy messenger to careful hearts,
 To bid them taste, and see
 How good Thou art to those who cast
All, ALL their care on Thee.

No. 276. I need Thee every Hour.

MRS. A. S. HAWKS.

6.4.6.4., with Refrain.

REV. R. LOWRY.

Plaintive.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord! No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -

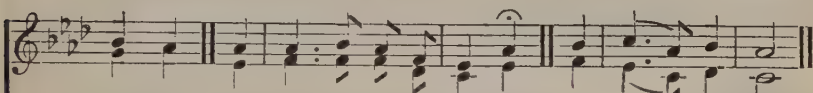
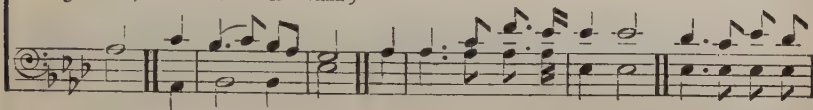
VI.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

REFRAIN.

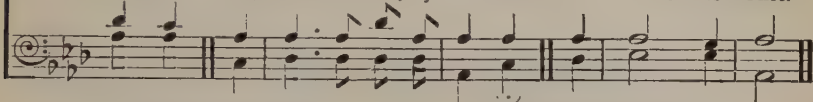


1. Thine Can peace af - ford.
2. power When Thou art nigh.
3. - bide, Or life is vain.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I



need Thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sa - viour! I come to Thee.



4. I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

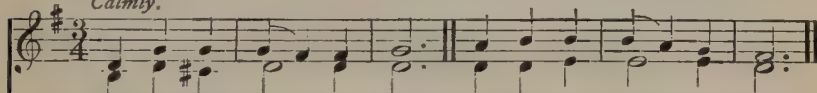
5. I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One!
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!

No. 277. Jesus, Thy Life is mine.

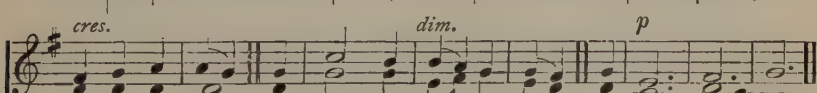
F. R. HAVERGAL.
Calmly.

P.M.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.



1. Je - sus, Thy life is mine! Dwell ev - er - more in me;
2. Thy life in me be shown! Lord, I would hence - forth seek



1. And let me see That no - thing can un - twine Thy life from mine.
2. To think and speak Thy thoughts, Thy words a - lone, No more my own.



3. Thy love, Thy joy, Thy peace,
Continuously impart
Unto my heart,
Fresh springs that never cease,
But still increase.

4. The blest reality
Of resurrection power,
Thy Church's dower,
Life more abundantly,
Lord, give to me!

5. Thy fullest gift, O Lord,
Now at Thy word I claim,
Through Thy dear Name,
And touch the rapturous chord
Of praise forth-poured.

6. Jesus, my life is Thine,
And evermore shall be
Hidden in Thee!
For nothing can untwine
Thy life from mine.

No. 278. Casting all your Care upon Him.

H. MARY MOULE.

ST. PETER. C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. Cast thou thy care up - on the Lord, The care that loads thy heart;
 2. The need is deep, the care is great, The bur - then hard to bear;
 3. This hea - vy thing, it is His gift, His por - tion, thee to bless;

1. Take Him this mo - ment at His word, And let Him do His part.
 2. Roll it on Him with all its weight, And leave it rest - ing there.
 3. Give it Him back; what He shall lift No more on thee shall press.

4. Cast all thy care, and not a part,
 The great things and the small;
 The Lord's all-loving, mighty heart
 Has room and thought for all.

5. Yes, He will ponder every care,
 Consider each detail;
 Thyself, thy burthen, let Him bear;
 He will not, cannot, fail.

No. 279. How Sweet the Name of Jesus sounds!

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
 2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

3. Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
 4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

John Newton.

No. 280. There is a Name I Love to Hear.

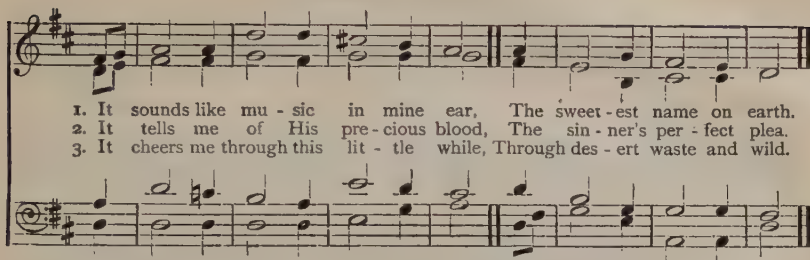
REV. F. WHITFIELD.

C.M.

MAY CHENEVIX-TRENCH.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Sa - viour's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. It tells me of a Fa - ther's smile Beam - ing up - on His child;

VI.—UNION WITH CHRIST.



1. It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet - est name on earth.
2. It tells me of His pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
3. It cheers me through this lit - tle while, Through des - ert waste and wild.

4. Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5. This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

No. 281. Oh, what a happy Lot is mine!

1. Oh, what a happy lot is mine,
Since God my portion is!
How blest am I, whate'er betide,
Since He has made me His!
2. Here in the gloomiest, darkest hour
Is cause for ceaseless joy!
Well may my heart enraptured sing,
And praise my tongue employ!

3. By Him my cup is daily filled
With mercies rich and free;
Whate'er I want in Him I find—
He's all in all to me.

4. He watches o'er me day by day,
In Him I rest each night;
And soft and sweet the sleep He gives
Until the morning light.

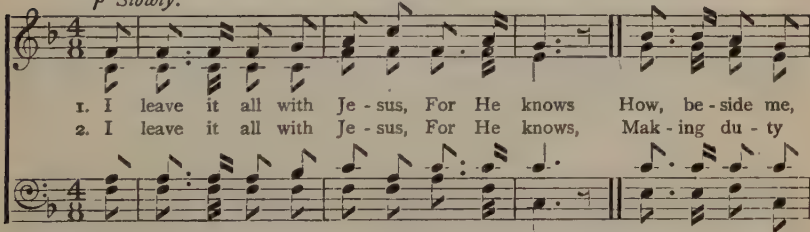
5. Upon His arm of faithful love
My soul doth lean each hour;
His hand upholds me lest I fall;
He shields me by His power.

Christiana Forsythe.

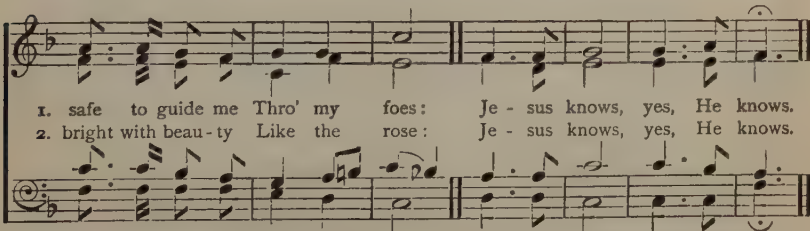
No. 282. I Leave it All with Jesus.

P.M.

p Slowly.



1. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows How, be - side me,
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows, Mak - ing du - ty



1. safe to guide me Thro' my foes: Je - sus knows, yes, He knows.
2. bright with beau - ty Like the rose: Je - sus knows, yes, He knows.

3. I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
What to make me, where to take me
At life's close:
Jesus knows, yes, He knows.

4. I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
There I'll leave me; He'll receive me,
For He knows:
Jesus knows, yes, He knows.

No. 283. My heart is resting, O my God.

ANNA L. WARING.

C.M.D.

Swiss Melody.

p Smoothly.

1. My heart is rest-ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing:
 2. Now the frail ves-sel Thou hast made, No hand but Thine shall fill—
 3. I thirst for springs of heaven-ly life, And here all day they rise;

1. My heart is at the se-cret source Of ev-'ry pre-cious thing.
 2. The wa-ters of the earth have failed, And I am thirs-ty still.
 3. I seek the trea-sure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.

CHORUS.*

Oh, peace of God that pass-eth thought! I dai-ly, hour-ly sing,

My heart is at the se-cret source Of ev-'ry pre-cious thing.

4. And a "new song" is in my mouth,
 To long-loved music set—
 Glory to Thee for all the grace
 I have not tasted yet!

5. I have a heritage of joy
 That yet I must not see;
 The hand that bled to make it mine
 Is keeping it for me.

6. There is a certainty of love
 That sets my heart at rest;
 A calm assurance for to-day
 That to be poor is best!

7. A prayer reposing on His truth,
 Who hath made all things mine;
 That draws my captive will to Him,
 And makes it one with Thine.

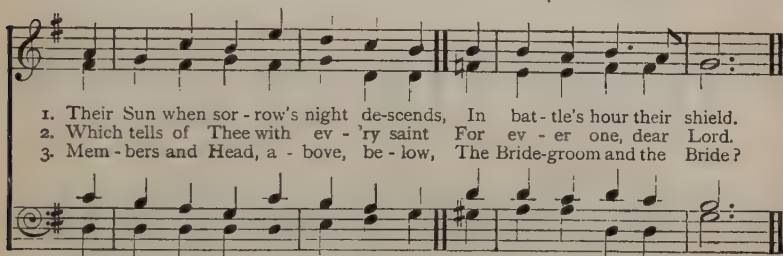
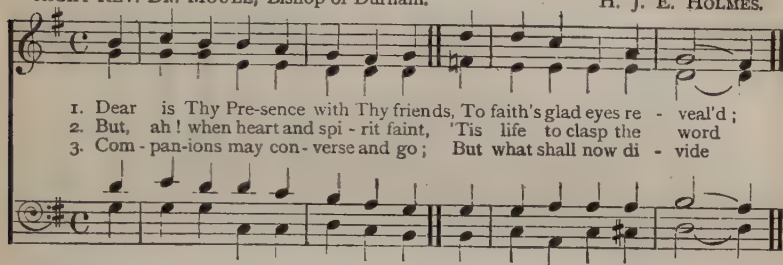
* Chorus arranged for the Coronation Hymnal.

No. 284. Dear is Thy Presence with Thy friends.

LOVE DIVINE. C.M.

RIGHT REV. DR. MOULE, Bishop of Durham.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



No. 285. I would commune with Thee, my God.

1. I WOULD commune with Thee, my God ;
 E'en to Thy seat I come ;
 I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
 And seek in Thee my home.
2. I stand upon the mount of God,
 With sunlight in my soul ;
 I see the storms in vales beneath,
 I hear the thunder's roll.
3. But I am calm with Thee, my God,
 Beneath these glorious skies ;
 And to the height on which I stand
 Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
4. Oh ! this is life ! oh, this is joy,
 My God to find Thee so ;
 Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
 And all Thy love to know !

Rev. G. B. Babier.

No. 286. Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

1. JESUS, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind !
3. O hope of every contrite heart !
 O joy of all the meek !
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
 How good to those who seek !
4. But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show :
 The love of Jesus—what it is
 None but His loved ones know.

Bernard.

No. 287. In the secret of His presence.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH.

G. C. STEBBINS.

1. In the se-cret of His pre-sence how my soul de-lights to hide !
2. When my soul is faint and thirs-ty, 'neath the sha-dow of His wing

1. Oh, how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je-su's side ! Earth-ly
2. There is cool and plea-sant shel-ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring ; And my

1. cares can nev-er vex me, nei-ther tri-als lay me low ; For when Sa-tan comes to
2. Saviour rests be-side me, as we hold communion sweet ; If I tried, I could not

1. tempt me, to the se-cret place I go, to the se-cret place I go.
2. ut-ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.

3. Only this I know : I tell Him all my doubts and griefs and fears ;—
Oh, how patiently He listens ! and my drooping soul He cheers :
Do you think He nev'er reproves me ? What a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see !
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord ?
Go and hide beneath His shadow ; this shall then be your reward ;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting-place,
You must mind and bear the image of the Master in your face.

No. 288.

The leadeth me!

J. H. GILMORE,
Smoothly.

P.M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bowers bloom,

1. Whate'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me
2. By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea— Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me,

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me,

3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4. And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since Thou through Jordan leadest me,

No. 289.

The Precious Name.

MRS. BAXTER.
Smoothly.

P.M.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev-er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;

1. It will joy and com-fort give you; Take it then where'er you go.
2. If temp-tations round you ga-ther, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.

pp CHORUS.

Precious name! Oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven;

Precious name! Oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

3. Oh, the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4. At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

No. 290. Jesus is near, burdens to bear.

MRS. WYNDHAM HEATHCOTE. 7.6.7.6., with Refrain. MRS. WYNDHAM HEATHCOTE.

1. Oft-en the day is drea-ry, Oft-en the storm-clouds lower,
2. Welcome to tell my sto-ry, Tell-ing—He gives me rest;

VI.—UNION WITH CHRIST.

1. Oft-en my spi-rit's wea-ry— Je-sus then speaks His power.
 2. And, while my sor-rows shar-ing, Clasps me un-to His breast.

p CHORUS. *mf*

Je-sus is near, burdens to bear; Wea-ry one, Je-sus will help thee;

p

Je-sus is near, burdens to bear; His blood from sin will cleanse thee.

3. Jesus my heart loves dearly,
 All through the darkest night,
 As when the sun shines clearly,
 Making my pathway bright.

4. Wondrous in love is Jesus,
 Sweet is the rest He gives;
 Sharing in all my toiling,
 While in my heart He lives.

No. 291. Not a friend but Jesus.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

6.5.6.5.

C. H. FORREST.

1. Not a friend but Je-sus Ful-ly un-der-stands:
 2. Not a heart that beat-eth Beat-eth whol-ly true;

1. All the se-cret li-eth In His ho-ly hands.
 2. He a-lone who made us Reads us through and through.

3. Not an eye around us
 Reads the tale aright:
 But in Him no darkness
 Who is Light of light.

4. Not a hand uplifted
 For our sorest need,
 But His "I am with thee"
 Maketh blest indeed.

PART VII.—CONFLICT.

No. 292. The Soldier's Watchword.

N. B.

SUNNINGDALE. P.M.

REV. NORMAN BENNET.
Harmonized by A. T. G.

Brisk march time.

1. We are sol-diers ev-'ry one, And the fight is just be-gun, And the
2. When the foes are thick a-round, And we try to stand our ground, And each

1. Cap-tain ev-er stands hard by; For He sees our ev-'ry need, And our
2. heart is ev-er beat-ing high; Then the Sol-diers of the Lord Use the

CHORUS.

1. inmost thoughts doth read, As we Sa-tan's Host de-fy. } Then for-ward all, for the
2. Spi-rit's nigh-ty sword, And as-sure the vic-to-ry. }

Captain's nigh, Then fight full well; for He stands hard by, With a vic-tor's crown.

3. When our sins around us low'r,
And we feel their mighty power,
When our hearts are nearly faint with fear;
Then we look to Him above,
Whom we honour and we love,
And He says, "Be of good cheer."

4. When the battle clouds are past,
And we find our home at last,
Then the joy of every heart shall be:
The song of living praise,
To the Father of all days,
That shall sound from sea to sea.

No. 293. The Son of God goes forth to war.

BISHOP HEBER.

ELLACOMBE. C. M. D.

German.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain ;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,

1. His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far : Who fol - lows in His train ?
2. Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called to Him to save :

1. Who now can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,
2. Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,

1. Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
2. He prayed for them that did the wrong : Who fol - lows in his train ?

3. A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

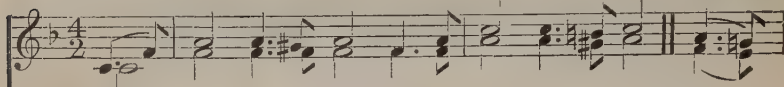
4. A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed :
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

No. 294. There's a fight to be fought.


SARAH G. STOCK.

P.M., with Refrain.

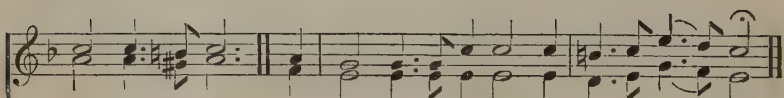
P. P. BLISS.
By per. JOHN CHURCH CO.



1. There's a fight to be fought, there's a work to be done, And a
2. O'er the wa-ters it sound-eth, from lands far a-way, Where the
3. Oh! true hearts have gone forth, glad and strong to the war, And the

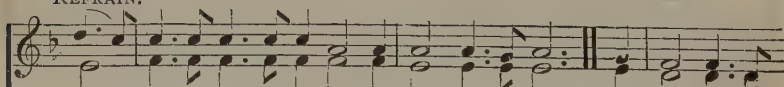


1. foe to be met ere the set of the sun, And the call is gone out o'er the
2. reb-el u-surp-er holds fair realms in sway; There are chains to be severed, and
3. fame of their exploits has ech-oed a-far; And tho' brave ones have fall-en, yet



1. land far and wide,— Who'll fol-low the banner? Who's on the Lord's side?
2. souls to be freed; Our Cap-tain is call-ing; Himself takes the lead.
3. rich their re-ward,— Who dies is crown'd vic-tor by Je-sus our Lord.

REFRAIN.



Oh, hark! the call to bat-tle re-sounds far and wide,— Who'll fol-low the

VII. CONFLICT.

ban-ner? Who's on the Lord's side? Oh, hark! the call to bat-tle re-

- sounds far and wide,—Who'll fol-low the ban-ner? Who's on the Lord's side?

- 4 'Tis not each one is called in the front rank to fight,
And there's room for us all, though our strength may be slight;
And the weakest and poorest some succour may bring,
If only he follows the flag of his King.
- 5 When the warfare is finished, the long struggle o'er,
And the name of our Master all nations adore,
Then the glad shout of triumph shall ring far and wide,—
Oh! joy to the victor who's on the Lord's side!
Oh, hark! the shout of triumph resounds far and wide,—
Oh! joy to the victor who's on the Lord's side!

No. 295. Oft in sorrow, oft in woe.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

7-7-7-7.

J. E. GROOME.

1. Oft in sor-row, oft in woe, On-ward, Christians, on-ward go;
2. On-ward, Christians, on-ward go; Join the war and face the foe;

1. Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthened by the Bread of Life.
2. Faint not! much doth yet re-main; Drear-y is the long cam-paign.

3. Shrink not, Christians; will ye yield?
Will ye quit the battle-field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?
4. Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Vict'ry soon shall tune your song.
5. Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.
6. Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

No. 296. I'm but a stranger here.

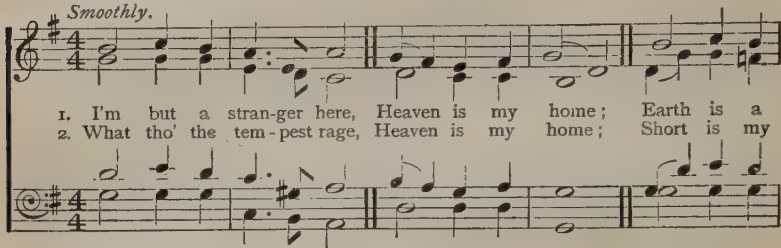
THOMAS R. TAYLOR.

AMOR CHRISTI.

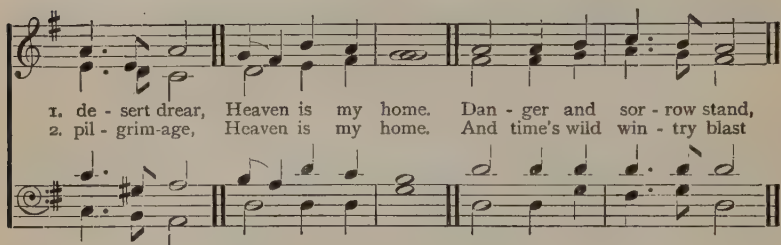
6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

REV. R. LOWRY.

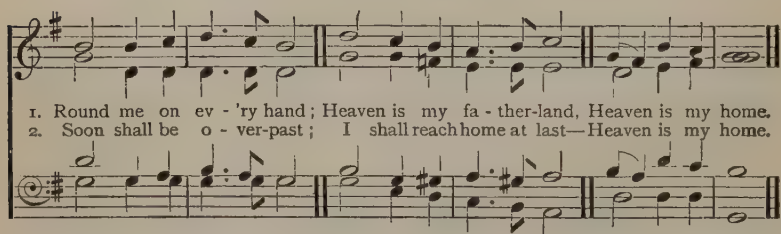
Smoothly.



1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a
2. What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my



1. de - sert drear, Heaven is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand,
2. pil - grim-age, Heaven is my home. And time's wild win - try blast



1. Round me on ev - ry hand; Heaven is my fa - ther-land, Heaven is my home.
2. Soon shall be o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last—Heaven is my home.

3. There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest—
Heaven is my home.

4. Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

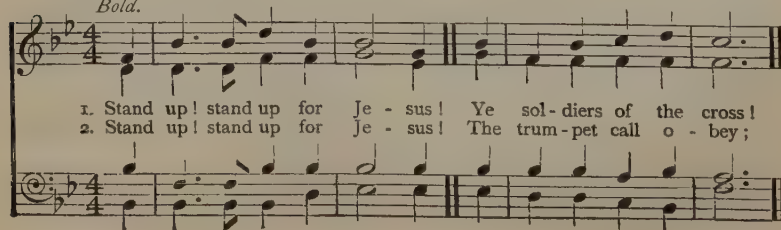
No. 297. Stand up for Jesus!

REV. DR. G. DUFFIELD.

ADSRGITE. 7.6.7.6. D.

G. J. WEBB.

Bold.



1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross!
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey;

VII.—CONFLICT.

8. FINE

1. Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss :
D.S. Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 2. Forth to the migh - ty con - flict In this His glo - rious day :
D.S. Let cou - rage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

Dal 8.

1. From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
 2. Ye that are men now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes ;

3. Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Stand in His strength alone !
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own.
 Put on the gospel armour,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4. Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be ;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

No. 298.

"Watch and Pray!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.
Moderato.

7-7-7-3.

REV. CANON HAVERGAL.

1. "Christian ! seek not yet re - pose ;" Hear thy guar - dian an - gel
 2. Prin - ci - pal - i - ties and powers, Mus - t'ring their un - seen ar -

1. say, Thou art in the midst of foes, "Watch and pray !"
 2. -ray, Wait for thy un - guard - ed hours, "Watch and pray !"

3. Gird thy heavenly armour on,
 Wear it ever, night and day ;
 Ambushed lies the evil one,
 "Watch and pray !"
 4. Hear the victors who o'ercame,
 Still they mark each warrior's way ;
 All, with one sweet voice exclaim,
 "Watch and pray !"

5. Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
 Him thou lovest to obey ;
 Hide within thy heart His word,
 "Watch and pray !"
 6. Watch, as if on that alone
 Hung the issue of the day ;
 Pray that help may be sent down,
 "Watch and pray !"

VII.—CONFLICT.

No. 299.

For all the Saints.

BISHOP W. W. HOW.

NORTON. 10.10.10.4.

JOSIAH BOOTH.

1. For all the saints, who from their la-bours rest, Who Thee by
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their For-tress, and their Might: Thou, Lord, their
 3. Oh, may Thy sol-diers, faith-ful, true, and bold, Fight as the

cres.
 1. faith be-fore the world con-fess'd, Thy Name, O Je-su,
 2. Cap-tain in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the dark-ness
 3. saints who no-bly fought of old, And win, with them, the

ff
 1. be for ev-er blessed. Al-le-lu-ia!
 2. de-ar, their one true Light. Al-le-lu-ia!
 3. vic-tor's crown of gold. Al-le-lu-ia!

4. Oh! blest communion, fellowship Divine!
 We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong! Alleluia!
6. The golden evening brightens in the west:
 Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
7. But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
8. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—Alleluia!

No. 300.

Fight the Good Fight.

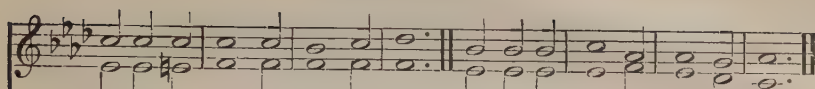
DR. J. S. B. MONSELL.

PENTECOST. L.M.

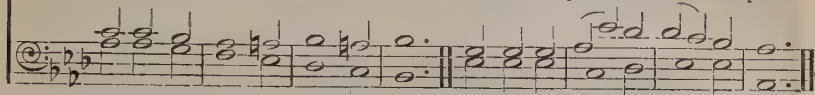
REV. W. BOYD.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, CHRIST is thy strength, and CHRIST thy right;
 2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;

VII.—CONFLICT.



1. Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
2. Life with its way be - fore thee lies, CHRIST is the path, and CHRIST the prize.



3. Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
CHRIST is its life, and CHRIST its love.
4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That CHRIST is all in all to thee.

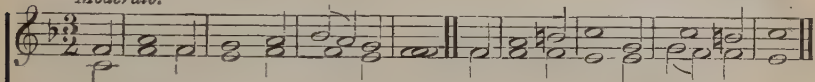
No. 301. Be Still, my Heart!

J. NEWTON.

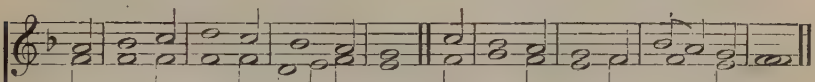
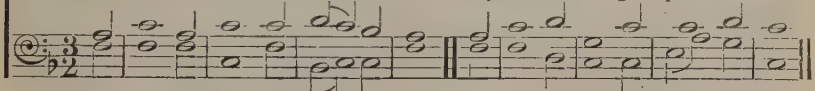
ANGEL'S HYMN. L.M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS.

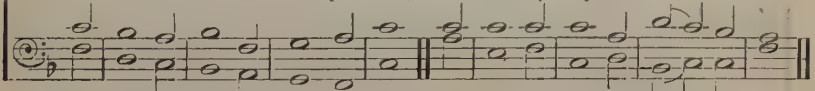
Moderato.



1. Be still, my heart! these anx-ious cares To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
2. Brought safe-ly by His hand thus far, Why wilt thou now give place to fear?



1. They cast dis-hon-our on the Lord, And con-tra-dict His gra-cious word.
2. How canst thou want if He pro-vide, Or lose thy way with such a Guide?



3. When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thine all commit;
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.
4. Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?
5. He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.
6. Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God:
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all!

No. 302. Jesus, and can it Ever be?

1. JESUS, and can it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor:
My soul shall scorn it more and more.
2. Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
May evening blush to own a star.
Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
May midnight blush to think of noon.
3. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?

- No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
4. Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 5. Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And oh may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Rev. J. Grigg.

No. 303. Let there be hope to-day, Lord.

HOPE. 7.7.7.6.

B. PORTER. Alt.

Copyright, "S.A.G.M. Leaflets."

H. GREEN.

1. Let there be hope to-day, Lord, Hope as I watch and pray, Lord,
 2. Hope when the waves roll high, Lord, Hope when the winds sweep by, Lord,
 3. Hope that the clouds may clear, Lord, Hope that dis-pels each fear, Lord,

1. Hope of a sun-lit way, Lord, In the dark day give hope!
 2. Hope through a storm-rent sky, Lord, In-to my heart send hope!
 3. Hope because Thou art near, Lord, So let me wait in hope!

4. "In hope against hope," I wait, Lord, Faced by some fast-barred gate, Lord,
 Hope never says "Too late," Lord, Therefore in Thee I hope!
5. Hope though the night be long, Lord, Hope of a glowing dawn, Lord,
 Morning *must* break in song, Lord, For we are "saved by hope."

No. 304. Soldiers of Christ, arise.

REV. C. WESLEY.

FRANCONIA. S.M.

German.

1. Sol-diers of Christ! a-rise, And put your arm-our on,
 2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might-y power;
 3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en-dued;

1. Strong in the strength which God sup-plies Through His e-ter-nal Son:
 2. Who in the strength of Je-sus trusts, Is more than con-quer-or.
 3. But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan-o-ply of God.

4. To keep your armour bright, Attend with constant care,
 Still walking in your Captain's sight, And watching unto prayer.
5. From strength to strength go on, Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
 Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well-fought day!

PART VIII.—GROWTH IN GRACE.

No. 305.

More about Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

L.M., with Refrain.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly

1. oth - ers show; More of His sav - ing ful - ness see, More of His love who
2. will dis-cern; Spi - rit of God my teach - er be, Showing the things of

REFRAIN.

1. died for me. } More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus;
2. Christ to me.

More of His sav - ing ful - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

3. More about Jesus; in His word,
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing His voice in ev'ry line,
Making each faithful saying mine.
4. More about Jesus; on His throne,
Riches in glory all His own;
More of His kingdom's sure increase;
More of His coming, Prince of Peace,

VIII.—GROWTH IN GRACE.

No. 306.

3 follow After.

F. BROOK.

IO. IO. IO. IO.

H. GREEN.

Smoothly.

1. My goal is God Him - self, not joy, nor peace, Nor e - ven
2. So faith bounds for - ward to its goal in God, And love can

1. bless - ing, but Him - self, my God; 'Tis His to lead me
2. trust her Lord to lead her there; Up - held by Him, my

1. there, not mine, but His— "At an - y cost, dear Lord, by an - y road!"
2. soul is following hard Till God hath full ful - filled my deep - est prayer.

3. No matter if the way be sometimes dark,
No matter though the cost be oftentimes great,
He knoweth how I best shall reach the mark,
The way that leads to Him must needs be strait.
4. One thing I know, I cannot say Him nay;
One thing I do, I press towards my Lord;
My God my glory here, from day to day,
And in the glory there my Great Reward.

No. 307. Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

REV. GODFREY THRING.

EDINA. 6.5.6.5. D. SIR HERBERT S. OAKELEY.

1. Sa - viour, Bless - ed Sa - viour, Lis - ten whilst we sing,

Ped.

VIII.—GROWTH IN GRACE.

cres.

Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing Prai - ses to our King.

p *p rit.*

All we have we of - fer; All we hope to be,.....

Ped.

f *rit. un poco.*

Bo - dy, soul, and spi - rit, All we yield to Thee.

2. Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.
3. Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.
4. Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

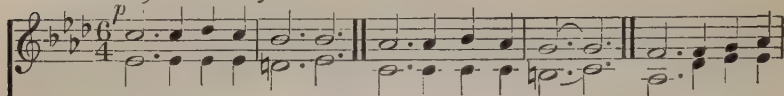
5. Brighter still and brighter
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, Blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.
6. Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.
7. Higher, then, and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

No. 308. More holiness give me!

P. P. BLISS.

6.5.6.5. D., with Refrain.

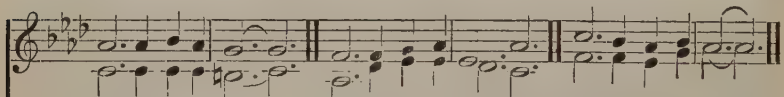
MRS. PALMER.

Smoothly and tenderly.

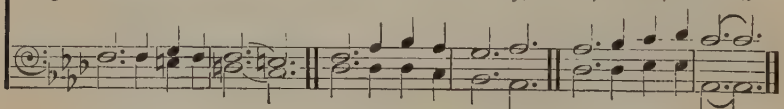
1. More ho-li-ness give me, More sweetness with - in, More pa-tience in
 2. More gra-ti-tude give me, More trust in the Lord, More zeal for His
 3. More vic-to-ry give me, More strength to o'er-come, More freedom from



1. suff-ring, More sor-row for sin: More faith in my Sa-viour,
 2. glo-ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor-rows,
 3. earth-stains, More long-ing for home; More fit for the king-dom,



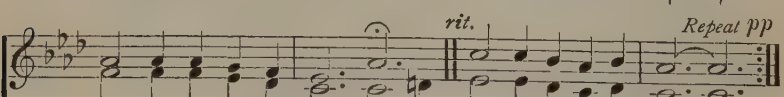
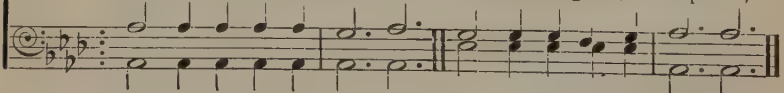
1. More sense of His care, More joy in His ser-vice, More freedom in prayer.
 2. More pain at His grief, More meekness in tri-al, More praise for re-lief.
 3. More use-ful I'd be, More blessed and ho-ly, More, Saviour, like Thee.



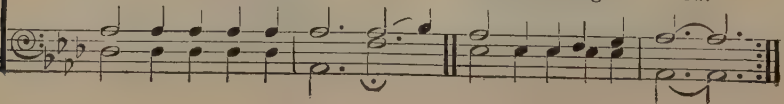
CHORUS.



Come, my Sa-viour, and help me, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep me;



Thou each mo-ment wilt save me, Thou art sav-ing me now.



No. 309.

Always more to follow.

P. P. BLISS.

P.M.

P. P. BLISS.

Moderato. 1st time. 2nd time.

I. Have you on the Lord be-lieved? Still there's more to fol-low;
Of His grace have you re-ceived? Still there's more to fol-low.

Oh the grace the Fa-ther shows! Still there's more to fol-low:

Free-ly He His grace be-stows, Still there's more to fol-low.

CHORUS.

More and more, more and more, Al-ways more to fol-low;

Oh His match-less, boundless love! Still there's more to fol-low.

2. Have you felt the Saviour near?
Still there's more to follow;
Does His blessed presence cheer?
Still there's more to follow.
Oh the love that Jesus shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His love bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

3. Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow;
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow.
Oh the power the Spirit shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

No. 310. Hearer, my God, to Thee.

MRS. ADAMS.

HORBURY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it
2. Tho', like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness comes

1. be a cross That rais - eth me,..... Still all my
2. o - ver me, My rest a stone:..... Yet in my

1. song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
2. dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

3. There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 311. Walking with Thee.

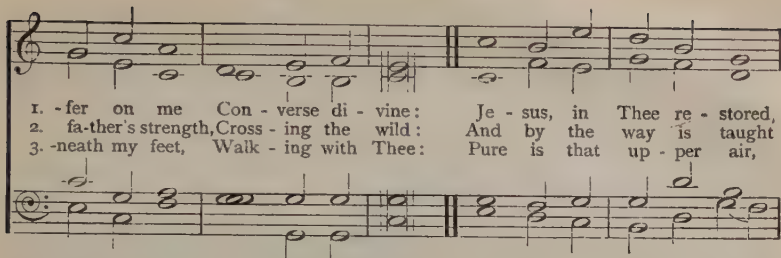
G. RAWSON.

MISTLEY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

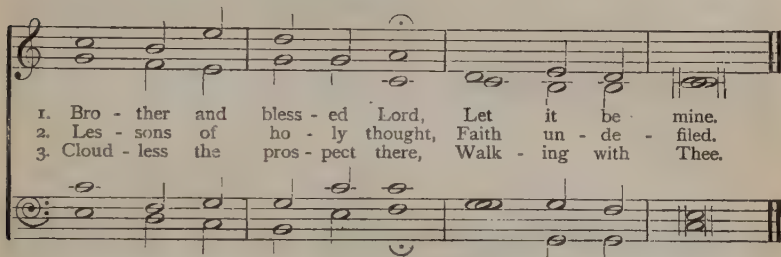
REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.

1. Walk - ing with Thee, my God, Sa - viour be - nign, Dai - ly con -
2. Walk - ing with Thee, my God, Like as a child Leans on his
3. Dark - ness and earth - ly mists, How do they flee, Far un - der -

VIII.—GROWTH IN GRACE.



1. -fer on me Con - verse di - vine: Je - sus, in Thee re - stored,
 2. fa-ther's strength, Cross - ing the wild: And by the way is taught
 3. -neath my feet, Walk - ing with Thee: Pure is that up - per air,



1. Bro - ther and bless - ed Lord, Let it be - mine.
 2. Les - sons of ho - ly thought, Faith un - de - filed.
 3. Cloud - less the pros - pect there, Walk - ing with Thee.

4. Walking in reverence
 Humbly with Thee,
 Yet from all abject fear
 Lovingly free:
 E'en as a friend with friend,
 Cheered to the journey's end,
 Walking with Thee.

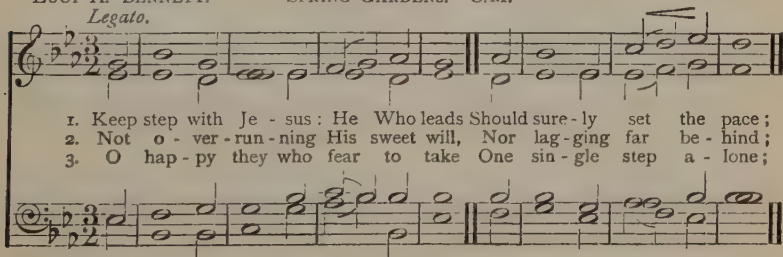
5. Then Thy companions here
 Walking with Thee,
 Rise to a higher life,
 Soul liberty:
 They are, not to our love,
 But to the home above,
 Taken by Thee.

No. 312. Keep step with Jesus.

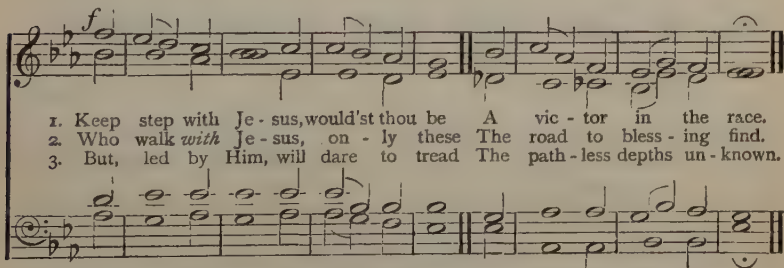
LUCY A. BENNETT.

SPRING GARDENS. C.M.

Legato.



1. Keep step with Je - sus: He Who leads Should sure - ly set the pace;
 2. Not o - ver - run - ning His sweet will, Nor lag - ging far be - hind;
 3. O hap - py they who fear to take One sin - gle step a - lone;



1. Keep step with Je - sus, would'st thou be A vic - tor in the race.
 2. Who walk with Je - sus, on - ly these The road to bless - ing find.
 3. But, led by Him, will dare to tread The path - less depths un - known.

4. This sacred path man knoweth not,
 Save only such as bow
 To take His yoke, and breathe to Him—
 "Thou art my portion now."

5. They tread it, and with quiet heart
 Have learnt—are learning still,
 That not a single good outlies
 The circle of His will.

No. 313. O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me.

J. C. LAVATER. (Trans. by H. B. SMITH.)

FARRANT, C.M.

R. FARRANT.

1. O Je - sus Christ, grow Thou in me, And all things else re - cede!
2. Each day let Thy sup - port-ing might My weak-ness still em - brace;

1. My heart be dai - ly near - er Thee, From sin be dai - ly freed.
2. My dark-ness van - ish in Thy light, Thy life my death ef - face.

3. In Thy bright beams which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4. More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True!
I would Thy living image be,
In joy and sorrow too.

5. Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength Divine;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine.

6. Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
Oh, make me daily through Thy grace
More meet to bear Thy name!

No. 314. Walk in the light, and thou shalt know.

1. WALK in the light, and thou shalt know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2. Walk in the light, and Thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His—
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3. Walk in the light, and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

4. Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away the gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5. Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

6. Walk in the light, thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

Barton.

No. 315. Thou whose name is called Jesus.

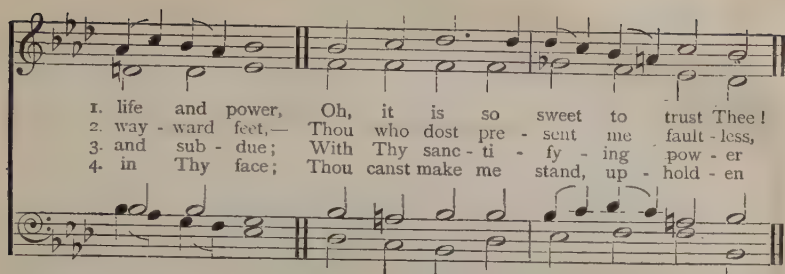
REQUIEM. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Written expressly for this work by
JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

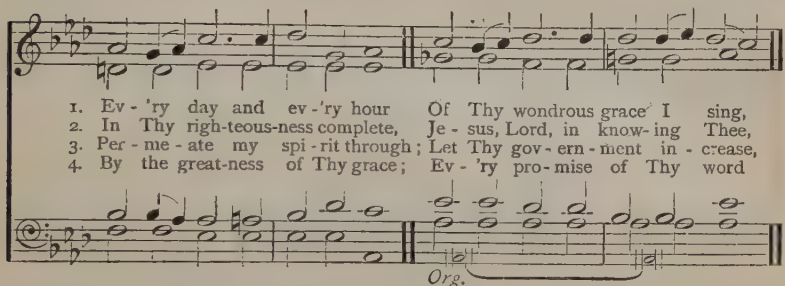
W. SCHULTES.

1. Thou whose name is call - ed Je - sus, Ri - sen Lord of
2. Thou canst keep my feet from fall - ing, — E - ven my poor
3. All the sin in me, my Sa - viour, Thou canst con - quer
4. Thou canst keep me up - ward look - ing; Ev - er up - ward

VIII.—GROWTH IN GRACE.

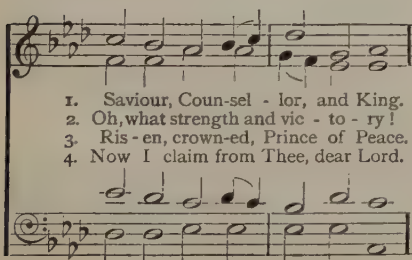


1. life and power, Oh, it is so sweet to trust Thee!
 2. way - ward feet,— Thou who dost pre - sent me fault - less,
 3. and sub - due; With Thy sanc - ti - fy - ing pow - er
 4. in Thy face; Thou canst make me stand, up - hold - en



1. Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour Of Thy wondrous grace I sing,
 2. In Thy righ - teous - ness complete, Je - sus, Lord, in know - ing Thee,
 3. Per - me - ate my spi - rit through; Let Thy gov - ern - ment in - crease,
 4. By the great - ness of Thy grace; Ev - 'ry pro - mise of Thy word

Org.



1. Saviour, Coun - sel - lor, and King.
 2. Oh, what strength and vic - to - ry!
 3. Ris - en, crown - ed, Prince of Peace.
 4. Now I claim from Thee, dear Lord.

5. Oh! what joy to trust Thee, Jesus,
 Mighty Victor o'er the grave,
 And to learn amid earth's shadows
 Thine unceasing power to save!
 Only those who prove Thee know
 What the grace Thou dost bestow.

6. Make my life a bright outshining
 Of Thy life, that all may see
 Thine own resurrection power
 Mightily put forth in me;
 Ever let my heart become
 Yet more consciously Thy home.

No. 316.

"Unto him that hath."

1. "UNTO him that hath" Thou givest
 Ever "more abundantly";
 Lord, I live because Thou livest,
 Therefore give more life to me,
 Therefore speed me in the race,
 Therefore let me grow in grace.
2. Deepen all Thy work, O Master,
 Strengthen every-downward root;
 Only do Thou ripen faster—
 More and more—Thy pleasant fruit;
 Purge me, prune me, self abase;
 Only let me grow in grace.
3. Let me grow by sun and shower,
 Every moment water me;
 Make me really, hour by hour,
 More and more conformed to Thee,
 That Thy loving eye may trace
 Day by day my growth in grace.
4. Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,
 Show me ever greater things;
 Raise me higher, sunward soaring,
 Mounting as on eagle-wings!
 By the brightness of Thy face,
 Jesus, let me grow in grace.
5. Let me, then, be always growing,
 Never, never standing still,
 Listening, learning, better knowing
 Thee and Thy most blessed will.
 Till I reach Thy holy place
 Daily let me grow in grace.

F. R. Havergal.

VIII.—GROWTH IN GRACE.

No. 317.

"Consider Him."

10. 10. 10. 10.

E. MAY GRIMES.

By per. from "S.A.G.M. Leaflets."

H. GREEN.

1. "Con - sid - er Him," let Christ thy pat-tern be, And know that
 2. "Con - sid - er Him;" so shalt thou day by day Seek out the
 3. Shrink not, O child of God, but fear-less go Down in - to

1. He hath ap - pre - hend - ed thee To share His ve - ry
 2. low - liest place, and there - in stay, Con - tent to pass a -
 3. death with Je - sus: thou shalt know "The pow - er of an

1. life—His pow'r Di - vine, And in the like-ness of thy Lord to shine.
 2. - way, a thing of nought, That glo - ry to the Fa - ther's name be brought.
 3. end-less life "be - gin, With "glorious li - ber - ty" from self and sin.

4. "Consider Him," and thus *thy* life shall be
 Filled with self-sacrifice and purity;
 God will work out in thee the pattern true,
 And Christ's example ever keep in view.
5. "Consider Him." Thy great High Priest above
 Is interceding in untiring love,
 And He would have *thee* thus "Within the Vail"
 By Spirit-breathed petitions to prevail.
6. "Consider Him," and as you run the race,
 Keep ever upward looking in His face:
 And thus transformed, illumined thou shalt be,
 And Christ's own image shall be seen in thee.

No. 318.

Many names are dear.

Anon. (Stanzas 1 & 2.)

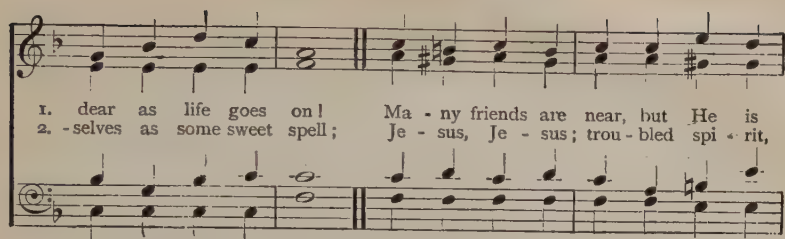
A. J. FOXWELL. (Stanzas 3 & 4.)

10. 9. 10. 9.

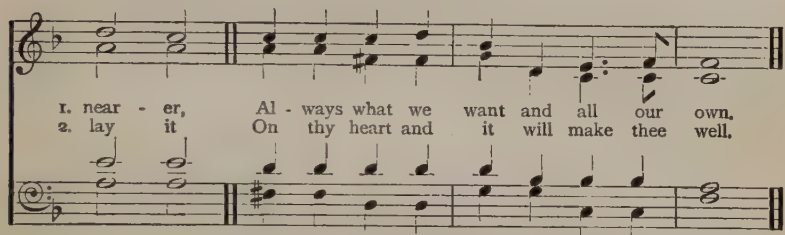
P. SKENE.

1. Ma - ny names are dear, but His is dear - er; How it grows more
 2. Je - sus, Je - sus, let us ev - er say it Soft - ly to our -

VIII.—GROWTH IN GRACE.



1. dear as life goes on! Ma - ny friends are near, but He is
2. - selves as some sweet spell; Je - sus, Je - sus; trou - bled spi - rit,



1. near - er, Al - ways what we want and all our own,
2. lay it On thy heart and it will make thee well,

3. In the hour of gloom it shines before us,
Like that welcome star that gilds the morn;
Vanish'd hope and joy it will restore us,
Till their sudden rays our soul adorn.

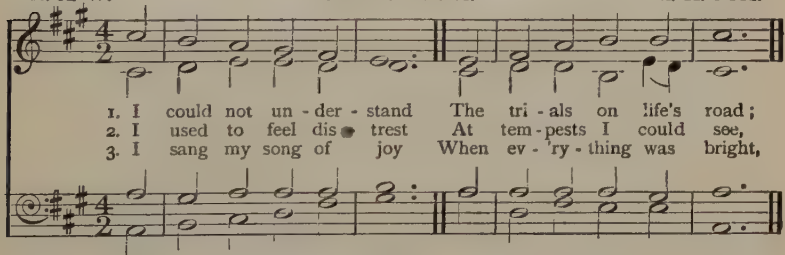
4. Jesus! Jesus! in the home of glory,
Still that lovely name shall tune our lays,
Jesus! Jesus! all the wondrous story
Of His love shall fill eternal days.

No. 319. } could not understand.

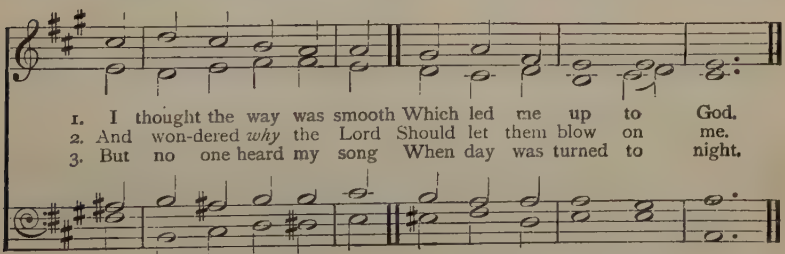
A. A. W.

ORIENT. 6.6.6.6.

R. H. BOYS.



1. I could not un - der - stand The tri - als on life's road;
2. I used to feel dis - tress At tem - pests I could see,
3. I sang my song of joy When ev - ry - thing was bright,



1. I thought the way was smooth Which led me up to God,
2. And won - dered why the Lord Should let them blow on me,
3. But no one heard my song When day was turned to night,

4. Now everything is changed—
In all my Lord I see;
So I can sweetly rest
In what He plans for me.

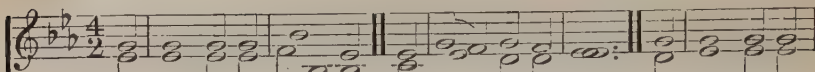
5. Now I can sing my song,
Whatever ill betide;
My work is but to trust,
His—just to keep and guide.

No. 320. Take Time to be Holy.

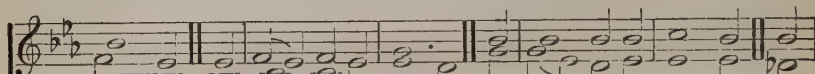
W. D. LONGSTAFF.

6.5.6.5. D.

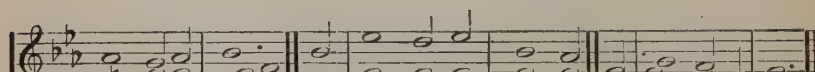
REV. T. R. H. STURGES.



1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord, A - bide in Him



al - ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's chil - dren ; Help



those who are weak ; For - get - ting in no - thing His bless - ing to seek.

2. Take time to be holy,
The world rushes on ;
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone.
By looking to Jesus
Like Him thou shalt be ;
Thy friends, in thy conduct,
His likeness shall see.
3. Take time to be holy,
Let Him be Thy Guide ;
And run not before Him
Whatever betide ;

In joy or in sorrow,
Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
Still trust in His Word.

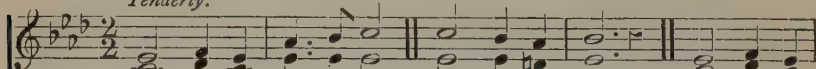
4. Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul ;
Each thought and each temper
Beneath His control :
Thus led by His Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

No. 321. More Love to Thee, O Christ !

MRS. PRENTISS.

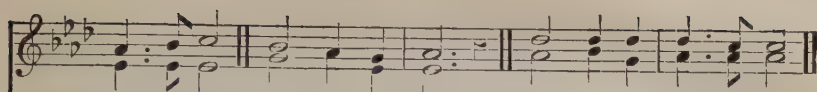
6.4.6.4.6.6.4.4.

W. H. DOANE.

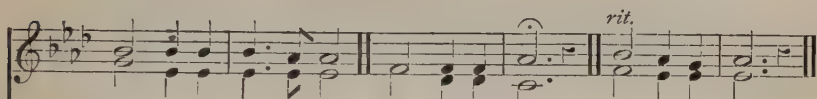
Tenderly.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ ! More love to Thee ! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest ; Now Thee a -

VIII.—GROWTH IN GRACE.



1. pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
2. - lone I seek— Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:



More love, O Christ, to Thee! More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

3. Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

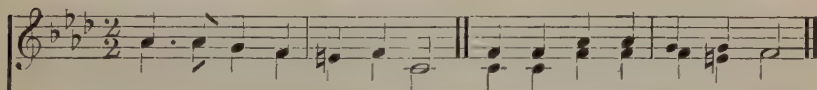
4. Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;—
This still its prayer shall be:—
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

No. 322. Jesus, Saviour, by Thy Side.

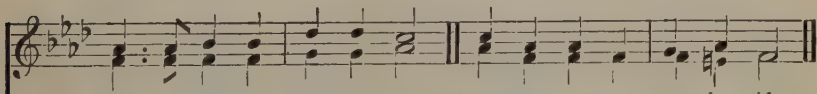
S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

HOLY JESU. 7-7-7-7.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



1. Je - sus, Sa-viour, by Thy side Day by day would I a - bide;
2. Sha-dows dar-ken: day has fled; By Thee, Lord, would I be led;
3. I would hear-ken, would o - bey, Fol-low Thee though dark the way;



1. Take my hand, be Thou my Guide, What-so-ev-er may be-tide.
2. For-ward would I go with Thee, Though the path I may not see.
3. Out of weak-ness make me strong, All my sigh-ing turn to song.

4. Sweet the service, sweet the call,
Gladly I surrender all—
All, Lord Jesus, give to Thee,
Now and through eternity.

5. Onward to my home above,
Guided by the hand I love;
Circled by Thy arm of grace,
Till I see Thee face to face.

PART IX.—WORK.

No. 323.

Go, Labour On.

REV. DR. H. BONAR.

HESPERUS. L.M.

H. BAKER, Mus. Bac.

1. Go, la-bour on; spend, and be spent— Thy joy to do the Father's will;
 2. Go, la-bour on; 'tis not for nought; Thy earthly loss is heav'n-ly gain;
 3. Go, la-bour on; your hands are weak, Your knees are faint, your souls cast down;

1. It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the ser-vant tread it still?
 2. Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Mas-ter prais-es,—what are men?
 3. Yet fal-ter not; the prize you seek Is near, a king-dom and a crown.

4.

Go, labour on while it is day,
 The world's dark night is hastening on;
 Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
 It is not thus that souls are won.

5.

Men die in darkness at your side,
 Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
 Take up the torch and wave it wide—
 The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

6.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
 Be wise the erring soul to win;
 Go forth into the world's highway,
 Compel the wanderer to come in.

7.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
 For toil comes rest, for exile home;
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 The midnight cry, "Behold, I come!"

No. 324.

Lord, Speak to me!

1.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone;
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
 Thy erring children lost and lone.

2.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wandering and the wavering feet;
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
 Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
 Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
 I may stretch out a loving hand
 To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
 The precious things Thou dost impart.
 And wing my words, that they may reach
 The hidden depths of many a heart.

5.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power
 A word in season, as from Thee,
 To weary ones in needful hour.

6.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
 Until my very heart o'erflow
 In kindling thought and glowing word,
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
 Until Thy blessed face I see—
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share!

F. R. Havergal.

No. 325. Oh to be Nothing, Nothing!

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.

P.M.

P. P. BLISS.

Slowly.

1. Oh to be no-thing, no-thing! On-ly to lie at His feet,
 CHO.—Oh to be no-thing, no-thing! On-ly to lie at His feet,

A bro-ken and emp-tied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.
 A bro-ken and emp-tied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.

FINE.

Emptied that He might fill me, As forth to His ser-vice I go;.....

D.C. for Chorus.

Bro-ken that so un-hin-der'd His life thro' me might flow.....

2. Oh to be nothing, nothing!
 Only as led by His hand;
 A messenger at His gateway,
 Only waiting for His command.
 Only an instrument ready
 His praises to sound at His will;
 Willing should He not require me,
 In silence to wait on Him still.

3. Oh to be nothing, nothing!
 Painful the humbling may be,
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
 That the world might my Saviour see,
 Rather be nothing, nothing!
 To Him let their voices be raised;
 He is the fountain of blessing,
 He only is meet to be praised.

No. 326.

○ Touch mine Eyes!

W. SPENCER WALTON.

STAINCLIFFE. L.M.

R. W. DIXON.

1. O touch mine eyes, that I may see In cloud - less
2. O loose my tongue, that I may tell With burn - ing

1. rap - ture Thy dear face, And in that calm se -
2. words, to sin - ners lost, That Thou didst come to

1. - ren - i - ty, With pa - tience run my glo - rious race!
2. seek and save, To pur - chase them at such a cost!

3. Unstop my ears, that I may hear
The softest whisper of Thy love,
To draw my heart from earthly things,
And fix it on Thyself above.

4. Release my feet, that I may run
The way of holiness divine;
Held by Thy hand they cannot fall—
Filled with Thy life I'll brightly shine.

No. 327. "She bath done what she could."

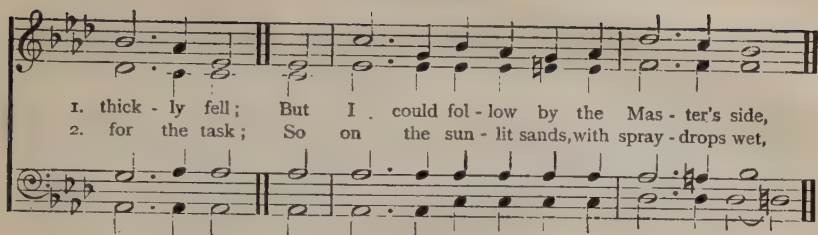
EVA J. EVERED POOLE.

BROTHERTOFT. 10. 10. 10. 10. D.

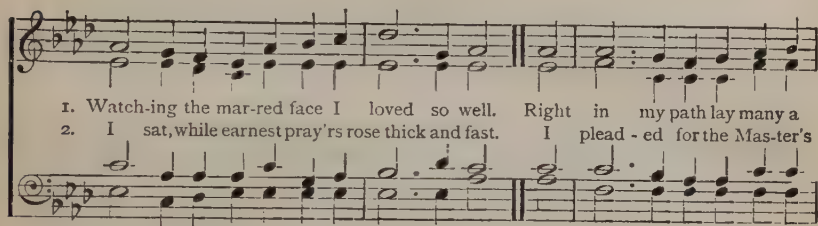
LIVSEY CARROTT.

1. I could not do the work the reap - ers did, Or bind the golden sheaves that
2. I could not cast the hea - vy fish - er - net, I had not strength or wis - dom

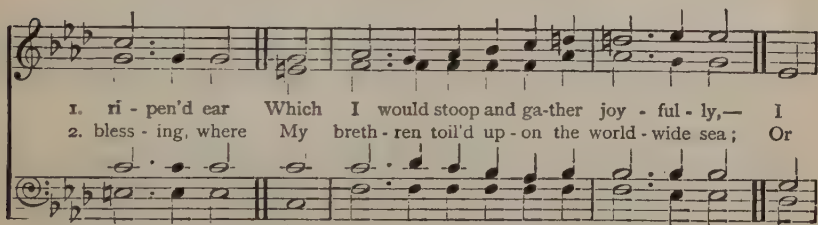
IX.—WORK.



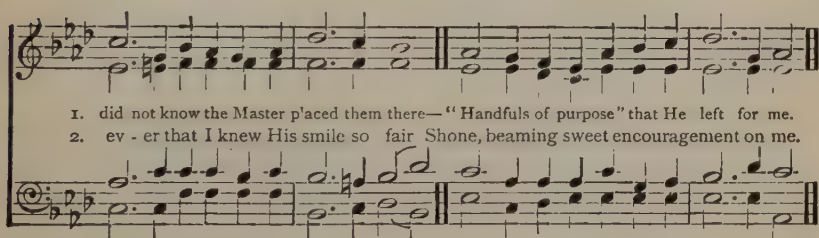
1. thick - ly fell; But I could fol - low by the Mas - ter's side,
2. for the task; So on the sun - lit sands, with spray - drops wet,



1. Watch - ing the mar - red face I loved so well. Right in my path lay many a
2. I sat, while earnest pray'rs rose thick and fast. I plead - ed for the Mas - ter's



1. ri - pen'd ear Which I would stoop and ga - ther joy - ful - ly,— I
2. bless - ing, where My breth - ren toil'd up - on the world - wide sea; Or



1. did not know the Master placed them there—"Handfuls of purpose" that He left for me.
2. ev - er that I knew His smile so fair Shone, beaming sweet encouragement on me.

3. I could not join the glorious soldier-band,
I never heard their thrilling battle-cry;
The work allotted by the Master's hand
Kept me at home, while others went to die.
And yet, when victory crowned the struggle long,
And spoils were homeward brought, both rich and rare,
He let me help to chant the triumph-song,
And bade me in the gold and jewels share.
4. O Master dear! the tiniest work for Thee
Finds recompense beyond our highest thought,
And feeble hands that worked but tremblingly
The richest colours in Thy fabric wrought.
We are content to take what Thou shalt give,
To do, or suffer, as Thy choice shall be:
Forsaking all Thy wisdom bids us leave,
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee!

No. 328. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B.

8.7.8.7., with Refrain.

P. P. BLISS.

Earnestly.

1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more ;
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar ;
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my bro-ther ; Some poor sea - man, tem-pest-toss'd,

1. But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 2. Ea-ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 3. Try-ing now to make the har-bour, In the dark-ness may be lost.

CHORUS.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea - man You may res-cue, you may save.

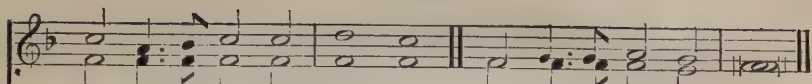
No. 329. Work, for the Day is Coming!

Anon.

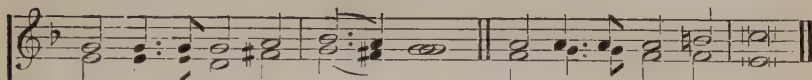
ALTRINCHAM. 7.6.7.6. D.

DR. L. MASON.

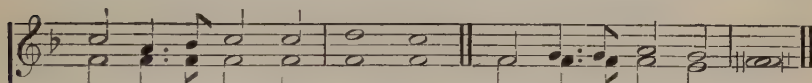
1. Work, for the Day is com - ing! Day in the Word fore - told,
 2. Work, for the Day is com - ing! Dark - ness will soon be gone ;



1. When, 'mid the scenes tri - umph - ant, Long'd for by saints of old,
2. Then o'er the night of weep - ing Day with - out end shall dawn.



1. He, who on earth a stran - ger Travers'd its paths of pain,
2. What now we sow in sad - ness Then we shall reap in joy;



1. Je - sus, the Prince, the Sa - viour, Comes ev - er - more to reign,
2. Hope will be chang'd to glad - ness, Praise be our blest em - ploy.

3. Work, for the Day is coming !
Made for the saints of light ;
Off with the garments dreary,
On with the armour bright :
Soon will the strife be ended,
Soon all our toils below ;
Not to the dark we're tending,
But to the Day we go.

4. Work, for the Lord is coming !
Children of light are we ;
From Jesu's bright appearing
Powers of darkness flee.

Out of the mist, at His bidding,
Souls like the dew are born :
O'er all the East are spreading
Tints of the rosy morn.

5. Work, then, the Day is coming !
No time for sighing now !
Harps for the hands once drooping,
Wreaths for the victor's brow.
Now morning Light is breaking,
Soon will the Day appear ;
Night shades appal no longer,
Jesus, our Lord, is near.

No. 330. Work, for the Night is Coming !

1. WORK, for the night is coming ;
Work through the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling ;
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work, when the day grows brighter ;
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
2. Work, for the night is coming ;
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.

- Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

S. Dyer.

No. 331. The faith that Saves the Soul.

WILLIAM LUFF.

INVERA. S.M.

C.

1. The faith that saves the soul Is faith that works by love;
 2. Thy Sa - viour work'd for thee, With oft - en wea - ry brow;
 3. The la - bour - ers are few Who toil a - mid the heat,

1. Let faith and love thy work con - trol, And thy sal - va - tion prove.
 2. His will - ing, con - stant work - er be, For Him to la - bour now.
 3. Un - to their toil - ing Mas - ter true, And learn - ing at His feet.

4. Work with a grateful heart:
 Work while the millions play:
 Ere the bright hours of light depart,
 And night shall follow day.

5. Work!—work for Him is blest;
 Work as a favoured son;
 Work till He gives thee heavenly rest,
 And His own sweet "Well done!"

No. 332. Make Use of me, my God!

1. MAKE use of me, my God!
 Let me not be forgot;

A broken vessel cast aside,
 One whom Thou needest not.

2. I am Thy creature, Lord,
 And made by hands divine;
 And I am part, however mean,
 Of this great world of Thine.

3. Thou usest all Thy works,
 The weakest things that be;
 Each has a service of its own,
 For all things wait on Thee.

4. All things do serve Thee here,
 All creatures great and small;
 Make use of me, of me, my God,
 The meanest of them all!

(May also be sung to Nos. 44 and 184.)

Rev. Dr. H. Bonar.

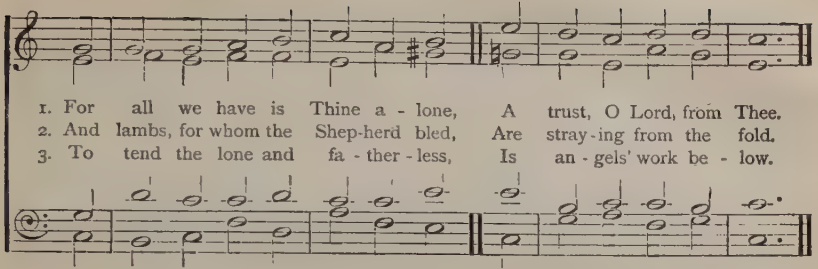
No. 333. We give Thee but Thine Own.

BISHOP W. W. HOW.

NARENZA. S.M.

German.

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be,
 2. And hearts are bruised and dead, And homes are bare and cold;
 3. To com - fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,



1. For all we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
 2. And lambs, for whom the Shep-herd bled, Are stray-ing from the fold.
 3. To tend the lone and fa-ther-less, Is an-gels' work be-low.

4. The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,
 Is a most Christ-like thing.

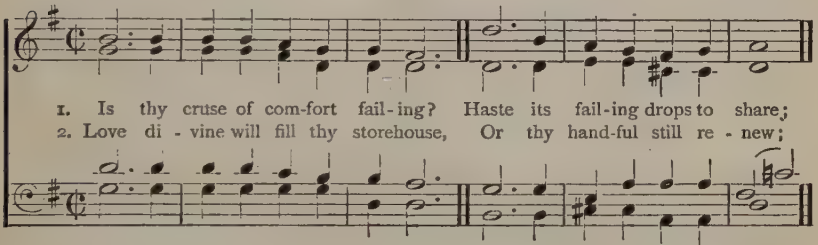
5. And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be;
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

No. 334. Is thy Cruse of Comfort failing?

MRS. RUNDLE CHARLES.
(By per. of S.P.C.K.)

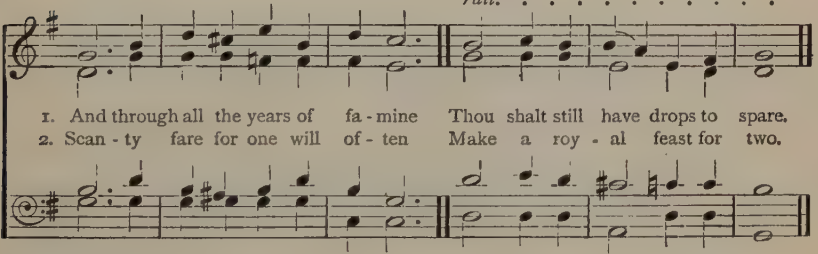
INFANTS' PETITION. 8.7.8.7.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



1. Is thy cruse of com-fort fail-ing? Haste its fail-ing drops to share;
 2. Love di-vine will fill thy storehouse, Or thy hand-ful still re-new;

rall.



1. And through all the years of fa-mine Thou shalt still have drops to spare,
 2. Scan-ty fare for one will of-ten Make a roy-al feast for two.

3. For the heart grows rich in giving,
 All its wealth is living grain;
 Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

4. Is thy burden hard and heavy?
 Do thy steps drag wearily?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden—
 God will bear both it and thee.

5. Numb and weary on the mountains,
 Would'st thou sleep amid the snow?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
 And together both shall glow.

6. Art thou stricken in life's battle?
 Many wounded round thee moan;
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
 And the balm shall heal thine own.

7. Is thy heart a well left empty?
 None but God its void can fill;
 Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
 Can its ceaseless longings still.

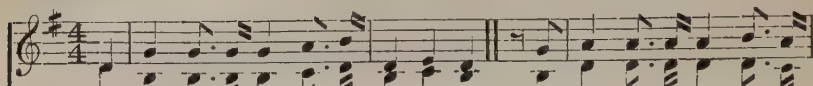
8. Is the heart a living power?
 Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
 It can only live in loving,
 And by serving, love will grow.

No. 335. Oh, where are the 'Reapers?

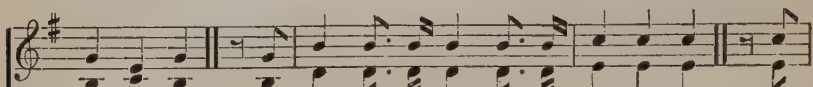
E. REXFORD.

10. 10. 10. 10., with Refrain.

G. F. ROOT.

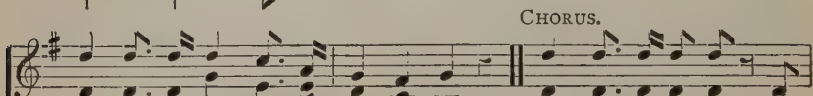


1. Oh, where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good from the
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there, tho' the

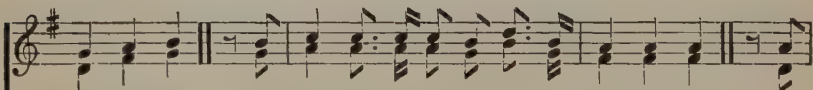


1. fields of sin? With sic-kles of truth must the work be done, And
2. weeds are tail; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, But


CHORUS.



1. no one may rest till the "har-vest home." } Where are the reap-ers? Oh.
2. ga-ther from all for the home on high. }



who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home"? Oh,



who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

3.

The fields all are ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide:
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

4.

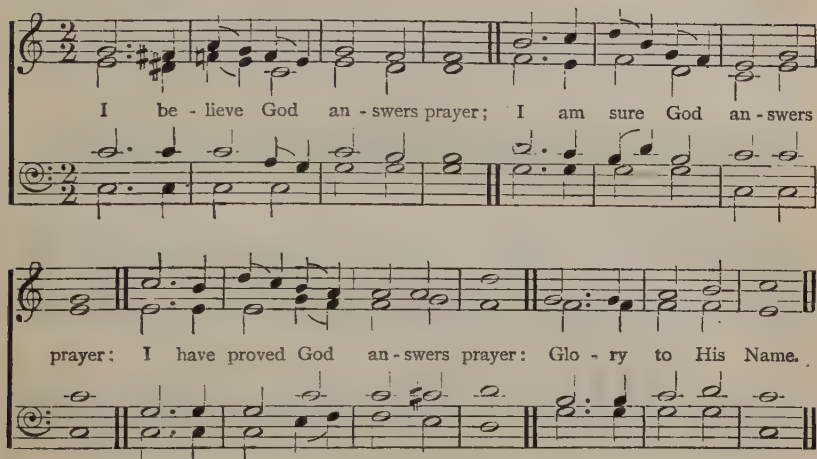
So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share in the joy of the "harvest home."

PART X.—PRAYER AND PRAISE.

No. 336. 3 Believe God answers Prayer.

From Pondoland, South Africa.

7.7.7.5.



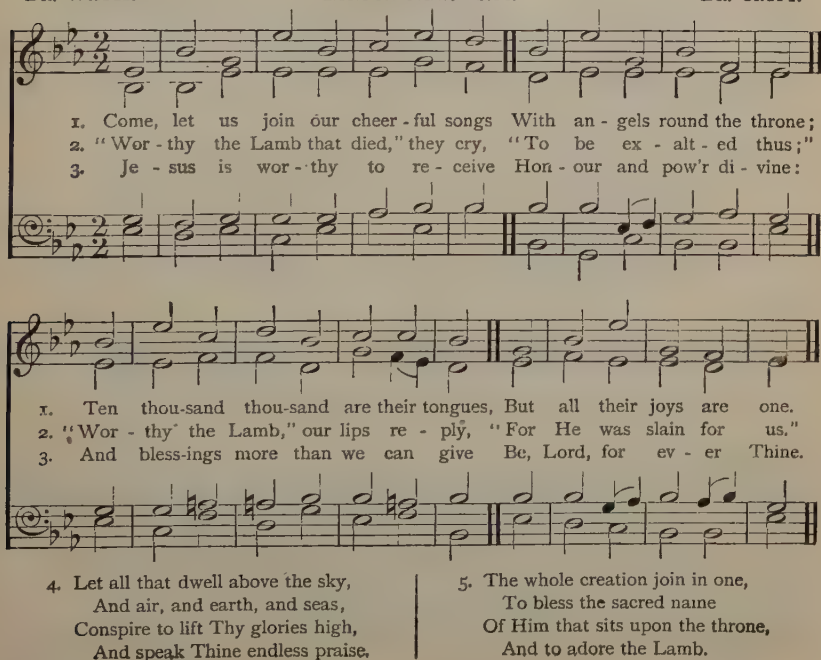
I be - lieve God an - swers prayer; I am sure God an - swers
prayer: I have proved God an - swers prayer: Glo - ry to His Name.

No. 337. Come, let us Join.

DR. WATTS.

LONDON NEW. C.M.

DR. CROFT.



1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus;"
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - our and pow'r di - vine:

1. Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
2. "Wor - thy the Lamb," our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."
3. And bless - ings more than we can give Be, Lord, for ev - er Thine.

<p>4. Let all that dwell above the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Conspire to lift Thy glories high, And speak Thine endless praise,</p>	<p>5. The whole creation join in one, To bless the sacred name Of Him that sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb.</p>
--	---

No. 338.

In the hour of trial.

J. MONTGOMERY.

INTERCESSOR. 6.5.6.5. D.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me, . . . Lest by base de -
2. With its witch-ing plea-sures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor-did

1. - ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wa - ver,
2. trea-sures Spread to work me harm,—Bring to my re - mem-brance

1. With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa-vour Suf-fer me to fall.
2. Sad Gethse-ma - ne, Or, in dark-er semblance, Cross-crown'd Calva - ry.

3. If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

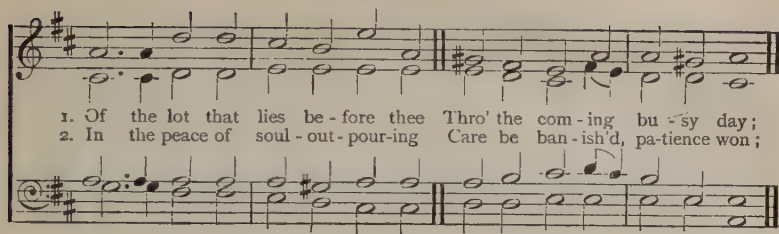
4. When in dust and ashes
In the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink;
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

No. 339. When thou wakest in the morning.

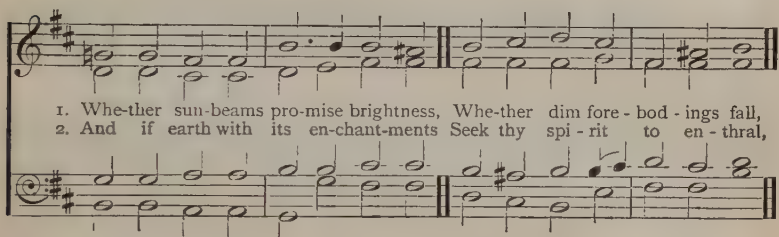
LUX EOI. 8.7.8.7. D.

G. M. TAYLOR. (By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.) SIR A. SULLIVAN.

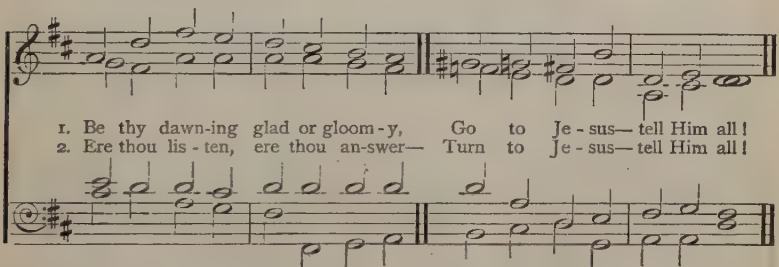
1. When thou wak - est in the morn-ing, Ere thou tread'st the un-tried way
2. In the calm of sweet com-mu-nion Let thy dai - ly work be done;



1. Of the lot that lies be-fore thee Thro' the com-ing bu-sy day;
2. In the peace of soul-out-pour-ing Care be ban-ish'd, pa-tience won;



1. Whe-ther sun-beams pro-mise bright-ness, Whe-ther dim fore-bod-ings fall,
2. And if earth with its en-chant-ments Seek thy spi-rit to en-thral,



1. Be thy dawn-ing glad or gloom-y, Go to Je-sus—tell Him all!
2. Ere thou lis-ten, ere thou an-swer— Turn to Je-sus—tell Him all!

3. Then, as hour by hour glides by thee,
Thou wilt blessed guidance know,
Thine own burdens being lightened,
Thou canst bear another's woe;
Thou canst help the weak ones onward,
Thou canst raise up those that fall:
But, remember, while thou servest,
Still tell Jesus—tell Him all!
4. And if weariness creep o'er thee
As the day wears to its close,
Or if sudden fierce temptation
Bring thee face to face with foes—
In thy weakness, in thy peril,
Raise to heaven a truthful call;
Strength and calm for every crisis
Come—in telling Jesus all.

No. 340. Hark! the sound of holy voices.

1. HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee;
Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.
2. They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.
3. Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.
4. God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together
All the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

Bishop C. Wordsworth.

The above may also be sung to CRYSTAL SEA, No. 1C4.

No. 341.

This love floweth on!

REV. DR. H. BONAR.

LAUS DEO. P.M., with Refrain.

Anon.

1. Praise, praise ye the name of Je - ho - vah, our God;
 2. Praise, praise ye the Lamb, who for sin - ners was slain;
 3. Then the heav'ns and the earth, and the sea shall re - joice;
 4. Her brid - al at - tire, and her fest - al ar - ray,

1. De - clare, oh, de - clare ye His glo - ries a - broad;
 2. Who went down to the grave, and as - cend - ed a - gain;
 3. The field and the for - est shall lift their glad voice;
 4. All na - ture shall wear on that glo - ri - ous day;

1. Pro - claim ye His mer - cy, from na - tion to na - tion,
 2. And who soon shall re - turn, when these dark days are o'er,
 3. The sands of the de - sert shall flou - rish in green,
 4. For her King com-eth down, with His peo - ple to reign,

1. Till the ut - ter - most is - lands have heard His sal - va - tion.
 2. To set up His king - dom, in glo - ry and pow - er.
 3. And Le - ban - on's glo - ry be shed o'er the scene.
 4. And His pre - sence shall bless her with E - den a - gain.

REFRAIN.

For His love flow-eth on, free and full as a riv - er;

And His mer-cy en - dur - eth for ev - er and év - er.

No. 342. Revive Thy work, O Lord!

ALBERT MIDLANE.
Arr. by FANNY J. CROSBY.
Bold, with spirit.

S.M.D.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Now to Thy saints ap - pear;
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy pre-cious name;

1. Oh, speak with power to ev - 'ry soul, And let Thy peo-ple hear.
2. And may Thy love in ev - 'ry heart Be kin - dled to a flame!

Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! O Lord! While here to Thee we bow;
we bow;

De - scend, O gra - cious Lord, de-scend: Oh, come and bless us now!

3. Revive Thy work, O Lord!
And bless to all Thy word;
And may its pure and sacred truth
In living faith be heard.

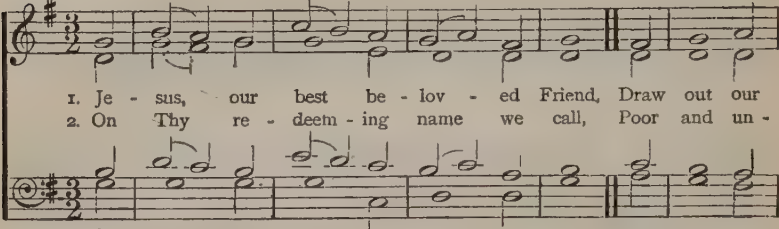
4. Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Give Pentecostal showers:
Be Thine the glory, Thine alone!
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

No. 343. Jesus, our best-beloved Friend.

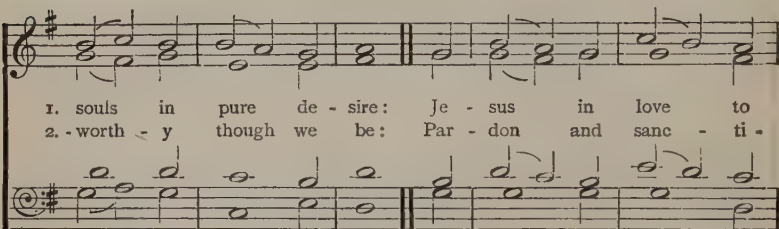
J. MONTGOMERY.

ST. ALKONUND. L.M.

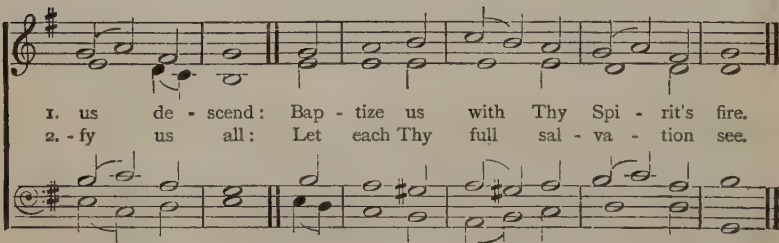
Anon.



1. Je - sus, our best be - lov - ed Friend, Draw out our
2. On Thy re - deem - ing name we call, Poor and un -



1. souls in pure de - sire: Je - sus in love to
2. - worth - y though we be: Par - don and sanc - ti -



1. us de - scend: Bap - tize us with Thy Spi - rit's fire,
2. - fy us all: Let each Thy full sal - va - tion see.

3. Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow Thy commands.
O take our hearts—our hearts are Thine:
Accept the service of our hands.

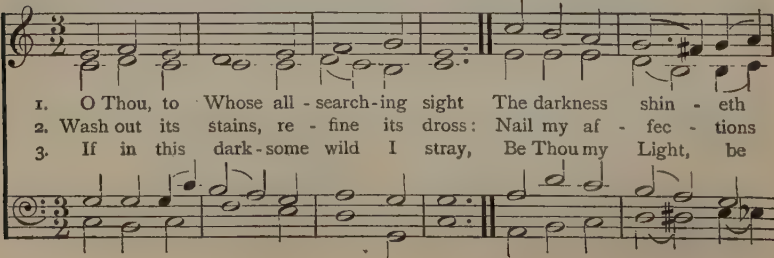
4. Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessed will obey;
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

No. 344. O Thou, to Whose.

N. L. VON ZINZENDORF.
Trans. by J. WESLEY.

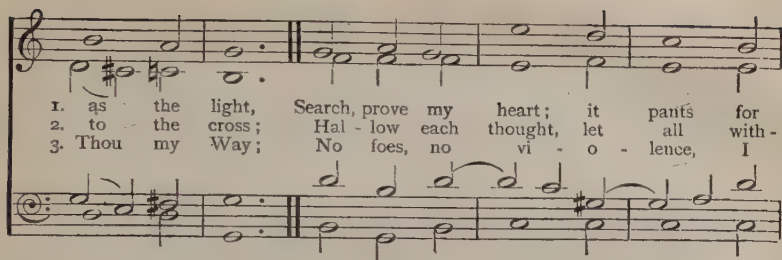
CAHIR ABBEY. L.M.

REV. G. C. GRUBB.

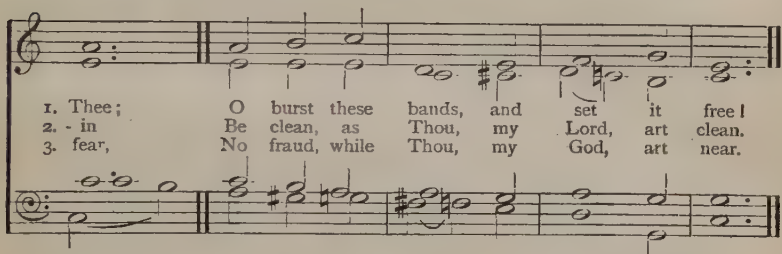


1. O Thou, to Whose all - search - ing sight The darkness shin - eth
2. Wash out its stains, re - fine its dross: Nail my af - fec - tions
3. If in this dark - some wild I stray, Be Thou my Light, be

X.—PRAYER AND PRAISE.



1. as the light, Search, prove my heart; it pants for
 2. to the cross; Hal - low each thought, let all with -
 3. Thou my Way; No foes, no vi - o - lence, I



1. Thee; O burst these bands, and set it free!
 2. in Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
 3. fear, No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4. Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
 O let Thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to Thy holy hill!

5. If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to the day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

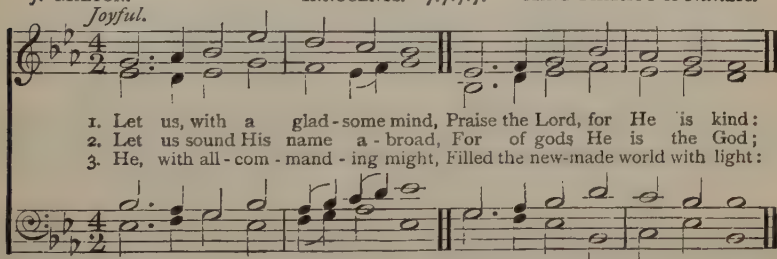
No. 345. Let us with a Gladsome Mind.

J. MILTON.

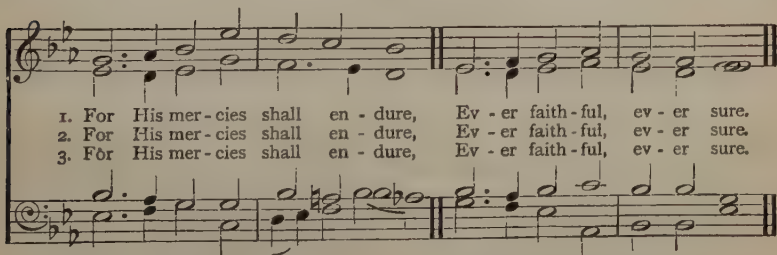
Joyful.

INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7.

KING THIBAUT of Navarre.



1. Let us, with a glad - some mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
 2. Let us sound His name a - broad, For of gods He is the God;
 3. He, with all - com - mand - ing might, Filled the new-made world with light:



1. For His mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
 2. For His mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
 3. For His mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

4. All things living He doth feed;
 His full hand supplies their need:
 For His mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, sure sure.

5. He hath, with a piteous eye,
 Looked upon our misery:
 For His mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

No. 346. For the Great Departed.

REV. DR. RANKIN.
By special permission.

IN MEMORIAM. P.M.

R. DE W. MALLARY.

1. For the great de - part - ed Gone to long re - ward,
2. For the great de - part - ed, Gone to long re - ward,
3. For the great de - part - ed, Gone to long re - ward,

1. The brave, the li - on - heart - ed; We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!
2. The brave, the li - on - heart - ed; We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!
3. The brave, the li - on - heart - ed; We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!

1. For Cal-v'ry's love that bought them, For sov-reign grace that sought them,
2. For watchwords, brave-ly spo - ken, For er-ror's pha-lanx bro - ken,
3. Though on-ward gone be - fore us, Up heights high tow'r-ing o'er us,

1. To high a-chievement wrought them; We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!
2. The cross their lift - ed to - ken:—We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!
3. To them, God shall re - store us: We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!

4. For the great departed,
Gone to long reward,
The brave, the lion-hearted,
We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!
No more their hearts shall fail them,
No more shall doubts assail them,
Triumphant grace avail them!
We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!

5. For the great departed,
Gone to long reward,
The brave, the lion-hearted,
We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!
Earth's farewell words, we say them,
With kindred dust we lay them;
Lo, heaven in white array them:
We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!

No. 347. Crown Him with Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGE.

DIADEMATA. D.S.M.

SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Vir - gin's Son, The God In - car - nate born,
 3. Crown Him the Lord of Love: Be - hold His hands, and side;

1. Hark, how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
 2. Whose arm those crim - son tro - phies won Which now His brow a - dorn:
 3. Rich wounds yet vi - si - ble a - bove In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:

1. A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
 2. Fruit of the mys - tic Rose, As of that Rose the Stem;
 3. No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,

1. And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 2. The Root whence mer - cy ev - er flows, The Babe of Beth - le - hem.
 3. But downward bends his burn - ing eye At mys - te - ries so bright.

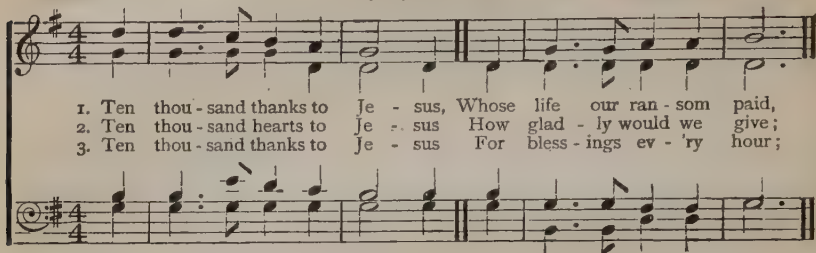
4. Crown Him the Lord of Peace,
 Whose power a sceptre sways
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
 And all be prayer and praise.
 His reign shall know no end,
 And round His pierced feet
 Fair flowers of Paradise extend,
 Their fragrance ever sweet.

5. Crown Him the Lord of years,
 The Potentate of time,
 Creator of the rolling spheres,
 Ineffably sublime.
 All hail, Redeemer, hail!
 For Thou hast died for me;
 Thy praise shall never, never fail
 Throughout eternity.

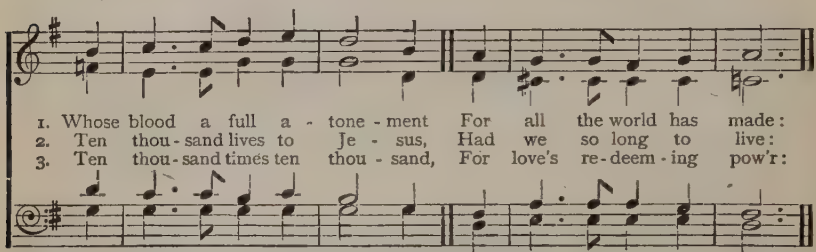
No. 348. Ten Thousand Thanks to Jesus!

MATILDA C. DAY.

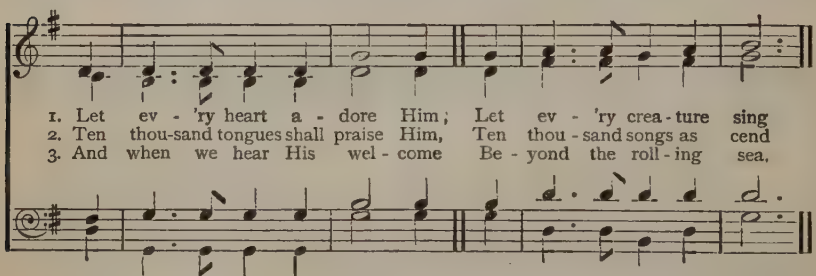
GRATITUDE. 7.6.7.6. D., with Refrain. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



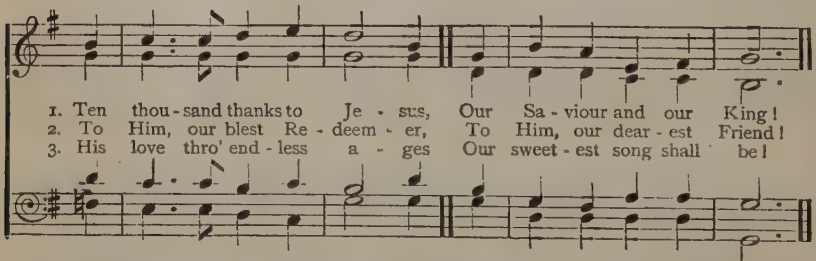
1. Ten thou - sand thanks to Je - sus, Whose life our ran - som paid,
 2. Ten thou - sand hearts to Je - sus, How glad - ly would we give;
 3. Ten thou - sand thanks to Je - sus, For bless - ings ev - 'ry hour;



1. Whose blood a full a - tone - ment For all the world has made:
 2. Ten thou - sand lives to Je - sus, Had we so long to live:
 3. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, For love's re - deem - ing pow'r:

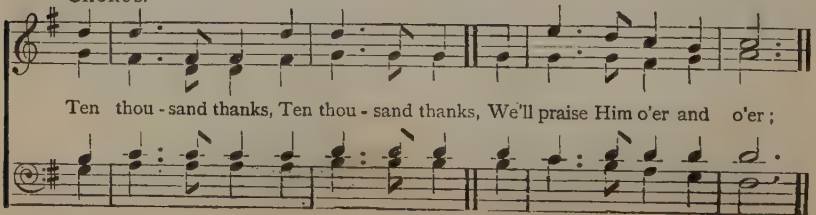


1. Let ev - 'ry heart a - dore Him; Let ev - 'ry crea - ture sing
 2. Ten thou - sand tongues shall praise Him, Ten thou - sand songs as cend
 3. And when we hear His wel - come Be - yond the roll - ing sea,




1. Ten thou - sand thanks to Je - sus, Our Sa - viour and our King!
 2. To Him, our blest Re - deem - er, To Him, our dear - est Friend!
 3. His love thro' end - less a - ges Our sweet - est song shall be!

CHORUS.



Ten thou - sand thanks, Ten thou - sand thanks, We'll praise Him o'er and o'er;



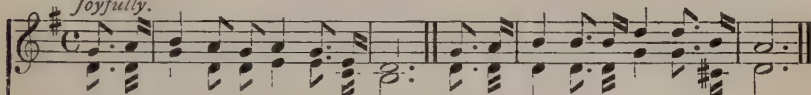
And for the life with Him to live, Ten thousand thousand more!

No. 349. Let us Sing of His Love.

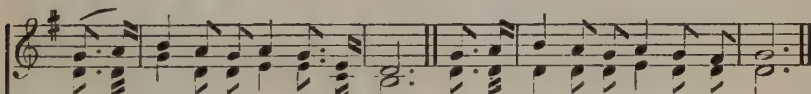
REV. F. BOTTOME.

IN ÆTERNUM. 9.9.9.9., with Refrain.

WEBSTER.

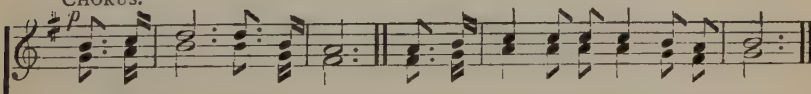
Joyfully.


1. Let us sing of His love once a - gain— Of the love that can nev - er de - cay,
2. There are cleansing and healing for all Who will wash in the life-giv - ing flood;
3. E - ven now while we taste of His love We are fill'd with de-light at His name;

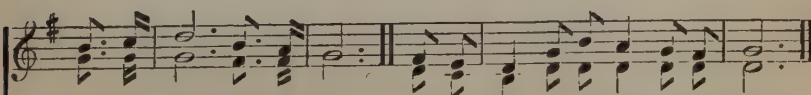


1. Of the blood of the Lamb who was slain, Till we praise Him a - gain in that day.
2. There is life ev - er - last - ing and joy At the right hand of God thro' the blood.
3. But what will it be when a - bove We shall join in the song of the Lamb!

CHORUS.



In the sweet "by - and - by" We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore;



In the sweet "by - and - by" We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

No. 350.

Hold Thou my hand!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

11. 10. 11. 10.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Moderato.

1. Hold Thou my hand! so weak I am, and help - less; I dare not
2. Hold Thou my hand! and clo - ser, clo - ser draw me To Thy dear

1. take one step with - out Thy aid! Hold Thou my hand! for
2. self - my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand! lest

1. then, O lov - ing Sa - viour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
2. hap - ly I should wan - der, And miss - ing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

3. Hold Thou my hand! the way is dark before me
Without the sunlight of Thy face divine;
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
4. Hold Thou my hand! that, when I reach the margin
Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

No. 351.

"Be all at Rest, my Soul!"

1. "Be all at rest, my soul!" Oh! blessed secret
Of the true life that glorifies thy Lord;
Not always doth the busiest soul best serve Him,
But he who resteth on His faithful word.
2. "Be all at rest!" for rest is highest service;
To the still heart God doth His secrets tell;
Thus shall thou learn to wait, and watch, and labour,
Strengthened to bear, since Christ in thee doth dwell.
3. "Be all at rest!" for rest alone becometh
The soul that casts on Him its every care;
"Be all at rest!" so shall thy life proclaim Him
A God who worketh and who heareth prayer.
4. "Be all at rest!" so shalt thou be an answer
To those who question, "Who is God, and where?"
For God is rest, and where He dwells is stillness,
And they who dwell in Him that rest shall share.

Freda Hanbury Allen.

No. 352.

My God, my Father.

C. ELLIOTT.

BLENDED. 8.8.8.4.

WATSON.

1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray, Far from my home, on life's dark
2. Tho' dark my path and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur - mur

1. way, O teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done!
2. not; Or breathe the pray'r di - vine - ly taught, Thy will be done!

3. If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

4. Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
Thy will be done!

5. Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

6. Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will I done!

No. 353. My God! is any hour so Sweet!

1. My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer!
2. Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.
3. For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.
4. Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;

Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

5. Words cannot tell what blest relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief;
What peace of mind.
6. Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.
7. Oh! till I reach yon peaceful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee!

C. Elliott.

No. 354. Great King of kings, why dost Thou stay?

1. GREAT King of kings, why dost Thou stay?
Why tarriest Thou upon Thy way?
Why lingers the expected Day?
Thy kingdom come!
2. Life in its fulness is with Thee,
Life in its holy liberty;
From death and chains this world set free:
Thy kingdom come!
3. O King of glory, King of peace,
Bid all these storms and tumults cease,

Bring in Thy reign of righteousness:
Thy kingdom come!

4. Peace, gentle peace, is on its way,
And holy love this earth to sway;
Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day:
Thy kingdom come!
5. Oh, bid Thy blessed Gospel go
Forth to each child of sin and woe,
That all Thy wondrous grace may know:
Thy kingdom come!

Rev. Dr. H. Bonar.

No. 355. To Thee, and to Thy Christ.

MRS. COUSIN.

CHARLEVILLE. C. M. D.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. To Thee, and to Thy Christ, O God, We sing, we ev - er sing ;
 2. To Thee, and to Thy Christ, O God, We sing, we ev - er sing ;

1. For He the lone - ly wine - press trod Our cup of joy to bring.
 2. For He in - vad - ed Death's a - bode And robb'd him of his sting.

1. His glo - rious Arm the strife main - tained, Hemarch'd in might from far :
 2. The house of dust en - thralls no more, For He, the strong to save,

1. His robes were with the vin - tage stained, Red with the wine of war.
 2. Him - self doth guard that si - lent door, Great Keep - er of the grave.

3. To Thee, and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing, we ever sing ;
 For He hath crush'd beneath His rod
 The world's proud rebel king.
 He plunged in His imperial strength
 To gulfs of darkness down,
 He brought His trophy up at length,
 The foil'd usurper's crown.

4. To Thee, and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing, we ever sing ;
 For He redeem'd us with His blood
 From every evil thing.
 Thy saving strength His Arm upbore,
 The Arm that set us free ;
 Glory, O God, for evermore
 Be to Thy Christ and Thee.

No. 356. Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY CROSBY.

SONG OF PRAISE. P.M.

C. G. ALLEN.

Joyful.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeem - er; Sing, O earth! His

wonderful love pro - claim! Hail Him! Hail Him! high-est archangels in glo - ry;
D.S.—O ye saints that dwell in the mountains of Zi - on,

FINE. p
Strength and hon - our give to His ho - ly name. Like a shep - herd,
Praise Him! praise Him! ev - er in joy - ful song.

D.S. 8
Jesus will guard His chil-dren, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;

2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered and bled and died;
He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Crucified;—
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised, and forsaken,
Prince of Glory, ever triumphant now.
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannahs ring!
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet and Priest and King!
Death is vanquished! Tell it with joy, ye faithful,
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
Jesus lives! No longer thy portals are cheerless;
Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.

No. 357.

Peace, perfect peace.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BICKERSTETH. PAX TECUM. 10.10. G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by thron - ing du - ties press'd?
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?

1. The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
 2. To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
 3. On Je - sus' bo - som nought but calm is found.

4. Peace, perfect peace, with lov'd ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.
5. Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
7. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

No. 358. The roseate hues of early dawn.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER,

AURORA. C.M.D.

H. FORD BENSON.

1. The ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,
 2. The high - est hopes we cher - ish here, How fast they tire and faint;
 3. Here faith is ours, and heaven-ly hope, And grace to lead us higher;

Org. Ped.

1. The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way;
 2. How many a spot de - files the robe That wraps an earth-ly saint;
 3. But there are per - fect - ness and peace Be - yond our best de - sire.

X.—PRAYER AND PRAISE.

sf

1. O for the pearl-y gates of heaven; O for the gold-en floor;
 2. O for a heart that nev-er sins; O for a soul wash'd white;
 3. O by Thy love and an-guish, Lord, O by Thy life laid down,

Senza Ped. *Ped.*

1. O for the Sun of Right-eous-ness, That set-teth nev-er-more!
 2. O for a voice to praise our King, Nor wea-ry day or night.
 3. O that we fall not from Thy grace, Nor cast a-way our crown.

No. 359. Praise waiteth Thee in Zion's Courts.

1. PRAISE waiteth Thee in Zion's Courts,
 Where Thy beloved dwell,
 Ransomed, redeemed from Satan's thrall,
 Their Hallelujahs swell.
 Come, blessed Holy Ghost, to-day,
 Our songs of praise inspire;
 Purge the iniquity, and touch
 Our lips with living fire.
2. Praise for what Thou our God hast
 For promised blessings ours; [wrought;
 The cloud on faith's horizon seen,—
 The Pentecostal showers.

Praise for Thine own right way, dear
 We did not understand, [Lord,
 But as Thy plans unfolded lie,
 We see Thy guiding Hand.

3. Enlarge our soul's capacity,
 Cut deeper channels, Lord;
 Room for the floods of blessing now,
 According to Thy Word.
 E'en while we praise, the heavens rend,
 In power come from on high;
 Make this another Pentecost,
 Answer our spirit's cry.

Mary E. Maxwell.

No. 360. Lord, the night is darkening.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

ST. AIDEN. 6.5.6.5. D.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

In unison.

1. Lord, the night is dark - 'ning, Shadows close a - round ; Darkness growing
 2. We would blend our voi - ces As the past we view, Thou art ev - er
 3. Oh, to grow in like - ness, Bless-ed Lord, to Thee ! Hearts of love and

1. deep - er, Sins and woes a - bound. Oh, be Thou our Lead - er,
 2. faith - ful, Thou art ev - er true ; And for all Thy mer - cies
 3. pi - ty, Full of sym - path - y ; . . Ears a - wake to list - en

1. Guide us on our way, We would fol - low trust - ing, Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
 2. We our voi - ces raise, Sing - ing to Thy glo - ry Notes of sweetest praise.
 3. When Thouspeakest, Lord ; Feet to run o - be - dient To Thy gracious Word.

4. Make us ever willing
 For Thy ministry,
Suffering or service,
As it pleaseth Thee ;
 Keep, oh keep us watching
 For Thy blest return,
 Oil within our vessels,
 Lamps that brightly burn.

5. Ready with the message
 To the sin - sick soul,
 How the Good Physician
 Makes the sinner whole ;
 Till at last life's journey
 And its conflicts o'er,
 We shall in Thy presence
 Dwell for evermore.

No. 361. Ere each morning waketh.

1. ERE each morning waketh
 I would see Thy face,
 Jesus ! precious Saviour !
 Jesus ! King of grace.
 For my thirsty spirit
 Longs to drink again
 Of the living river
 Flowing through the plain.
 2. Hark how sweet the music
 As it dashes by,
 Clear and fresh as ever
 In its melody ;
 From the crystal city,
 From the throne on high,
 It has leaped to succour
 Sinners—lest they die.

3. Flowing where the desert
 Looks most parched and bare—
 There its shining wavelets
 Sparkle everywhere !
 We, with dying thousands,
 Would again partake
 Of this crystal river :
 It our thirst can slake.
 4. It the drooping pastures
 Can refresh and bless,
 And with fragrant blossoms
 Clothe the wilderness :
 O Thou living Spirit,
 Give us of Thy dew !
 Then our souls, like gardens,
 Will yield fruit anew.

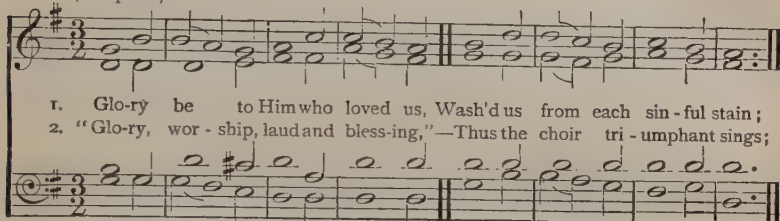
Rev. Presb. Godfrey Thring.

No. 362. Glory be to Him who loved us.

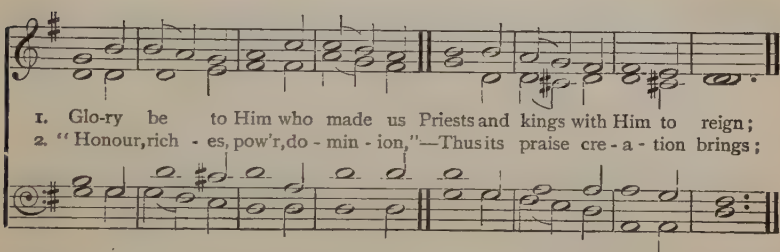
REV. DR. H. BONAR.
(Adapted.)

STAMFORD 8.7.8.7.8.7.

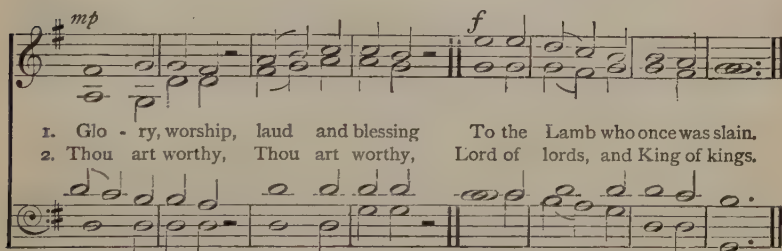
A. J. FOXWELL.



1. Glo-ry be to Him who loved us, Wash'd us from each sin-ful stain;
2. "Glo-ry, wor-ship, laud and bless-ing,"—Thus the choir tri-umphant sings;



1. Glo-ry be to Him who made us Priests and kings with Him to reign;
2. "Honour, rich-es, pow'r, do-min-ion,"—Thus its praise cre-a-tion brings;



1. Glo-ry, worship, laud and blessing To the Lamb who once was slain.
2. Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

3. Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth His praises sing:
Glory ever and for ever
To the King of Glory bring.

4. Glory be to Thee, O Father,
Glory be to Thee, O Son,
Glory be to Thee, O Spirit,
Glory be to God alone,
As it was, is now, and shall be
While the endless ages run.

No. 363. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.

1. PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.

2. Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3. Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

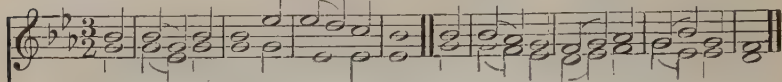
4. Angels, in the height adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race:
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev. H. F. Lytts,

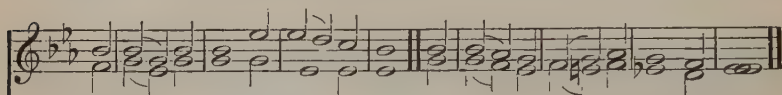
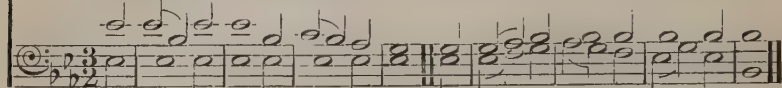
No. 364. Lord, in Thy presence we are met.

MARY E. MAXWELL.

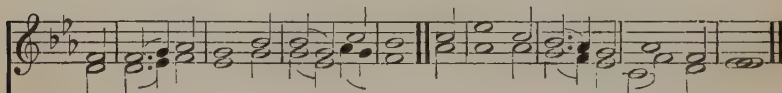
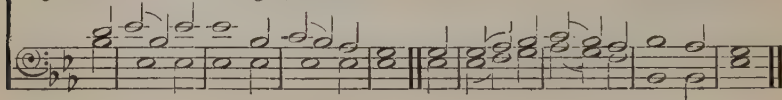
STELLA. 8.8.8.8.8.8. From "Crown of Jesus," by per.



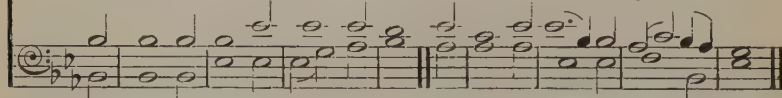
1. Lord, in Thy presence we are met, A full sal - va - tion to pro-claim;
2. We ask Thee, Lord—for Thou art here—Make this a Pen - te - cos - tal hour,
3. Thou know - est sin - sick souls are here, Sick with de - prav - i - ty with - in,



1. To tes - ti - fy of grace re - ceived, Or of - fer - ed now in Je - sus' name;
2. When hung - ring souls from Theere - ceive Par - don, or pu - ri - ty, or pow'r;
3. Rest - less, dis - couraged, wear - ied ones, And Thou art here to cleanse from sin;



1. Dear Lord, to Thee our spi - rits cry, Our ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fy.
2. Un - stop deaf ears, let blind eyes see, Bring souls in - to Thy lib - er - ty.
3. Oh ! speak the word "I will, be whole"; And save and sanc - ti - fy each soul.



4. Grant to Thy servants boldness now,
That faithfully they speak Thy word,
"By stretching forth Thy hand to heal,"
Let signs and wonders from the Lord,
Here in our midst to-day be done,
So, Father, glorify Thy Son.

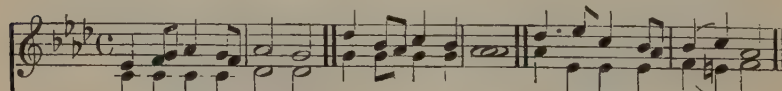
5. We wait—according to Thy Word,
Lord, let it to Thy servants be;
May nothing—self, pride, prejudice
Or unbelief—still hinder Thee;
Bless'd Spirit, have unhindered way
In yielded hearts and lives to-day.

No. 365. We are come unto Mount Zion.

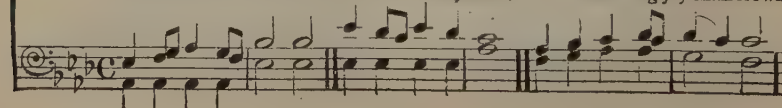
M. W. STUBBS.

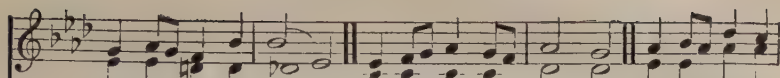
RANSOMED. P. M.

M. W. STUBBS.

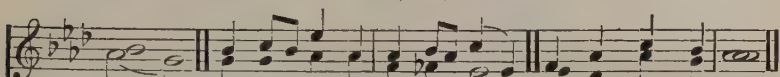


1. Now return with singing, Ransom'd of the Lord; In the heights of Zi - on
2. Ye are come to Zi - on, To the heav'nly seat; Ev - er - last - ing joy shall crown





1. Sing with one ac - cord. Past the night of weep - ing, Morn - ing joy is
2. Life "in God" com - plete: Thro' the Blood of sprink - ling, By a liv - ing



1. theirs! Pass - ing thro' the springs o'er-flow In this vale of tears.
2. Way; Last and least, in our High Priest, En - tr'ing in to stay!

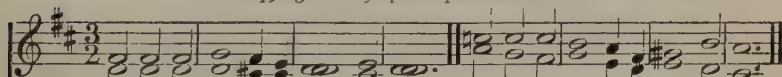
3. Entering in for ever,
To go "no more out";
To the song and banquet,
And the victor's shout:
Entering in as sinners,
"Far off," now "brought nigh";
We are come to God our Home,
On His heart to lie.

4. We are "no more worthy,"
Bankrupts to Thy grace;
Ours the robe, the shoes, the ring,
Ours to see Thy face;
Ours the feast of gladness,
Merriment divine:
Laud and praise be Thine alway,
And the glory Thine!

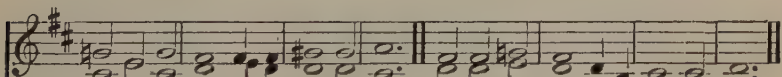
No. 366. Shelter me, Lord!

VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY. VOX HUMANA. 9.9.9.9. VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY.

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1. Shel - ter me, Lord! for the blast is strong, Shel - ter me, Lord! for the way is long;



Cov - er me, Lord! for the night is cold, Hush me to rest, in Thine Arms en - fold.

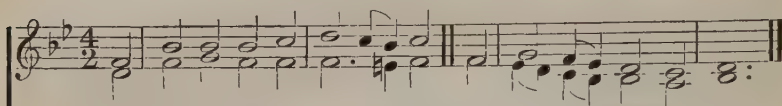
2. There can I rest, without fear of ill, [still;
There find new strength, for the waves are
Under Thy Blood, I am cleansed from sin,
Light evermore! Thy deep peace within.
3. Succour me, Lord! for the way is steep,
Succour me, Lord! for the tide is deep;
Strengthen me, Lord! in the path of pain,
Jesus! draw nigh, and my soul sustain.
4. Praise be to Thee for Thy Heavenly Grace,
Poured forth on me from Thy Holy Place;
Glory to Thee for Thy wondrous Love
Shining on me from my Lord above.
5. Shelter me, Lord! from the fiery blast,
Shelter me, Lord, till my life is past;
Cover me, Lord! when the night is cold,
Hush me to rest, in Thine Arms enfold.

No. 367. All hail the power of Jesus' name!

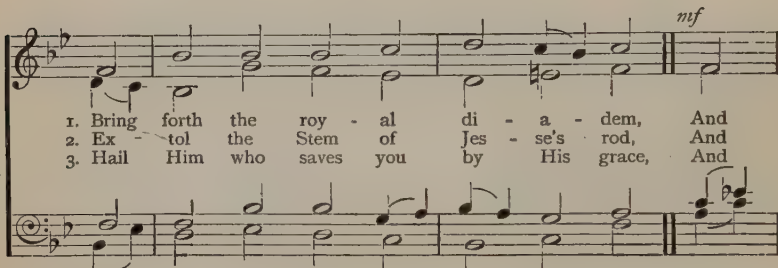
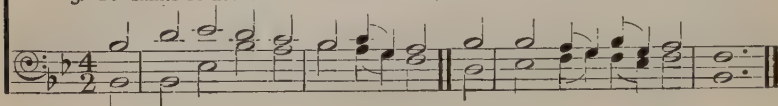
E. PERRONET.

MILES' LANE. C.M.

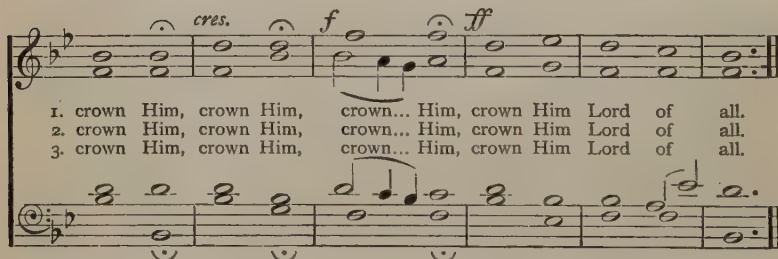
W. SHRUBSOLE.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall:
 2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God Who from His al - tar call;
 3. Ye saints re-deemed of Ad - am's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;



1. Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
 2. Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's rod, And
 3. Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And



1. crown Him, crown Him, crown... Him, crown Him Lord of all.
 2. crown Him, crown Him, crown... Him, crown Him Lord of all.
 3. crown Him, crown Him, crown... Him, crown Him Lord of all.

4. Let every kindred, every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

5. Oh that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall,
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all!

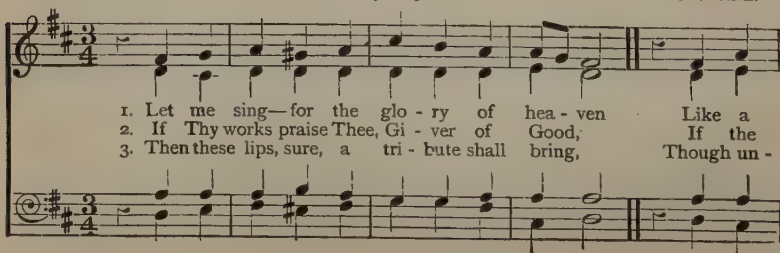
No. 368.

Let me sing.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

10.9.10.9.

P. SKENE.



1. Let me sing—for the glo - ry of hea - ven Like a
 2. If Thy works praise Thee, Gi - ver of Good; If the
 3. Then these lips, sure, a tri - bute shall bring, Though un -

X.—PRAYER AND PRAISE.

1. sun-beam has swept o'er my heart; I would praise Thee for
 2. sun shines his praise un - to Thee, If the wind, as it
 3. -wor- thy the prais - es must be; Shall all na- ture be

1. sins all for - giv - en, For Thy love, which shall nev - er de - part.
 2. sighs thro' the wood, Makes a mur-mur of song from each tree,
 3. vo - cal and sing, And no psalm of re - joic - ing from me?

4. O wonderful, glorious Redeemer!
 I would worship Thee, Saviour Divine;
 And rejoice, though surrounded with praises,
 Thou wilt still hear a song such as mine:
5. A song of a sinner forgiven,
 And a song that is music to Thee;
 A song of a pilgrim to Heaven,
 Yes, a song from a sinner like me!

No. 369.

Praise the Saviour.

REV. T. KELLY.

8.8.8.5.

1. Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him; Who can tell how much we owe Him?
 2. "Je - sus" is the name that charms us; He for conflicts fits and arms us;
 3. Trust in Him, ye saints, for ev - er; He is faith-ful, changing nev - er;

1. Glad-ly let us ren - der to Him All we have and are.
 2. Nothing moves and nothing harms us, When we trust in Him.
 3. Neither force nor guile can sev - er Those He loves from Him.

4. Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving
 To Thyself, and still believing,
 Till the hour of our receiving
 Promised joys in heaven,

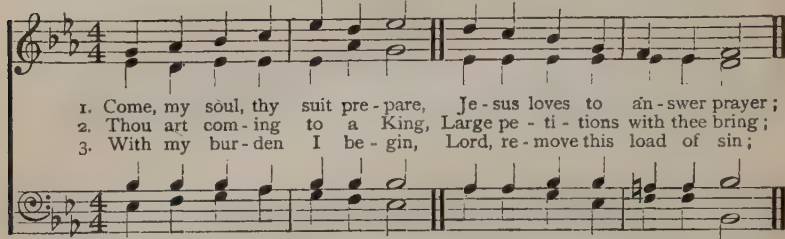
5. Then we shall be where we would be;
 Then we shall be what we should be;
 Things which are not now, nor could be,
 Then shall be our own,

No. 370. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.

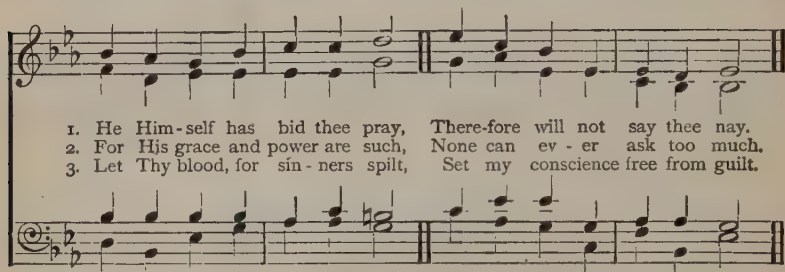
J. NEWTON.

ANGELIC PRAISE. 7.7.7.7.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare, Je- sus loves to an- swer prayer ;
 2. Thou art com- ing to a King, Large pe- ti- tions with thee bring ;
 3. With my bur- den I be- gin, Lord, re- move this load of sin ;



1. He Him- self has bid thee pray, There- fore will not say thee nay.
 2. For His grace and power are such, None can ev- er ask too much.
 3. Let Thy blood, for sin- ners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

4. Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

5. While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end !

No. 371. Songs of praise the angels sang.

1. SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun ;
 When He spake, and it was done.

2. Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose when He
 Captive led captivity.

3. Heaven and earth must pass away ;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day :
 God will make new heavens and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4. Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

5. Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death :
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

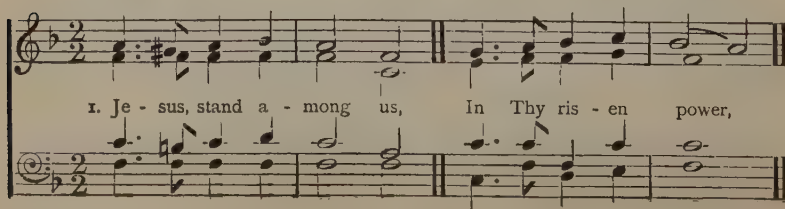
J. Montgomery.

No. 372. Jesus, stand among us.

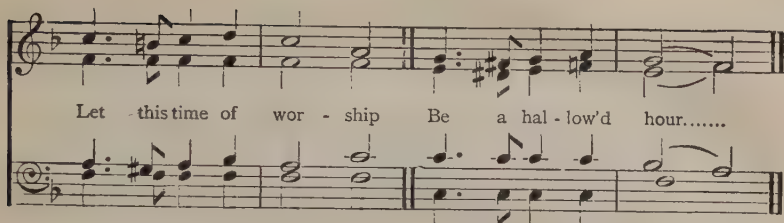
REV. W. PENNEFATHER.

6.5.6.5.

Anon.



1. Je- sus, stand a- mong us, In Thy ris- en power,



Let this time of wor - ship Be a hal - low'd hour.....

2. Breathe Thy Holy Spirit
Into every heart,
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

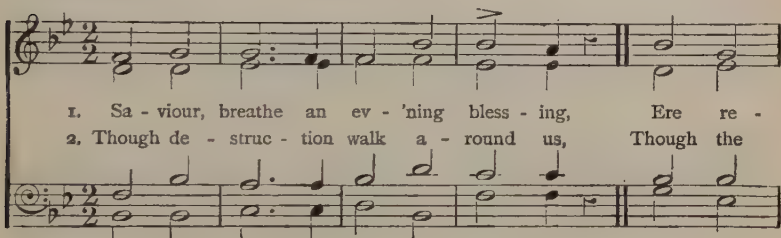
3. Thus with quickened footsteps
We'll pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of eternal day.

No. 373. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.

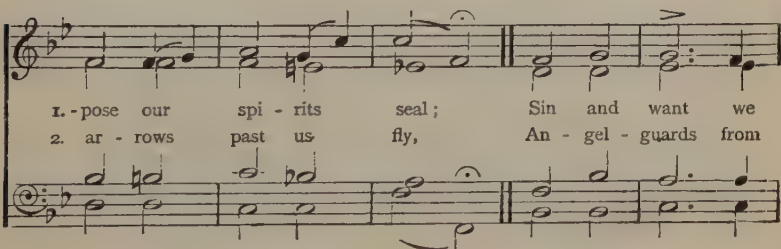
J. EDMESTON.

SUNSET. 8.7.8.7.

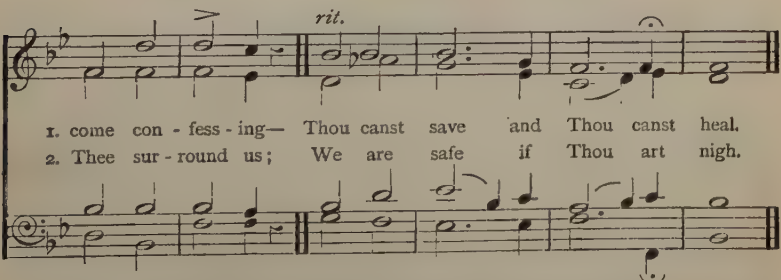
G. C. STEBBINS.



1. Sa - viour, breathe an ev - 'ning bless - ing, Ere re -
2. Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the



1. - pose our spi - rits seal; Sin and want we
2. ar - rows past us fly, An - gel - guards from



1. come con - fess - ing— Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
2. Thee sur - round us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heav'n awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom!

No. 374.

Worthy the Lamb.

J. KENT.

8.4.8.4.8.8.4.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyfully.

1. 'Tis the Church tri-umphant singing Worthy the Lamb; Heav'n throughout with
2. Ev - 'ry kindred, tongue and na-tion, Wor - thy the Lamb; Join to sing the

1. prais-es ringing, Worthy the Lamb. Thrones and pow'rs before Him bending, Odours
2. great sal-va-tion, Wor-thy the Lamb. Loud as mighty thunders roaring, Floods of

1. sweet with voice ascending Swell the cho-rus nev-er end-ing, Wor-ty the Lamb.
2. migh-ty wa-ters pouring, Prostrate at His feet a - dor-ing, Wor-ty the Lamb.

3. Harps and songs for ever sounding
Worthy the Lamb;
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding,
Worthy the Lamb.
By His blood He dearly bought us;
Wand'ring from the fold He sought us,
And to glory safely brought us:
Worthy the Lamb.

4. Sing with blest anticipation
Worthy the Lamb;
Through the vale of tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb.
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling,
Worthy the Lamb.

No. 375.

Glory to Jesus.

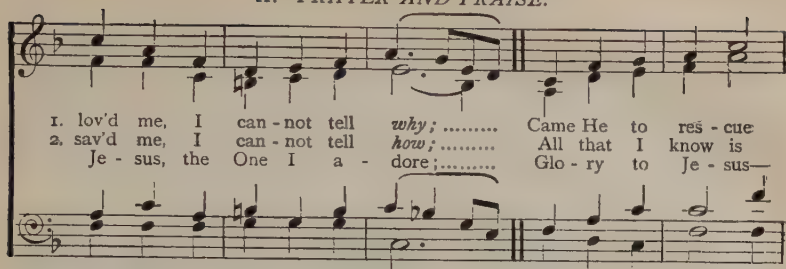
J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL.

10. 10. 10. 10.

From BATISTE, har. by C. W. & E. M.

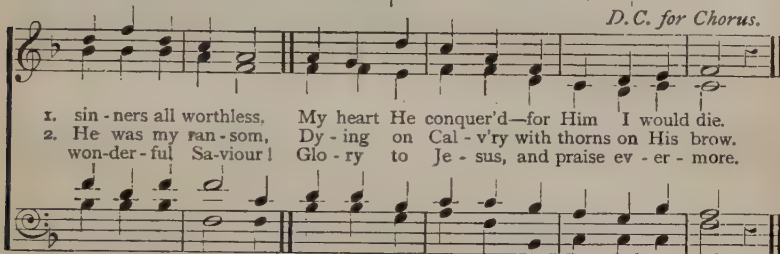
1. Je - sus has lov'd me— won - der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has sav'd me— won - der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus has
CHO. — Glo - ry to Je - sus— won - der - ful Sa - viour! Glo - ry to

X.—PRAYER AND PRAISE.



1. lov'd me, I can - not tell *why*; Came He to res - cue
 2. sav'd me, I can - not tell *how*; All that I know is
 Je - sus, the One I a - dore; Glo - ry to Je - sus—

D. C. for Chorus.



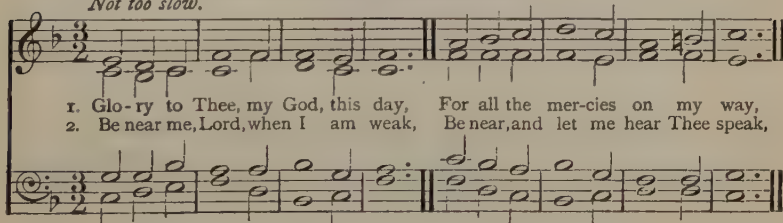
1. sin - ners all worthless, My heart He conquer'd—for Him I would die.
 2. He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on Cal - v'ry with thorns on His brow.
 won - der - ful Sa - viour! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

3. Jesus will lead me—wonderful Saviour !
 Jesus will lead me, I cannot tell *where* ;
 But I will follow, through joy or sorrow,
 Sunshine or tempest, sweet peace or despair.
4. Jesus will crown me—wonderful Saviour !
 Jesus will crown me, I cannot tell *when* ;
 White throne of splendour hail I with gladness,
 Crowned 'mid the plaudits of angels and men.

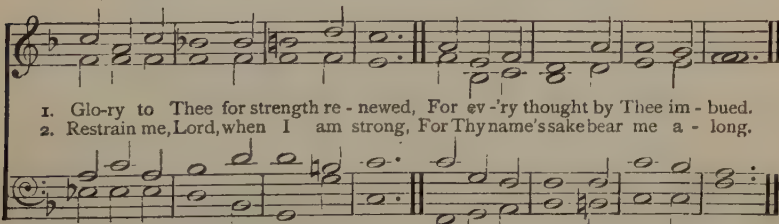
No. 376. Glory to Thee, my God, this day.

LUX CHRISTI. L.M.

VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY. Copyright. (By special per.) VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY.
Not too slow.



1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this day, For all the mer - cies on my way,
 2. Be near me, Lord, when I am weak, Be near, and let me hear Thee speak,



1. Glo - ry to Thee for strength re - newed, For ev - 'ry thought by Thee im - bued.
 2. Restrain me, Lord, when I am strong, For Thy name's sake bear me a - long.

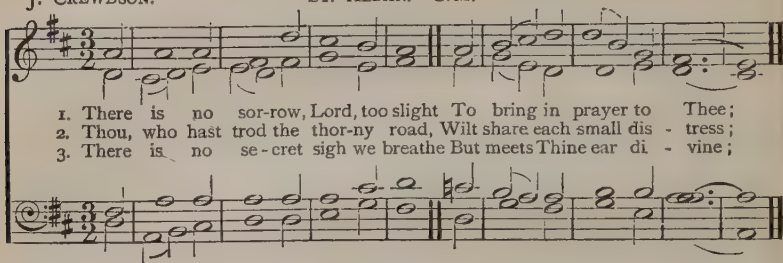
3. Hold Thou my hands that they may move
 In work which Thou wouldst have me love;
 Keep Thou my feet, cause them to run
 In paths wherein Thy will is done.
4. Supply my need, be Thou my store,
 My treasure and my boundless lore;
 Teach me to use Thy gifts, Thy grace,
 And ever see Thy holy Face,
5. Shine on me, Lord, that I may shine,
 And walk with Thee in Light Divine;
 Thy blessed cleansing be on me,
 That all I do for Christ may be.
6. No longer mine but Thine to talk,
 Or act, or think; so let me walk
 From day to day, my God, with Thee,
 That "Christ be magnified in me,"

No. 377. There is no sorrow, Lord, too slight.

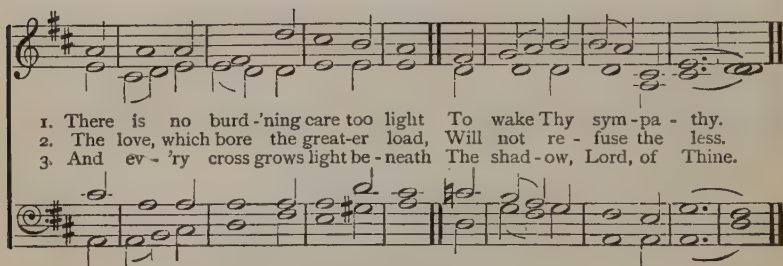
J. CREWDSON.

ST. ALBAN. C.M.

Anon.



1. There is no sor-row, Lord, too slight To bring in prayer to Thee;
 2. Thou, who hast trod the thor-ny road, Wilt share each small dis - tress;
 3. There is no se-cret sigh we breathe But meets Thine ear di - vine;



1. There is no burd -'ning care too light To wake Thy sym - pa - thy.
 2. The love, which bore the great-er load, Will not re - fuse the less.
 3. And ev - 'ry cross grows light be -neath The shad -ow, Lord, of Thine.

No. 378. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God.

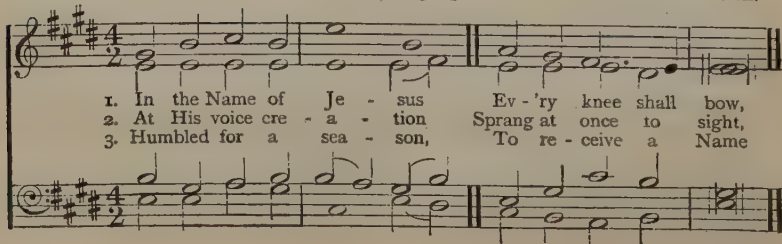
1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
 Deep as the unfathomed sea,
 Which falls like sunshine on the road
 Of those who trust in Thee.
2. We ask not, Father, for repose
 Which comes from outward rest,
 If we may have through all life's woes
 Thy peace within our breast.
3. That peace which suffers and is strong,
 Trusts where it cannot see,
 Deems not the trial-way too long,
 But leaves the end with Thee.
4. That peace which flows serene and deep,
 A river in the soul
 Whose banks a living verdure keep—
 God's sunshine o'er the whole.

No. 379. In the Name of Jesus.

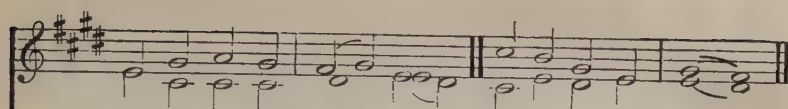
C. M. NOEL.

EVELYNS, 6.5.6.5. D.

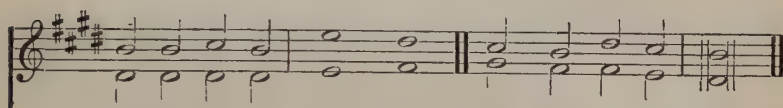
DR. W. H. MONK.



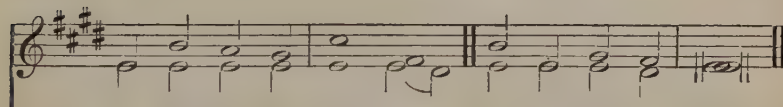
1. In the Name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow,
 2. At His voice cre - a - tion Sprang at once to sight,
 3. Humbled for a sea - son, To re - ceive a Name



1. Ev - ry tongue con - fess Him King of glo - ry now ;
 2. All the an - gel fa - ces, All the hosts of light,
 3. From the lips of sin - ners, Un - to whom He came,



1. 'Tis the Fath - er's plea - sure We should call Him Lord,
 2. Thrones and do - mi - na - tions, Stars up - on their way,
 3. Faith - ful - ly He bore it Spot - less to the last,



1. Who from the be - gin - ning Was the Might - y Word.
 2. All the heaven - ly or - ders, In their great ar - ray.
 3. Brought it back vic - tor - ious, When from death He passed ;

4. Bore it up triumphant,
 With its human light,
 Through all ranks of creatures,
 To the central height ;
 To the throne of Godhead,
 To the Father's breast,
 Filled it with the glory
 Of that perfect rest.

5. Name Him, brothers, name Him,
 With love as strong as death,
 But with awe and wonder,
 And with 'bated breath ;
 He is God the Saviour,
 He is Christ the Lord,
 Ever to be worshipped,
 Trusted, and adored,

6. In your hearts enthrone Him ;
 There let Him subdue
 All that is not holy,
 All that is not true ;
 Crown Him as your Captain
 In temptation's hour ;
 Let His will enfold you
 In its light and power.

7. Brothers, this Lord Jesus
 Shall return again,
 With His Father's glory,
 With His angel train ;
 For all wreaths of empire
 Meet upon His brow,
 And our hearts confess Him
 King of glory now,

No. 380. Precious Saviour, dearest Friend.

DEEPER LOVE. P.M.

1. Pre - cious Sa - viour, dear - est Friend, While we bend the knee,
 2. Come and sanc - ti - fy us now, Seal us ev - er Thine;
 3. Trust - ing as - a lit - tle child, Help us, Lord, to be,
 4. Deep - er love, yes, deep - er love! This our con - stant plea,

1. Come and give our long - ing hearts Deep - er love to Thee!
 2. May we to Thy ho - ly will Ev - 'ry pow'r re - sign.
 3. While we ask, in sim - ple faith, Deep - er love to Thee!
 4. Deep - er love, yes, deep - er love, Till we're lost in Thee!

CHORUS.

O Sa - viour, lov - ing Re - deem - er, Sa - viour pre - cious to me,

Grant me, I pray Thee, more of Thy Spi - rit, So that Thy love flows freely thro' me.

No. 381.

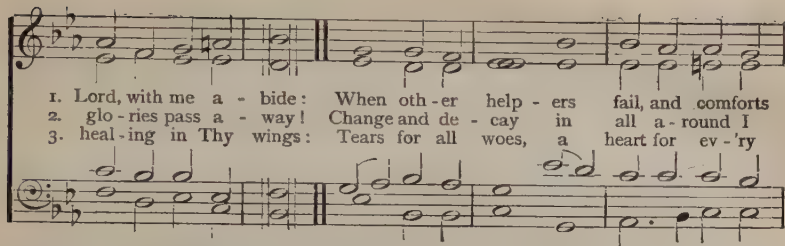
Abide with me.

REV. H. F. LYTE.
*Moderato.*EVENTIDE. 10. 10. 10. 10.
By per. from "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

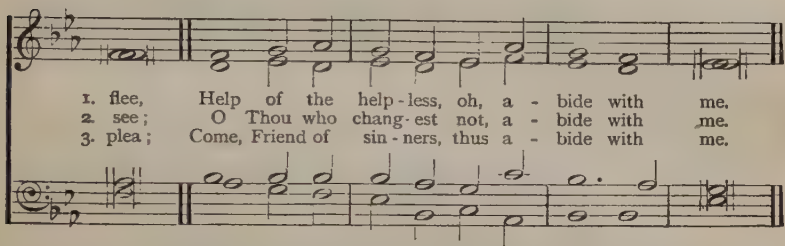
DR. W. H. MONK.

1. A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
 3. Come not in ter - rors, as the King of kings; But kind and good, with

X.—PRAYER AND PRAISE.



1. Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts
 2. glo - ries pass a - way! Change and de - cay in all a - round I
 3. heal - ing in Thy wings: Tears for all woes, a heart for ev - ry



1. flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me.
 2. see; O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me.
 3. plea; Come, Friend of sin - ners, thus a - bide with me.

4. I need Thy presence every passing hour:
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.
5. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!
6. Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

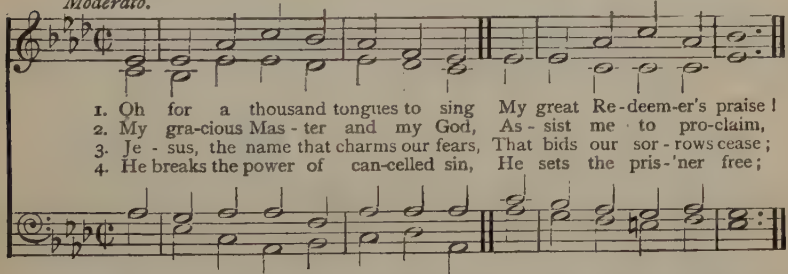
No. 382. Oh for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

REV. C. WESLEY.

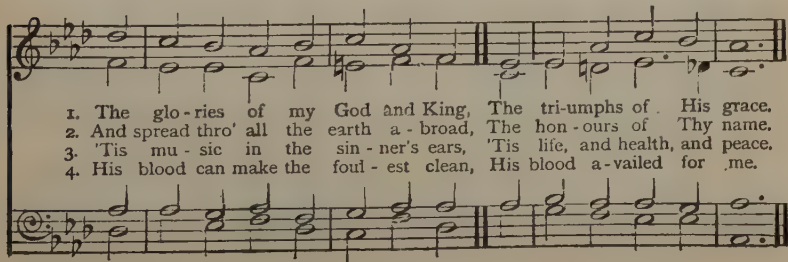
EVAN. C.M.

REV. CANON HAVERGAL.

Moderato.



1. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise!
 2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
 3. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
 4. He breaks the power of can-celled sin, He sets the pris-ner free;



1. The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
 2. And spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ours of Thy name.
 3. 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 4. His blood can make the foul-est clean, His blood a-vailed for me.

No. 383. My Song shall be of Jesus.

MRS. VAN ALSTYNE.

TRANSPORT. 7.6.7.6. D.

J. F. GROOME.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus; His mer - cy crowns my days,
 2. My song shall be of Je - sus; When, sit - ting at His feet,
 3. My song shall be of Je - sus; While press - ing on my way

1. He fills my cup with bless - ings, And tunes my heart to praise :
 2. I call to mind His good - ness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet :
 3. To reach the bliss - ful re - gion Of pure and per - fect day :

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, The pre - cious Lamb of God,
 2. My song shall be of Je - sus, What - ev - er ill be - tide;
 3. And when my soul shall en - ter The gate of E - den fair,

1. Who gave Him - self my ran - som, And bought me with His blood.
 2. I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.
 3. A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for ev - er there.

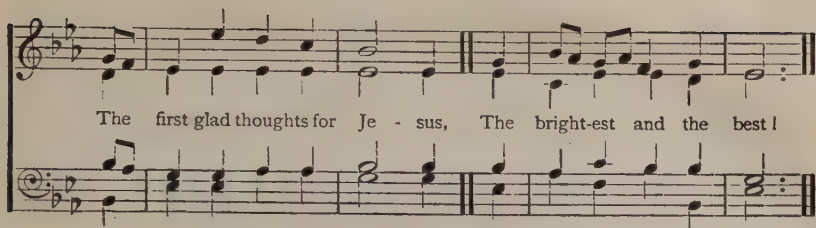
No. 384. The Early Morn with Jesus.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

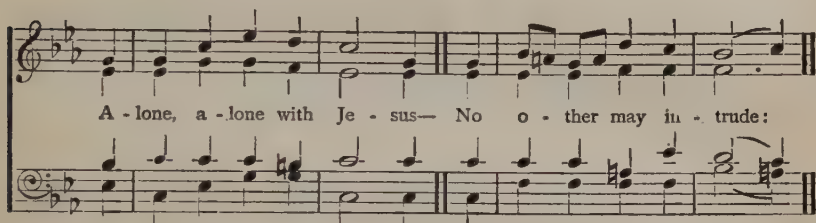
FARNINGHAM. 7.6.7.6. D.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

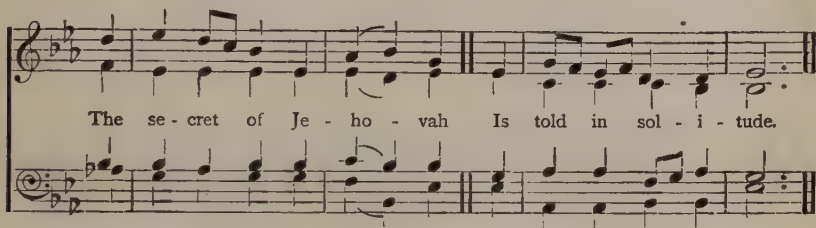
1. The ear - ly morn with Je - sus— His hap - py, wel - come guest !



The first glad thoughts for Je - sus, The bright-est and the best !



A - lone, a - lone with Je - sus— No o - ther may in - trude :



The se - cret of Je - ho - vah Is told in sol - i - tude.

2. This is the time for worship,
This is the time for prayer ;
The sweetest time for laying
The heart's petitions bare :
The time for holy wrestling,
The time to intercede,
The time to win from Jesus
The help and strength we need.

3. This is the time to listen
To what the Lord will say ;
This is the time to gather
The manna for the day :
New enemies to conquer,
New victories to win ;
Come, gain a march on Satan—
Come, gain a march on sin !
4. Oh, ye who sigh and languish,
And mourn your " lack of power,"
Heed ye this gentle whisper—
" Could ye not watch one hour?"

For fruitfulness and blessing
There is no " royal road " }
The power for holy service
Is intercourse with God !

5. Or e'er a word or action
Hath stained its snowy scroll,
Bring the new day to Jesus,
And consecrate the whole :
Then fear not for the record
He surely will indite ;
Whatever may betide thee,
It shall be, *must* be right !
6. Soon the last golden sunrise
Shall deck the Eastern sky ;
Soon the last " Watch " be ended,—
" Redemption draweth nigh !"
Then may this bright incentive
Within our spirits burn :
" It may be that this morning
The Bridegroom may return !"

No. 385. Oh, Master, Blessèd Master !

1. OH, Master, blessèd Master,
Thy love hath set me free ;
A song of glad thanksgiving
I offer now to Thee :
Thy precious blood hath washed me
From every stain of sin ;
Oh, may Thy grace preserve me,
And keep me pure within.

2. I know the old temptations
Will often yet arise ;
Yet I shall be victorious—
God's power within me lies :
He bids me trust Him wholly,
And He for me will fight ;
And Satan, with His armies,
Is ever put to flight.

C. S.

No. 386. O King of Glory, hear.

KADESH. 10. 10. 10. 10.

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VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY.

VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY.

1. O King of Glo - ry, hear my hum - ble cry; Shine Thou up -
 2. May God the Ho - ly Spi - rit dwell in me, That all my

1. - on me from Thy throne on high. Shed Thou, O Lord, Thy
 2. life a true out - shin - ing be. Lord, write Thy Ho - ly

1. love with - in my heart, That Thou and I, O Christ, may nev - er part!
 2. Word up - on my mind, That in Thy truth my feet the path may find.

3. Go Thou before me, lest my footsteps stray,
 Light up the track of Thy most holy way;
 Speak Thou to me in accents clear and strong,
 Lest Satan's wiles should lure my soul along.

4. Be Thou my rereward, keep me from the foe;
 Lead me in paths wherein the righteous go:
 And where Thou goest will I go with Thee—
 Only, O Lord, hide not Thy face from me!

5. Lo! marshalled is the foe and fierce the strife;
 O Heavenly Captain, lead me on to life—
 The life that has no ending where Thou art!
 And write my name, O Lord, upon Thine heart!

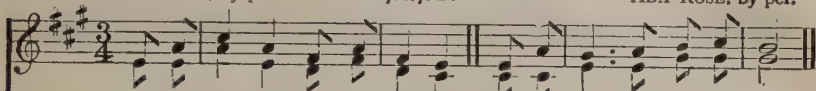
No. 387.

Channels Only.

MARY E. MAXWELL, by per.

8:7.8.7. D.

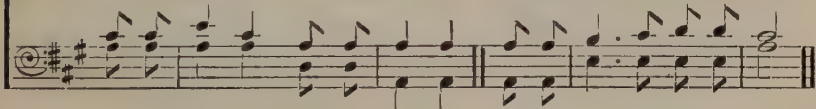
ADA ROSE, by per.



1. How I praise Thee, pre-cious Sa-viour, That Thy love laid hold of me;
 2. Just a chan-nel, full of bless-ing, To the thirs-ty hearts a-round;
 3. Emp-tied that Thou shouldest fill me, A clean ves-sel in Thine hand;



1. Thou hast sav'd and cleans'd and fill'd me, That I might Thy chan-nel be.
 2. To tell out Thy full sal-va-tion, All Thy lov-ing mes-sage sound.
 3. With no pow'r but as Thou giv-est Gra-cious-ly with each com-mand.



CHORUS.



Chan-nels on-ly, bless-ed Mas-ter, But with all Thy wondrous pow'r,



Flow-ing through us, Thou canst use us Ev-'ry day and ev-'ry hour.



4.

Witnessing Thy power to save me,
 Setting free from self and sin;
 Thou hast bought me to possess me,
 In Thy fulness, Lord, come in.

5.

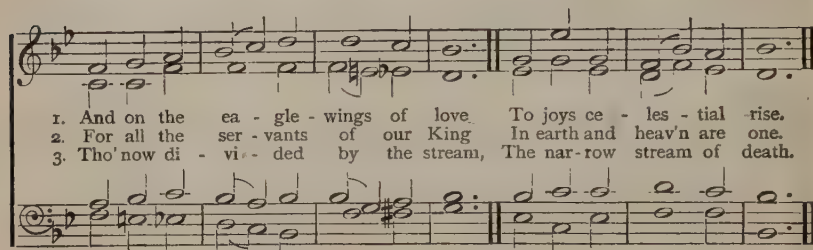
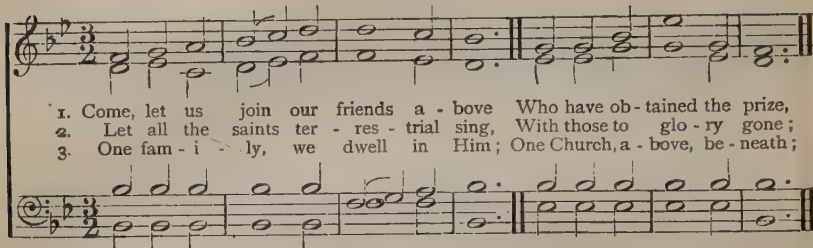
Jesus, fill now with Thy Spirit
 Hearts that full surrender know;
 That the streams of living water
 From our inner man may flow.

No. 388. Come, let us join our Friends above.

REV. C. WESLEY.

EAGLEY. C.M.

J. WALCH.



4. One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow;
 Part of His host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

5. Be Thou, O God, our constant Guide,
 And when the word is given,
 Then, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven.

No. 389. Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered, or unexpressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye
 When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watchword at the gates of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

5. The saints in prayer appear as one,
 In word, and deed, and mind;
 While with the Father and the Son
 Sweet fellowship they find.

J. Montgomery.

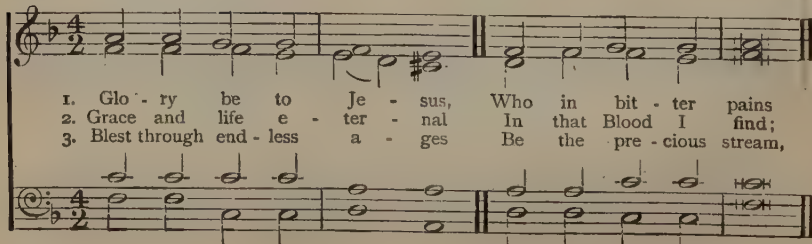
No. 390.

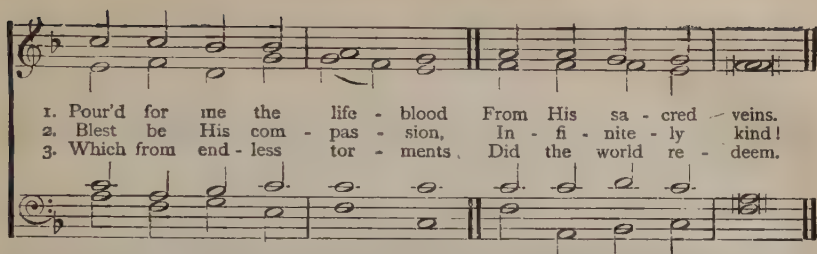
Glory be to Jesus.

REV. E. CASWALL.

CASWALL. 6.5.6.5.

F. FILITZ.





1. Pour'd for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins.
 2. Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind!
 3. Which from end - less tor - ments, Did the world re - deem.

4. Abel's blood for vengeance
 Pleaded to the skies;
 But the blood of Jesus
 For our pardon cries.

5. Oft as it is sprinkled
 On our guilty hearts,
 Satan in confusion
 Terror-struck departs.

6. Oft as earth exulting
 Wafts its praise on high,
 Angel-hosts rejoicing
 Make their glad reply.

7. Lift ye then your voices;
 Swell the mighty flood;
 Louder still and louder
 Praise the precious blood.

No. 391.

Jesu, Meek and Gentle.

1. JESU, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most High,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry.
 2. Pardon our offences,
 Loose our captive chains,
 Break down every idol
 Which our soul detains.
 3. Give us holy freedom,
 Fill our hearts with love;

- Draw us, Holy Jesus,
 To the realms above.
 4. Lead us on our journey,
 Be Thyself the way
 Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.
 5. Jesu, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most High,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry.

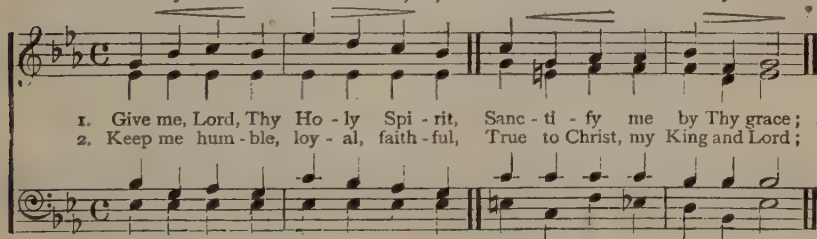
George R. Pryor.

No. 392. Give me, Lord, Thy Holy Spirit.

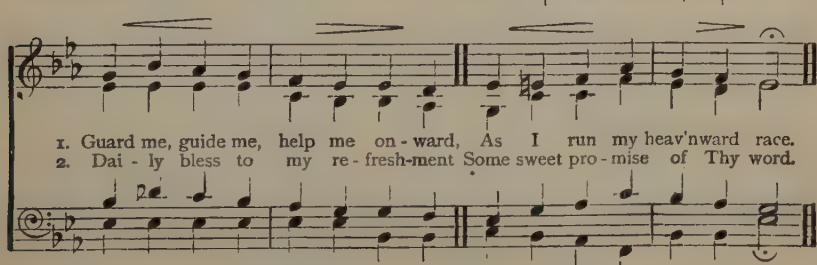
REV. CANON R. J. LYON.

8.7.8.7.

REV. CANON R. J. LYON.



1. Give me, Lord, Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit, Sanc - ti - fy me by Thy grace;
 2. Keep me hum - ble, loy - al, faith - ful, True to Christ, my King and Lord;



1. Guard me, guide me, help me on - ward, As I run my heav'nward race.
 2. Dai - ly bless to my re - fresh - ment Some sweet pro - mise of Thy word.

3. Oh, be near me, blessed Saviour,
 Fill me with Thy Spirit's grace;
 Help me to reflect Thy glory;
 Fit me to behold Thy face.

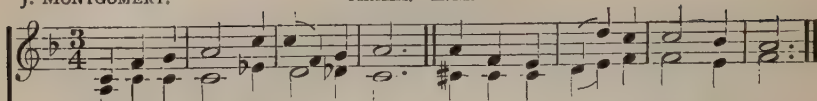
4. Ever let Thine hand sustain me,
 Sheltered by Thy perfect love;
 Finish Thine own work, and bring me
 Home to rest with Thee above.

No. 393. Come, let us Sing.

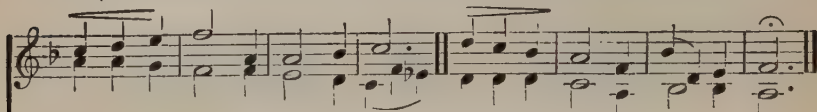
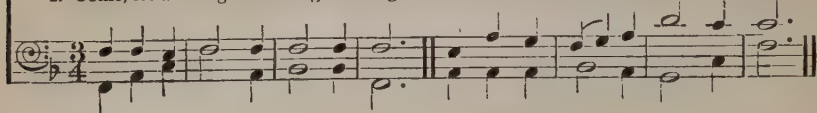
J. MONTGOMERY.

ARIMA. L.M.

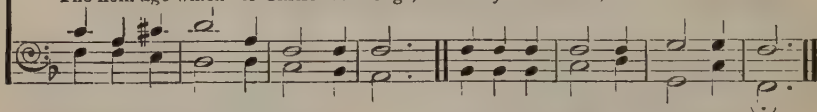
C.



1. Come, let us sing the Song of songs, The saints in heav'n be-gan the strain;



The hom-age which to Christ be-longs, Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!



2. Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain;
And make as kings and priests to God:
Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!

3. Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song our Song of songs shall be:
Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!

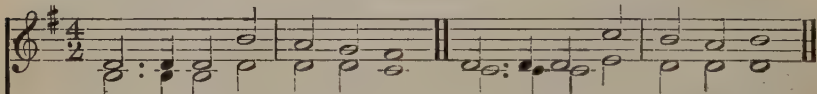
(May also be sung to Tunes 301 or 323.)

No. 394. Gracious God, we Worship Thee.

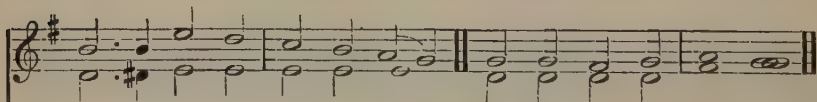
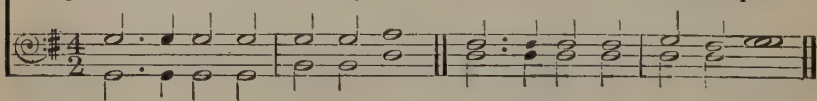
S. T. F.

WORSHIP. 7.7.6.

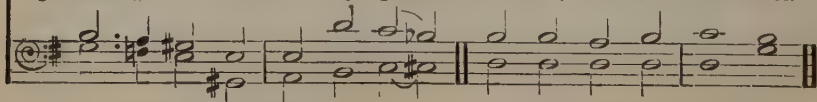
S. TREVOR FRANCIS.



1. Gra-cious God, we wor-ship Thee, Rev-'rent-ly we bow the knee;
2. Vast Thy love—how deep, how wide— In the gift of Him who died;
3. Low we bow be-fore Thy face, Sons of God, O won-drous place!



1. Je-sus Christ our on-ly plea: Fa-ther, we a-dore Thee.
2. Righ-teous claims all sat-is-fied: Fa-ther, we a-dore Thee.
3. Great the rich-es of Thy grace: Fa-ther, we a-dore Thee.



4. By Thy Spirit grant that we
Worshippers in truth may be;
Praise, as incense sweet to Thee:
Father, we adore Thee.

5. Yet again our song we raise,
Note of deep adoring praise;
Now—and soon through endless days:
Father, we adore Thee.

No. 395. The Joy of the Lord.

W. J. GOVAN, by per.

RADIANT. C.M.

MAY CHENEVIX-TRENCH.

mf *cres.* *f*

1. A wor- thy song I wish to sing Of Thine ex- ceed- ing worth ;
 2. By Christ re- deem'd, I ne'er can tell His a- go- ny and loss ;
 3. Nor can I tell the wealth of bliss Which Thou hast made His own ;

1. For who like Thee, my God, my King, Most high o'er all the earth !
 2. My life to save, my foes to quell, He tri-umph'd by the cross.
 3. For ne'er was sor- row dark as this, Nor joy so ra- diant know'n.

4. It overflows to this sad earth,
 And thrills each raptured heart ;
 It wakens mournful souls to mirth :
 How good, how glad, Thou art !

5. My heart with praise would overflow,
 Responsive I would sing ;
 Rejoice, Thy happiness to know—
 Thy well-beloved is King !

No. 396. Lord, when we Bend before Thy Throne.

1. LORD, when we bend before Thy throne
 And our confessions pour ;
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.

2. Our broken spirits pitying see,
 True penitence impart ;
 And let a brightening ray from Thee
 Beam peace upon the heart.

3. When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign,
 And not a thought our bosoms share
 Which is not wholly Thine.

4. Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies ;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
 That grants it or denies !

J. D. Carlyle.

No. 397. I've Found the Pearl of Greatest Price.

1. I've found the Pearl of greatest price,
 My heart doth sing for joy ;
 And sing I must, a Christ I have :
 O what a Christ have I !

2. Christ is a Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 A Prophet full of light ;
 A Priest that stands 'twixt God and man,
 A King that rules with might.

3. My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
 He is the King of kings ;
 He is the Sun of Righteousness,
 With healing in His wings.

4. My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
 Who in God's garden grows ; [heal ;
 Whose fruit doth feed, whose leaves do
 My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

5. Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
 My medicine and my health ;
 My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
 My glory and my wealth.

6. Christ is my Father, and my Friend,
 My Brother, and my Love ;
 My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
 My Advocate above.

7. My Christ, He is the Heaven of heavens—
 My Christ what shall I call ?
 My Christ is First, my Christ is Last,
 My Christ is All in all.

J. Mason.

No. 398. Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name.

REV. J. ELLERTON.

ELLERS. 10. 10. 10. 10.

DR. E. J. HOPKINS.
By per. from "Book of Praise."

1. Sa - viour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be -

1. - cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee
2. - gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from

1. ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
2. sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up - on Thy name.

3.
Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com -
ing night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4.
Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

No. 399.

Sanctus.

DR. J. CAMIDGE.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, Heav'n and earth are

full of Thy glo - ry: Glo - ry be..... to Thee, O Lord most High!

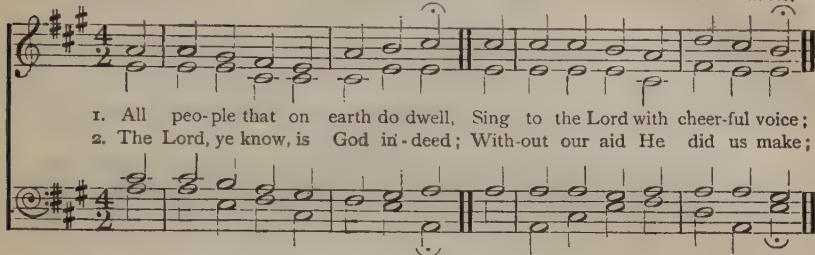
Org.

No. 400. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

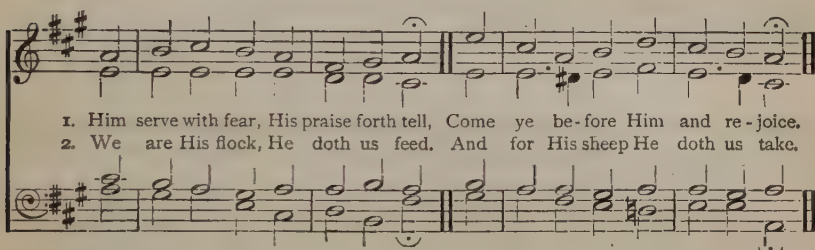
W. KETHE.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.

Genevan Psalter.



1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make;



1. Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
2. We are His flock, He doth us feed. And for His sheep He doth us take.

3. Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

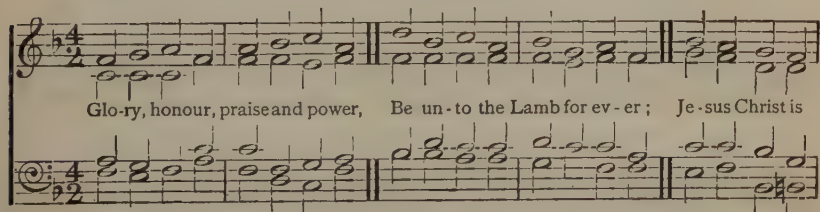
No. 401.

Dorology.

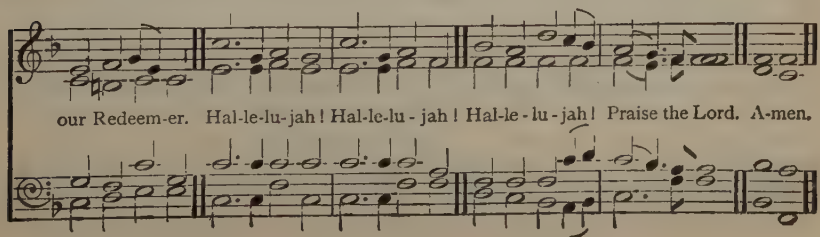
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 402.

Dorology.



Glo-ry, honour, praise and power, Be un-to the Lamb for ev-er; Je-sus Christ is



our Redeem-er. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord. A-men.

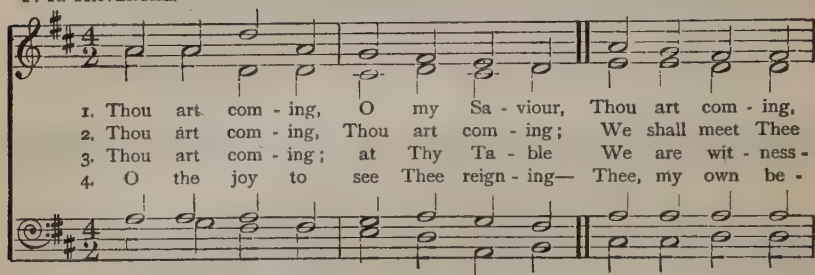
PART XI.—THE SECOND ADVENT.

No. 403. Thou art Coming.

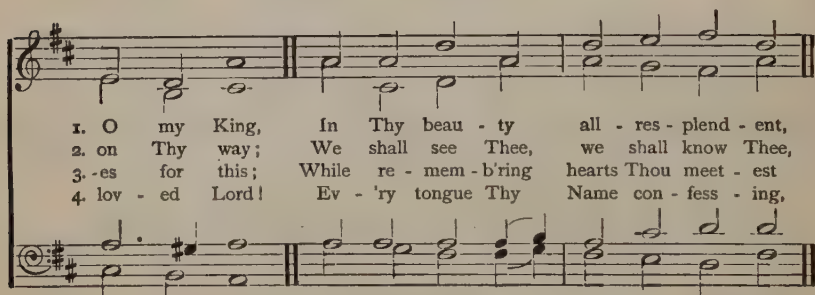
F. R. HAVERGAL.

BEVERLEY, P.M.

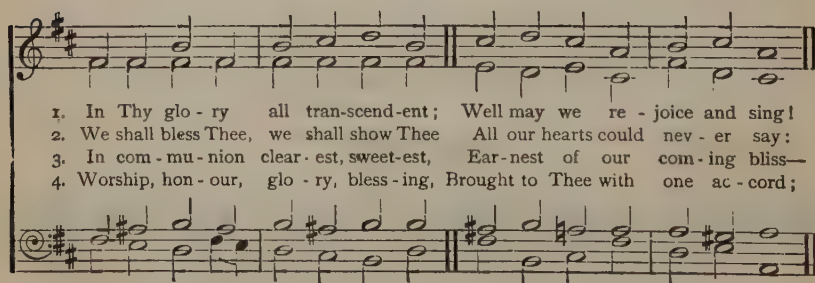
DR. W. H. MONK.



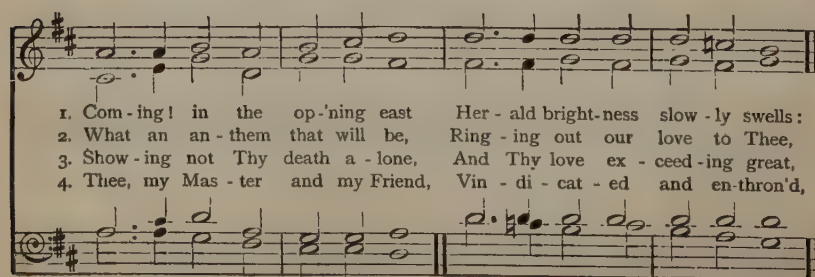
1. Thou art com - ing, O my Sa - viour, Thou art com - ing,
 2. Thou art com - ing, Thou art com - ing; We shall meet Thee
 3. Thou art com - ing; at Thy Ta - ble We are wit - ness -
 4. O the joy to see Thee reign - ing— Thee, my own be -



1. O my King, In Thy beau - ty all - res - plend - ent,
 2. on Thy way; We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
 3. -es for this; While re - mem - b'ring hearts Thou meet - est
 4. lov - ed Lord! Ev - 'ry tongue Thy Name con - fess - ing,



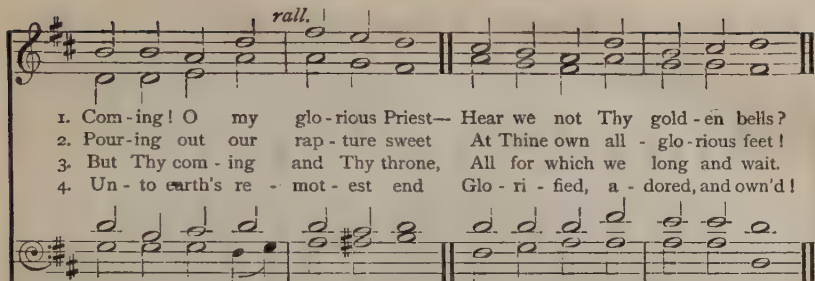
1. In Thy glo - ry all tran - scend - ent; Well may we re - joice and sing!
 2. We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee All our hearts could nev - er say:
 3. In com - mu - nion clear - est, sweet - est, Ear - nest of our com - ing bliss—
 4. Worship, hon - our, glo - ry, bless - ing, Brought to Thee with one ac - cord;



1. Com - ing! in the op - ning east Her - ald bright - ness slow - ly swells:
 2. What an an - them that will be, Ring - ing out our love to Thee,
 3. Show - ing not Thy death a - lone, And Thy love ex - ceed - ing great,
 4. Thee, my Mas - ter and my Friend, Vin - di - cat - ed and en - thron'd,

XI.—THE SECOND ADVENT.

rall.



1. Com-ing! O my glo-rious Priest— Hear we not Thy gold-en bells?
 2. Pour-ing out our rap-ture sweet At Thine own all-glo-rious feet!
 3. But Thy com-ing and Thy throne, All for which we long and wait.
 4. Un-to earth's re-mot-est end Glo-ri-fied, a-dored, and own'd!

No. 404. Waiting for the Morning.

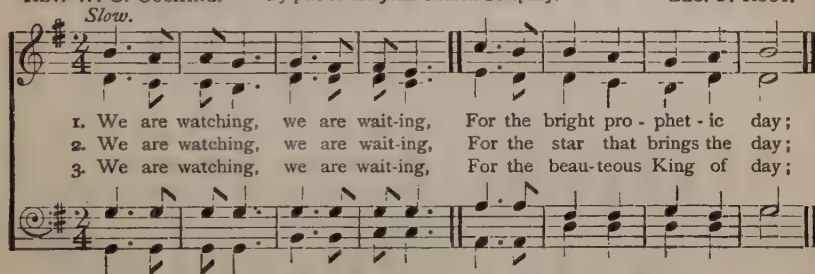
8.7.8.7., with Refrain.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

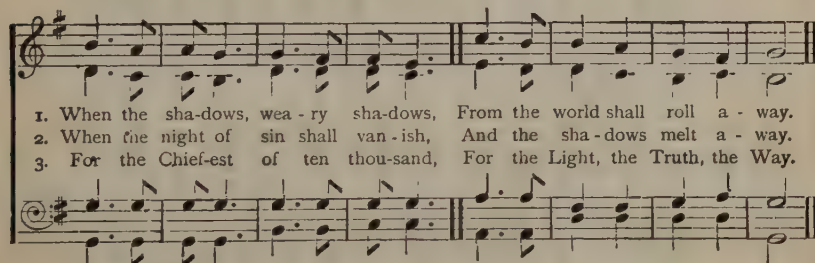
By per. of the John Church Company.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Slow.

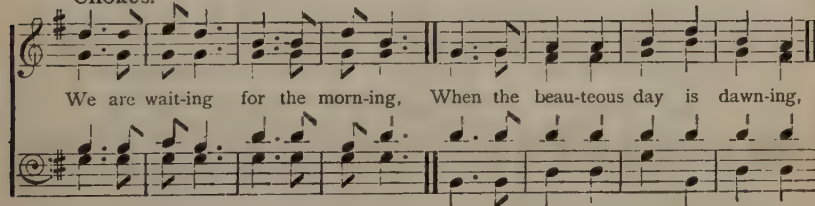


1. We are watching, we are wait-ing, For the bright pro-phet-ic day;
 2. We are watching, we are wait-ing, For the star that brings the day;
 3. We are watching, we are wait-ing, For the beau-teous King of day;

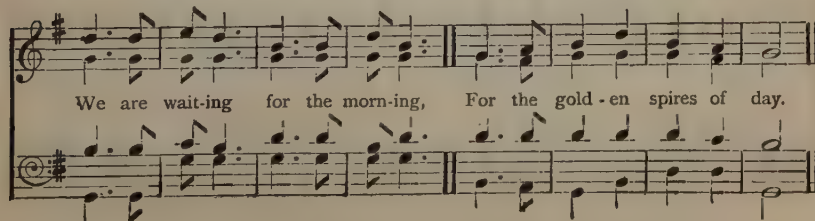


1. When the sha-dows, wea-ry sha-dows, From the world shall roll a-way.
 2. When the night of sin shall van-ish, And the sha-dows melt a-way.
 3. For the Chief-est of ten thou-sand, For the Light, the Truth, the Way.

CHORUS.



We are wait-ing for the morn-ing, When the beau-teous day is dawn-ing,



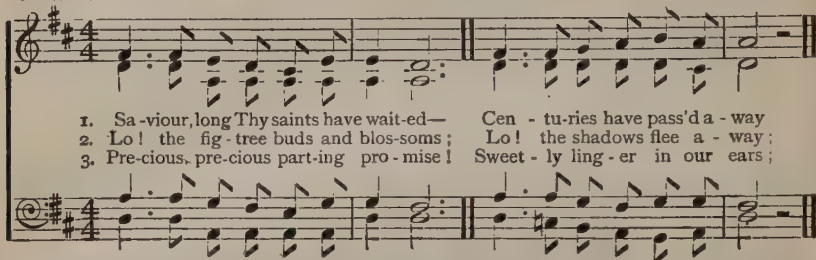
We are wait-ing for the morn-ing, For the gold-en spires of day.

No. 405. "Surely 3 come Quickly."

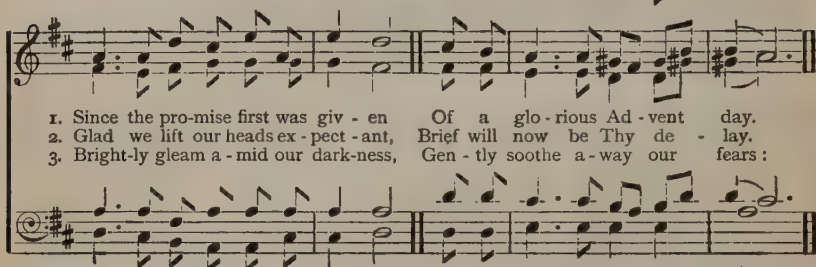
8.7.8.7. D., with Refrain.

MRS. H. G. GUINNESS.

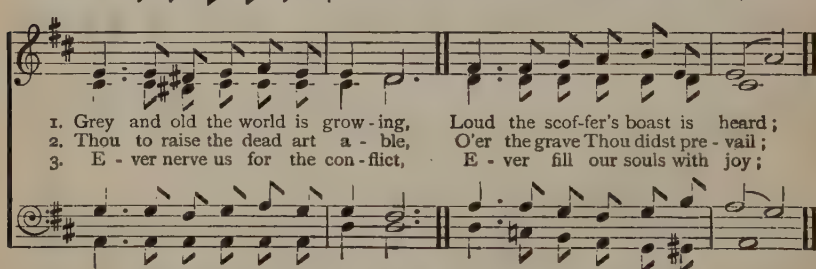
DR. HARRY GRATTAN GUINNESS.



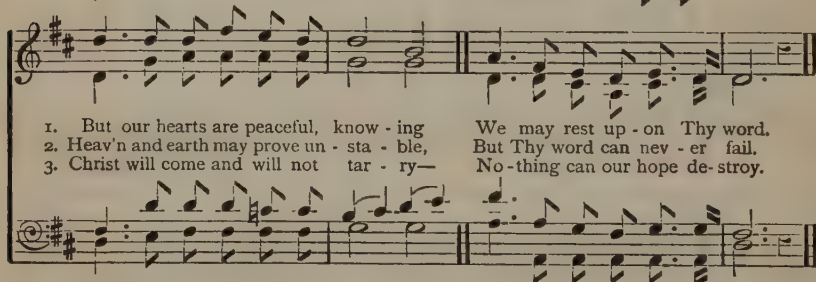
1. Sa-viour, long Thy saints have wait-ed— Cen - tu-ries have pass'd a - way
 2. Lo! the fig-tree buds and blos-soms; Lo! the shadows flee a - way;
 3. Pre-cious, pre-cious part-ing pro-mise! Sweet - ly ling - er in our ears;



1. Since the pro-mise first was giv - en Of a glo - rious Ad - vent day.
 2. Glad we lift our heads ex - pect - ant, Brief will now be Thy de - lay.
 3. Bright-ly gleam a - mid our dark-ness, Gen - tly soothe a - way our fears:

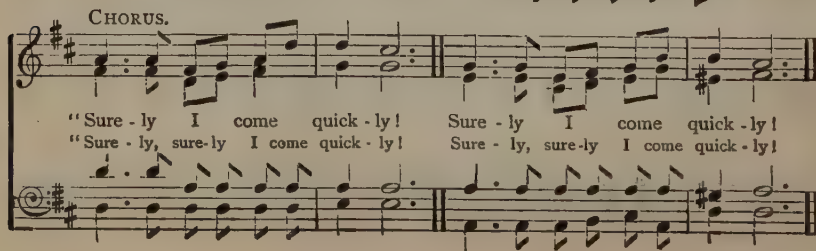


1. Grey and old the world is grow - ing, Loud the scof-fer's boast is heard;
 2. Thou to raise the dead art a - ble, O'er the grave Thou didst pre - vail;
 3. E - ver nerve us for the con - flict, E - ver fill our souls with joy;



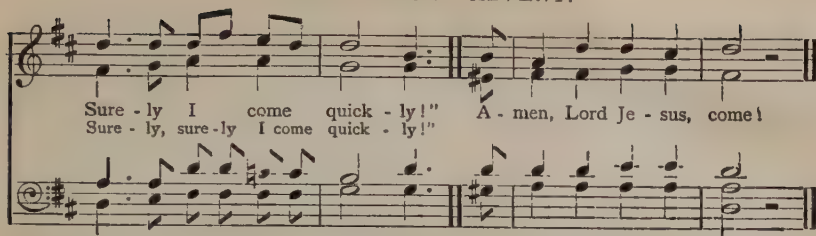
1. But our hearts are peaceful, know - ing We may rest up - on Thy word.
 2. Heav'n and earth may prove un - sta - ble, But Thy word can nev - er fail.
 3. Christ will come and will not tar - ry— No - thing can our hope de - stroy.

CHORUS.



"Sure - ly I come quick - ly! Sure - ly I come quick - ly!
 "Sure - ly, sure - ly I come quick - ly! Sure - ly, sure - ly I come quick - ly!

XI.—THE SECOND ADVENT.



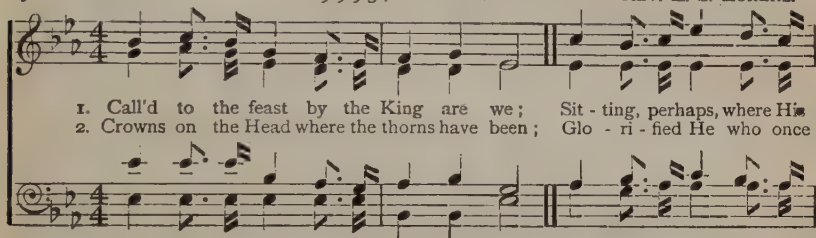
Sure - ly I come quick - ly!" A - men, Lord Je - sus, come!
 Sure - ly, sure - ly I come quick - ly!"

No. 406. Called to the Feast.

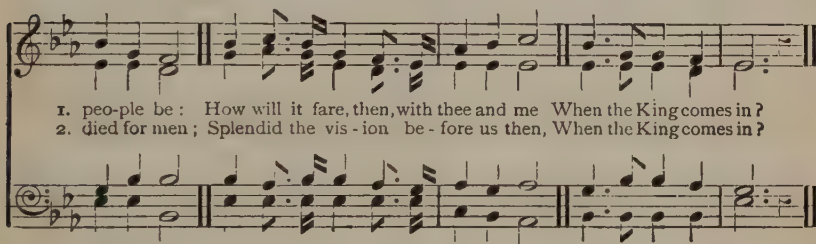
J. E. LANDOR.

9.9.9.5., with Refrain.

REV. E. S. LORENZ.

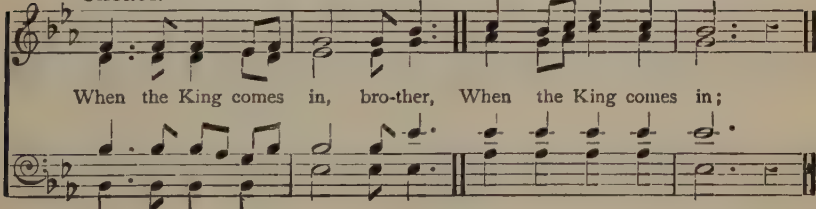


1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we; Sit - ting, perhaps, where He
 2. Crowns on the Head where the thorns have been; Glo - ri - fied He who once

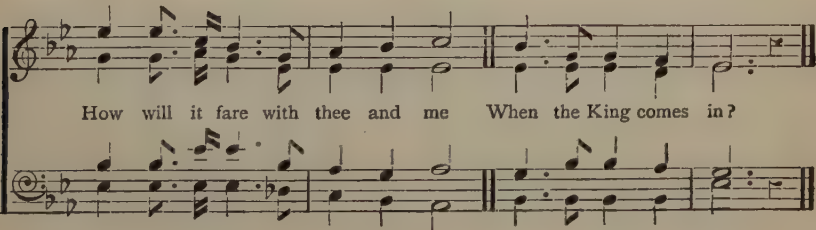


1. peo-ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me When the King comes in?
 2. died for men; Splendid the vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in?

CHORUS.



When the King comes in, bro-ther, When the King comes in;



How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

3.
 Like lightning's flash will that instant show
 Things hidden long from both friend and foe—
 Just what we are every one will know,
 When the King comes in.

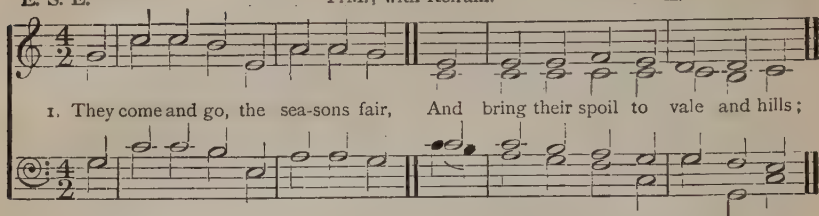
4.
 Joyful His eye on each one shall rest
 Who is in white wedding garments dress'd;
 Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
 When the King comes in.

No. 407. When the King Comes!

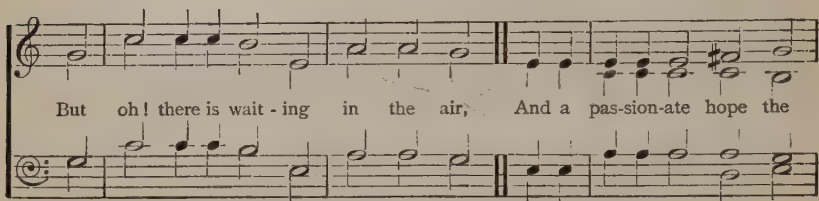
E. S. E.

P.M., with Refrain.

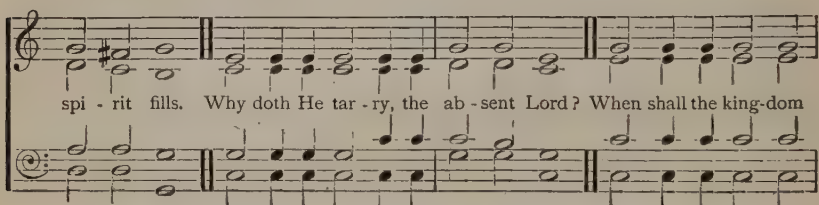
E. S. ELLIOTT.



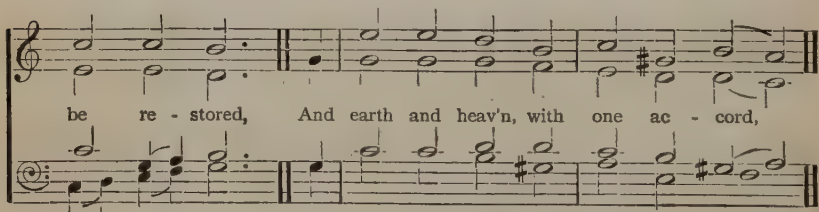
1. They come and go, the sea-sons fair, And bring their spoil to vale and hills;



But oh! there is wait-ing in the air; And a pas-sion-ate hope the

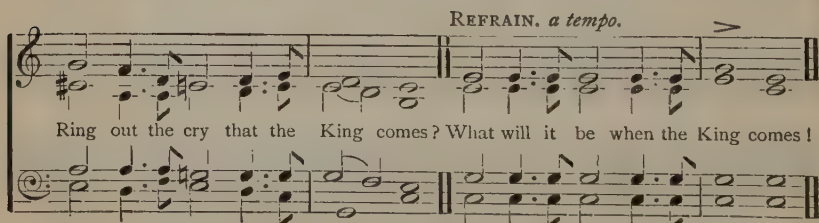


spi-rit fills. Why doth He tar-ry, the ab-sent Lord? When shall the king-dom

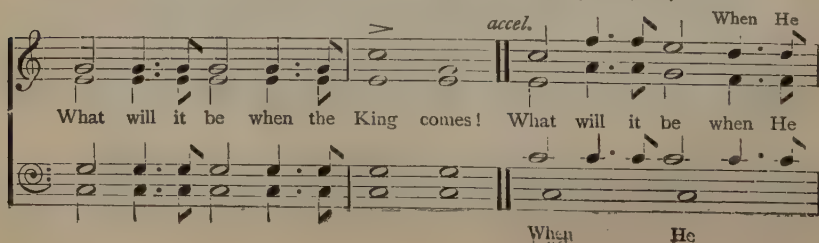


be re-stored, And earth and heav'n, with one ac-cord,

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*



Ring out the cry that the King comes? What will it be when the King comes!



What will it be when the King comes! What will it be when He

When He

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comes!..... *Slower.*

comes, when He comes! What will it be when the King comes!

comes, when He comes!

2.
The floods have lifted up their voice—
The King hath come to His own, His own!
The little hills and vales rejoice,
His right it is to take the crown.
Sleepers, awake, and meet Him first!
Now let the marriage hymn outburst,
And powers of darkness flee, disperse:
What will it be when the King comes!

4.
Now Zion's hill, with glory crowned,
Uplifts her head with joy once more;
And Zion's King, once scorned, disowned,
Extends her rule from shore to shore.
Sing, for the land her Lord regains!
Sing, for the Son of David reigns!
And living streams o'erflow her plains:
What will it be when the King comes!

3.
A ransomed earth breaks forth in song,
Her sin-stained ages overpast;
Her yearning, "Lord, how long, how long?"
Exchanged for joy at last, at last!
Angels carry the royal commands;
Peace beams forth throughout all the lands;
The trees of the fields shall clap their hands:
What will it be when the King comes!

5.
Oh, brothers, stand as men that wait—
The dawn is purpling in the east,
And banners wave from heaven's high gate;
The conflict now—but soon the feast!
Mercy and truth shall meet again;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!
We can suffer now—He will know us then:
What will it be when the King comes!

No. 408. Until the Day Dawn.

J. H. STUART.

S.M.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. Let that day come, O Lord, And o - ther days pass by;
2. A morn - ing with - out clouds, Clear shin - ing af - ter rain,

1. Night is far spent, and dawn-ing tells That Thou art draw-ing nigh.
2. It shall a - wake the slumb'ring earth To dew - y youth a - gain.

3. Watch ye, and work, and wait,
For Him your vigils keep,
Lest coming suddenly, He find
His servants sunk in sleep.

4. Watch, for the Bridegroom comes!
The hour one knoweth not;
But yet the stars are growing pale,
And He hath not forgot.

5. Watch till your eyes shall see
The glow first flush the sky:
Light of the world, arise and shine
In full-orbed radiancy!

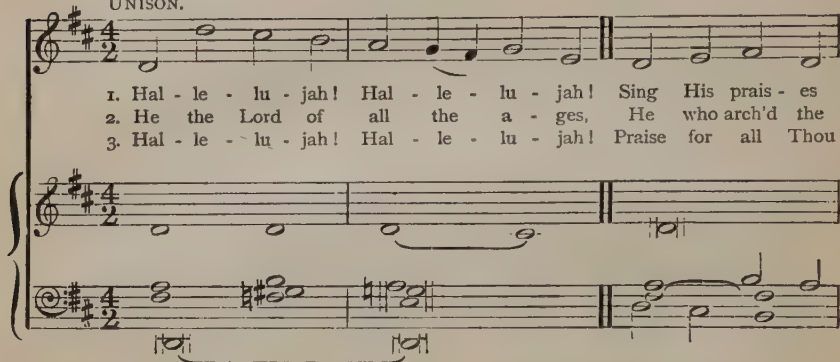
6. Hasten Thy coming, Lord!
Dawn, O thou glorious day!
Then shall the fairest days of earth
Pass into shade away.

No. 409. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

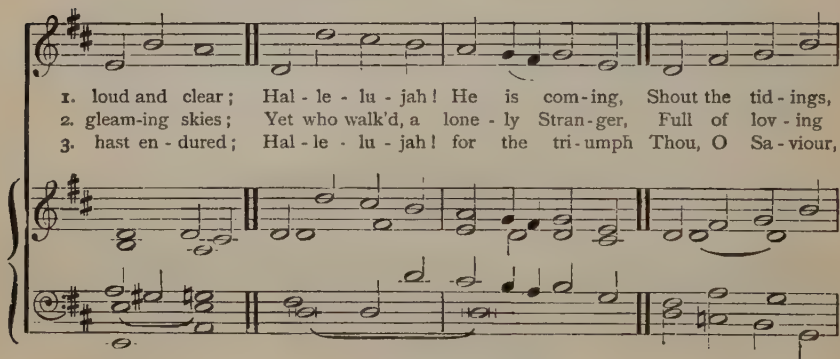
S. TREVOR FRANCIS.
UNISON.

CARILLON. 8.7.8.7. D.

DR. CHARLES VINCENT.

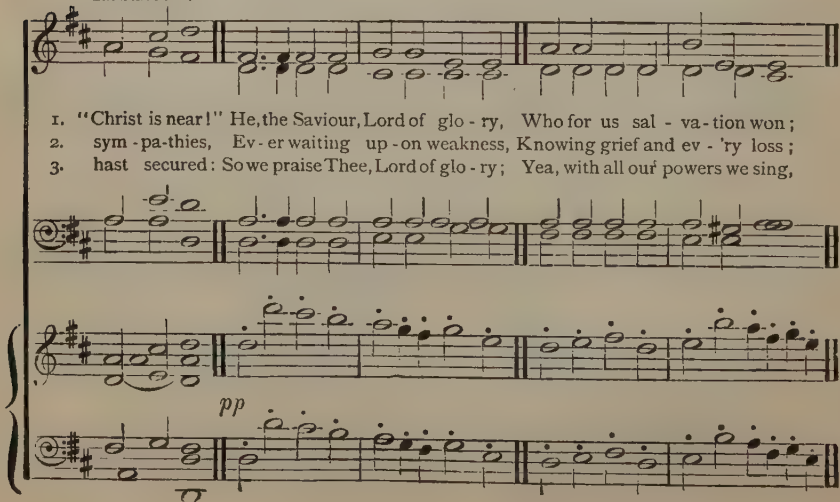


1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing His prais - es
2. He the Lord of all the a - ges, He who arch'd the
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise for all Thou



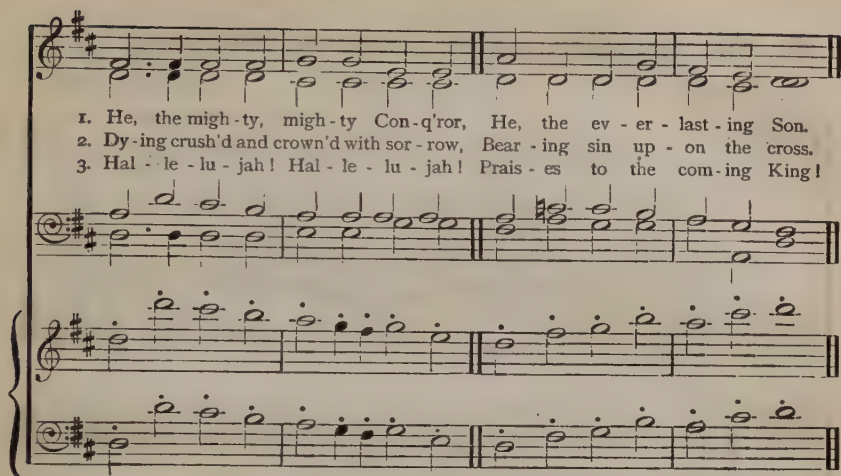
1. loud and clear; Hal - le - lu - jah! He is com - ing, Shout the tid - ings,
2. gleam - ing skies; Yet who walk'd, a lone - ly Stran - ger, Full of lov - ing
3. hast en - dured; Hal - le - lu - jah! for the tri - umph Thou, O Sa - viour,

HARMONY.



1. "Christ is near!" He, the Saviour, Lord of glo - ry, Who for us sal - va - tion won;
2. sym - pa - thies, Ev - er waiting up - on weakness, Knowing grief and ev - 'ry loss;
3. hast secured: So we praise Thee, Lord of glo - ry; Yea, with all our powers we sing,

pp



1. He, the migh - ty, migh - ty Con - q'ror, He, the ev - er - last - ing Son.
 2. Dy - ing crush'd and crown'd with sor - row, Bear - ing sin up - on the cross.
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Prais - es to the com - ing King!

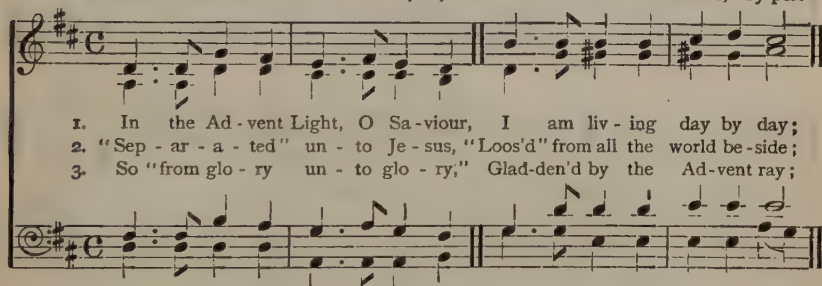
No. 410.

In the Advent Light.

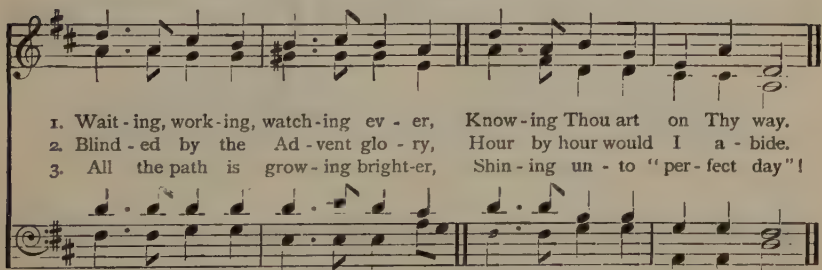
E. MAY GRIMES.

8.7.8.7.

"S. A. G. M. Leaflets," by per.



1. In the Ad - vent Light, O Sa - viour, I am liv - ing day by day;
 2. "Sep - ar - a - ted" un - to Je - sus, "Loos'd" from all the world be - side;
 3. So "from glo - ry un - to glo - ry," Glad - den'd by the Ad - vent ray;



1. Wait - ing, work - ing, watch - ing ev - er, Know - ing Thou art on Thy way.
 2. Blind - ed by the Ad - vent glo - ry, Hour by hour would I a - bide.
 3. All the path is grow - ing bright - er, Shin - ing un - to "per - fect day"!

4. In the Advent Light to witness
 To a dark and dying world;
 This the holy ordination—
 May His banner be unfurled.

5. In the Advent Light *rejoicing!*
 Songs of praise along the road
 Seem to make the journey shorter,
 Mounting upward to our God!

6. He is coming! He is coming!
 Pass the heavenly watchword on!
 Go ye forth to meet the Bridegroom,
 Hail! to God's anointed Son!

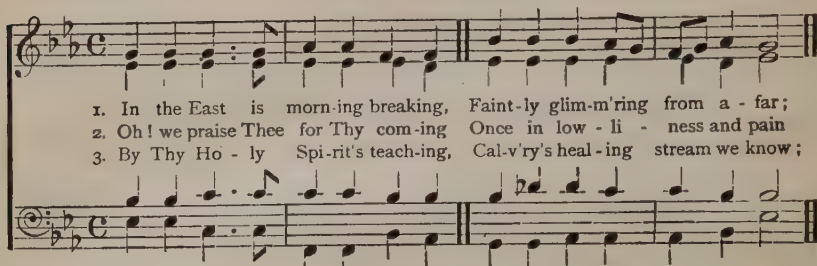
7. See the Advent glory breaking!
 Faith will soon be lost in sight;
 "Face to face" I shall behold Him—
 Bathed in His eternal light!

No. 411. In the East is Morning Breaking.

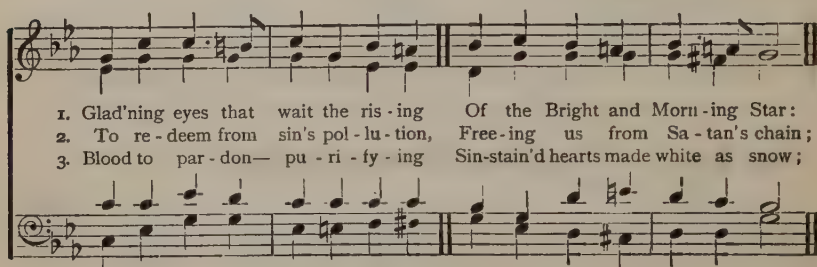
M. E. MAXWELL.

DERRY. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

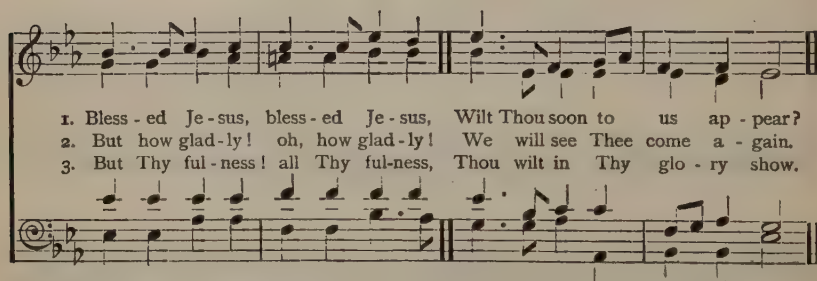
H. J. E. HOLMES.



1. In the East is morn-ing break-ing, Faint-ly glim-m'ring from a - far;
 2. Oh! we praise Thee for Thy com-ing Once in low - li - ness and pain
 3. By Thy Ho - ly Spi-rit's teach-ing, Cal-v'ry's heal-ing stream we know;



1. Glad'n'ing eyes that wait the ris-ing Of the Bright and Morn-ing Star:
 2. To re-deem from sin's pol-lu-tion, Free-ing us from Sa-tan's chain;
 3. Blood to par-don— pu-ri-fy-ing Sin-stain'd hearts made white as snow;



1. Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Wilt Thou soon to us ap-pear?
 2. But how glad-ly! oh, how glad-ly! We will see Thee come a-gain.
 3. But Thy ful-ness! all Thy ful-ness, Thou wilt in Thy glo-ry show.

4. Thou art coming, blessed Master;
 Days and moments speed apace,
 Soon will cease earth's day of service.
 Soon we'll see Thee face to face:
 Are we ready, are we ready
 For that day of crowning grace?

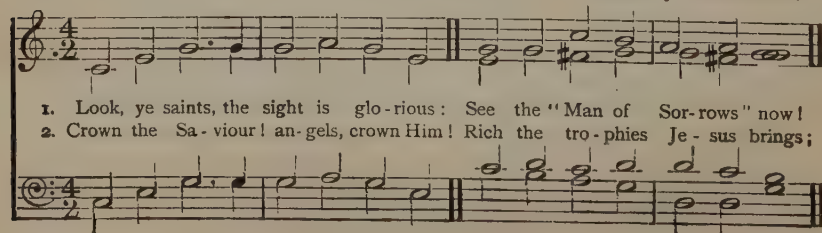
5. Vainly human thought can picture
 What that day to us will be;
 Who have welcomed full salvation,
 Let Thee cleanse and sanctify;
 Then Thy beauty, then Thy beauty,
 Will each longing satisfy.

No. 412. Look, ye Saints, the Sight is Glorious.

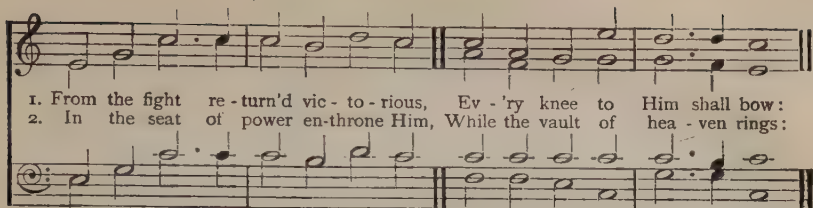
REV. T. KELLY.

TRIUMPH. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

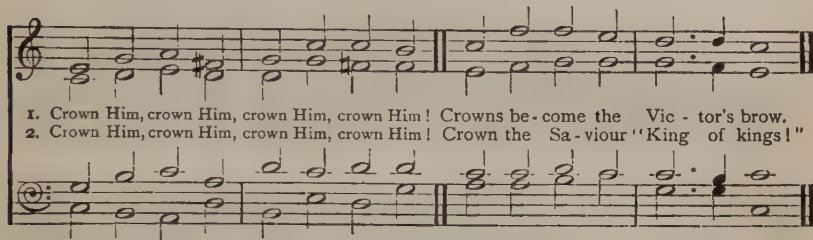
DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious: See the "Man of Sor-rows" now!
 2. Crown the Sa-viour! an-gels, crown Him! Rich the tro-phies Je-sus brings;



1. From the fight re - turn'd vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow :
2. In the seat of power en - throne Him, While the vault of hea - ven rings :



1. Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him ! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.
2. Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him ! Crown the Sa - viour "King of kings !"

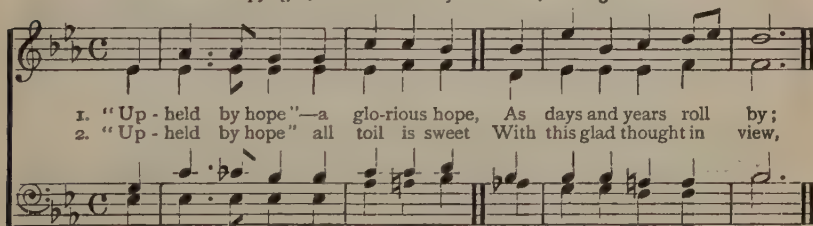
3. Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name :
Crown Him, crown Him !
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4. Hark ! those bursts of acclamation ;
Hark ! those loud triumphant chords ;
Jesus takes the highest station :
Oh, what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him, crown Him !
" King of kings, and Lord of lords !"

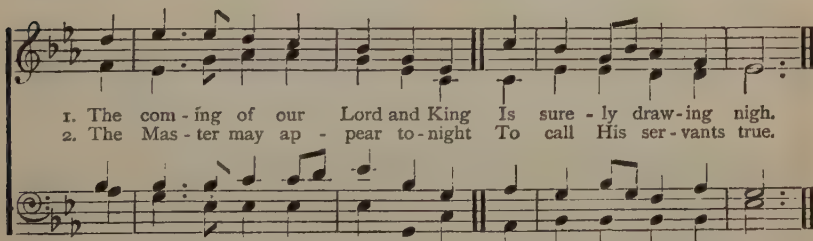
No. 413. "Upheld by Hope."

C.M.

E. MAY GRIMES. Copyright, "S.A.G.M. Hymn Series," No. 5.



1. "Up - held by hope"—a glo - rious hope, As days and years roll by ;
2. "Up - held by hope" all toil is sweet With this glad thought in view,



1. The com - ing of our Lord and King Is sure - ly draw - ing nigh.
2. The Mas - ter may ap - pear to - night To call His ser - vants true.

3. "Upheld by hope"—that wondrous hope,
That I shall see His face,
And to His likeness be conformed
When I have run the race.

+ "Upheld by hope," in darkest days
Faith can the light descry :
The deepening glory in the East
Proclaims deliverance nigh !

5. "Upheld by hope !" "Belovèd one,"
I hear the Bridegroom say,
"Awake ! arise ! go forth to meet
My chariot on its way."

6. "Upheld by hope," how glad the heart !
My soul is on the wing !
E'en now His hand is on the door,
He comes—my glorious King !

No. 414.

○ King of Glory.

REV. PREB. H. E. FOX.

LAGOS. 8.7.8.7. D.

DR. E. J. BELLERBY.

1. O King of Glo-ry, God of Grace, Age af - ter age is tell - ing

Thy mer - cy to a fall - en race, The Lord with man-kind dwell - ing.

Thou didst of old send forth Thy Word, Par - don and peace re - veal - ing;

From slum-berwaked, our fa - thers heard, And sought the na - tion's heal - ing.

2. To every land the word has gone,
 "Christ comes, go forth to greet Him:"
 Where darkness dwelt the light has shone,
 Prepare, O earth, to meet Him.
 Break, Afric, break thine age-long chains,
 Proud Islam's bondage spurning
 Sing, India, sing o'er all thy plains,
 Sorrow to joy is turning.

3. Land of the rising sun, arise,
 Thy better day is dawning,
 From shore to shore the message flies,
 That hails earth's brighter morning.
 Kinsmen afar responsive sing,
 Pass on the gospel story;
 Sing, comrade band, "Make Jesus King,"
 The Lord comes back in glory!

No. 415. The sands of time are sinking.

MRS. COUSIN.

D'URHAN.

RUTHERFORD. 7.6.7.6. D. Arr. from "Chants Chrétiens."

Moderato.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of hea - ven breaks,
2. Oh, Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love!

1. The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes :
2. The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove.

1. Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
2. There, to an o - cean - ful - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,

1. And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
2. And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.

3. Oh, I am my Belovèd's,
And my Belovèd's mine !
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine."
I stand upon His merit ;
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4. The Bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face :
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand :
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

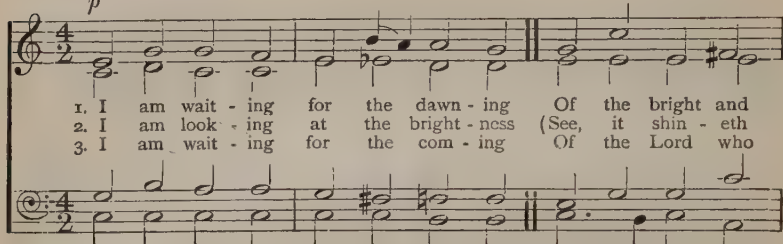
No. 416. 3 am waiting for the dawning.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

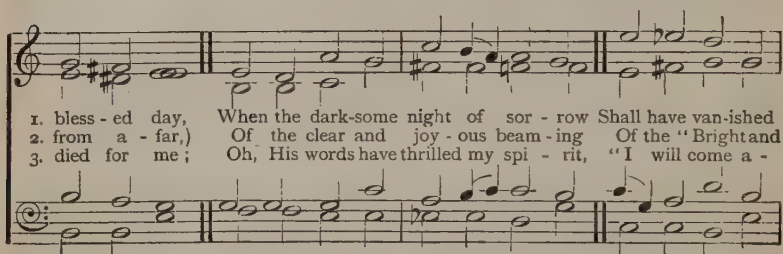
8.7.8.7. D.

JOHN E. GAUL.

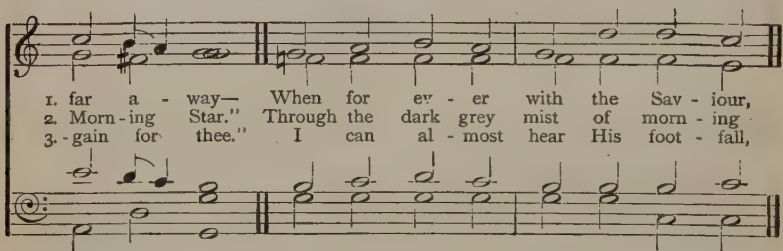
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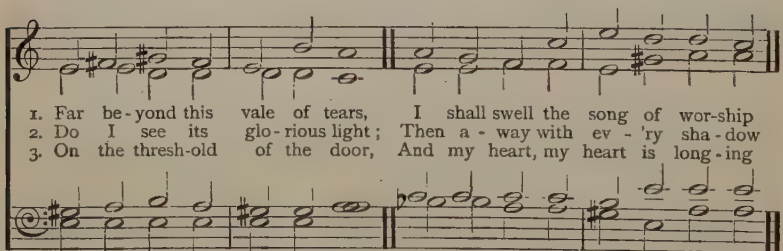
1. I am wait - ing for the dawn - ing Of the bright and
2. I am look - ing at the bright - ness (See, it shin - eth
3. I am wait - ing for the com - ing Of the Lord who



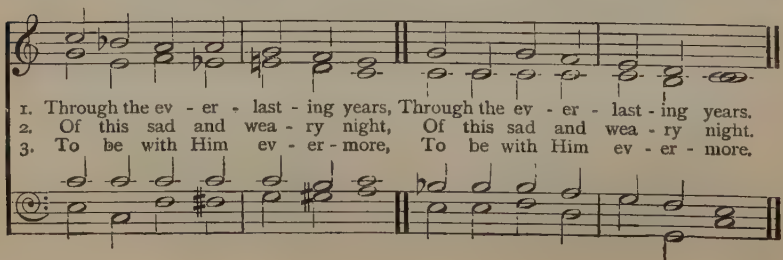
1. bless - ed day, When the dark - some night of sor - row Shall have van - ished
2. from a - far,) Of the clear and joy - ous beam - ing Of the "Bright and
3. died for me; Oh, His words have thrilled my spi - rit, "I will come a -



1. far a - way— When for ev - er with the Sav - iour,
2. Morn - ing Star." Through the dark grey mist of morn - ing
3. - gain for thee." I can al - most hear His foot - fall,"



1. Far be - yond this vale of tears, I shall swell the song of wor - ship
2. Do I see its glo - rious light; Then a - way with ev - 'ry sha - dow
3. On the thresh - old of the door, And my heart, my heart is long - ing



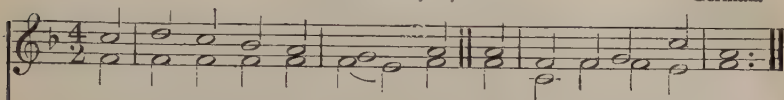
1. Through the ev - er - last - ing years, Through the ev - er - last - ing years.
2. Of this sad and wea - ry night, Of this sad and wea - ry night.
3. To be with Him ev - er - more, To be with Him ev - er - more.

No. 417. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

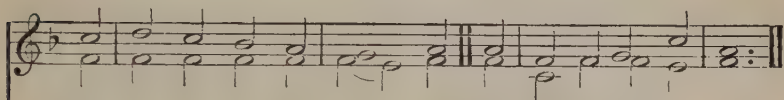
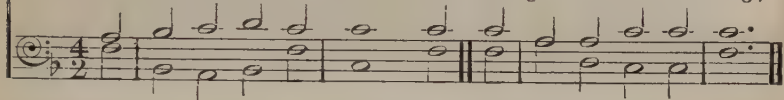
J. MONTGOMERY.

CRUGER. -7.6.7.6. D.

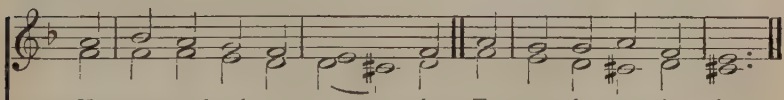
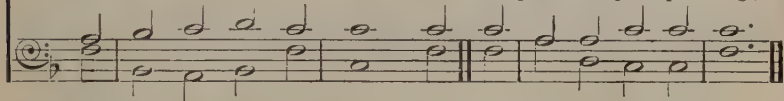
German.



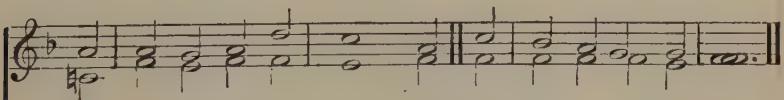
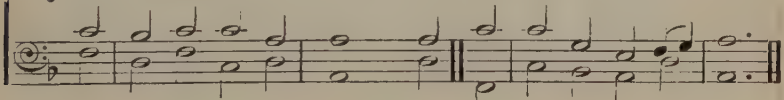
1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da-vid's great - er Son!
2. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth;
3. Kings shall fall down be - fore Him, And gold and in - cense bring;



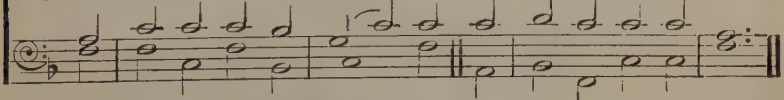
1. Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
2. And love, joy, hope, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth:
3. All na - tions shall a - dore Him, His praise all peo - ple sing;



1. He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;
2. Be - fore Him on the moun - tains Shall peace, the her - ald, go;
3. For He shall have do - min - ion O'er riv - er, sea, and shore,



1. To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.
2. And right-ousness, in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow.
3. Far as the ea - gle's pin - ion, Or dove's light wing can soar.



4. To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

5. O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love.

No. 418. The Bridegroom meets His Bride.

REV. JAS. STEPHENS.

ST. CECILIA. 6.6.6.6

REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.

1. The Bridegroom meets His Bride, Ar-rayed in gar-ments white,
 2. The ban-ner o'er her floats, That o'er her float-ed long;
 3. 'Tis not to con-flict now, The sound of strife is o'er,

1. She waged a life-long war, And con-quer-ed in His might.
 2. The migh-ty Con-quer-or Leads on the vic-tor throng.
 3. All tears are wiped a-way, And sighs are heard no more.

4. 'Tis to the banquet spread,
 To join the festal throng;
 Theirs is the shout of praise,
 Theirs the eternal song.

5. The Victor's crown they wear,
 Crowned is their living Head:
 The Wealth of heaven is theirs,
 His glory on them shed.

No. 419. Till the Day dawn.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

LOVE DIVINE. C.M.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. Dear Sa-viour, thro' the far-spent night We wait and watch for Thee;
 2. We yearn to see the ro-sy dawn Whose promise gleams a-far;

1. The light of earth for us hath set Be-hind dark Cal-va-ry.
 2. And ev-er, with ex-pect-ant hearts, De-sire the "Morning Star."

3. Oh Dawn most fair! Oh Day most bright!
 Across the Eastern sky
 The Advent-glory soon shall break—
 "Redemption draweth nigh."

4. It may be sooner than we think
 Shall end the long delay!
 It may be that the Bridegroom-King
 E'en now is on His way!

PART XII.—MISSIONARY HYMNS.

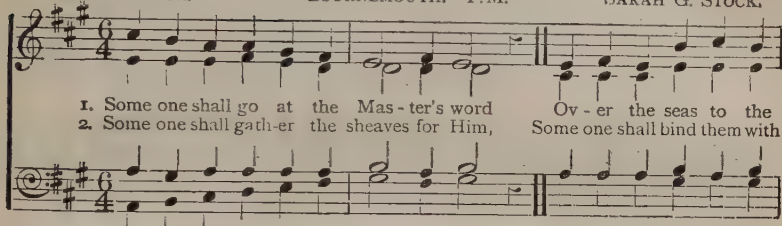
No. 420.

Some shall go.

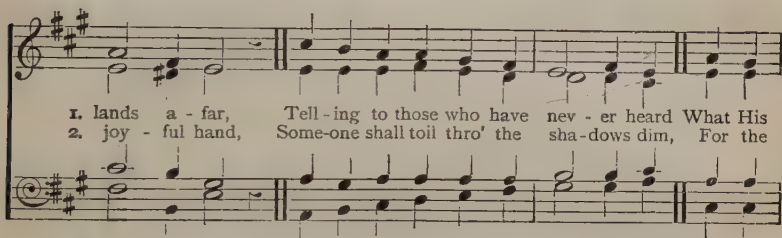
SARAH G. STOCK.

BOURNEMOUTH. P.M.

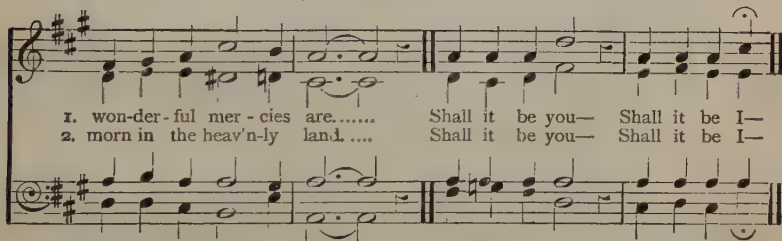
SARAH G. STOCK.



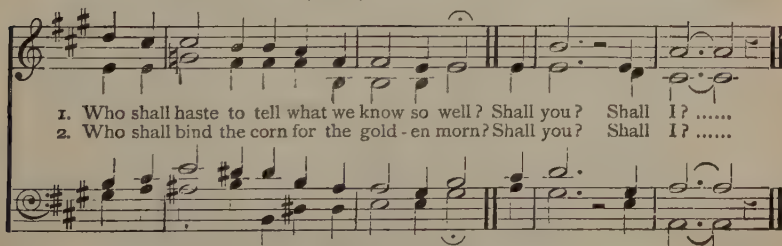
1. Some one shall go at the Mas-ter's word Ov - er the seas to the
2. Some one shall gath-er the sheaves for Him, Some one shall bind them with



1. lands a - far, Tell - ing to those who have nev - er heard What His
2. joy - ful hand, Some-one shall toil thro' the sha-dows dim, For the



1. won-der - ful mer - cies are..... Shall it be you— Shall it be I—
2. morn in the heav'n-ly land.... Shall it be you— Shall it be I—



1. Who shall haste to tell what we know so well? Shall you? Shall I?
2. Who shall bind the corn for the gold - en morn? Shall you? Shall I?

3. Some one shall travel with eager feet
Over the mountain and through the wild,
Bringing the news of redemption sweet
To each wandering, sinful child.
Shall it be you—Shall it be I—
Who shall sound the tale over hill and vale?
Shall you? Shall I?
4. Some one shall carry His banner high,
Waving it out where the foe holds sway;
Some in His service shall live and die,
And with Jesus shall win the day!
Shall it be you—Shall it be I—
Who His name shall bear, and His triumph share?
Shall you? Shall I?

No. 421.

Tell it Out!

F. R. H.

EPENETUS. P.M.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Tell it out a-mong the heathen that the Lord is King! Tell it

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations, bid them

Tell it out!.....

out!..... Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

Tell..... it out! Tell it

out with a - do - ra - tion that

out!..... He shall in - crease, That the migh - ty King of

out with a - do - ra - tion that He shall in - crease,

out!.....

Glo - ry is the King of Peace; Tell it out with ju - bi - la - tion, tho' the

XII.—MISSIONARY HYMNS.

waves may roar, That He sit-teth on the wa-ter-floods, our King for ev-er-more!

CHORUS.

Tell it out a-mong the heathen that the Lord is King! Tell it
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the
Tell it out!..... Tell it out! out!..... Tell it out! Tell it

na-tions, bid them shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

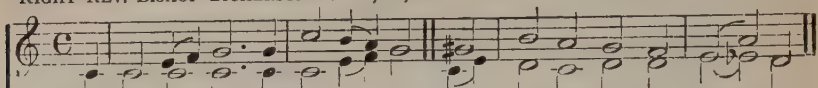
2. Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

3. Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that He reigns in love!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam!
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea!

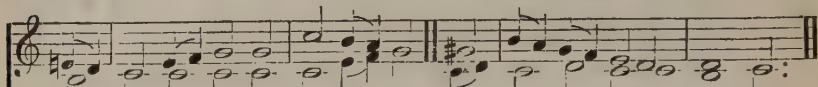
No. 422. "For My Sake and the Gospel's."

RIGHT REV. BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 8.7.8.7. D.

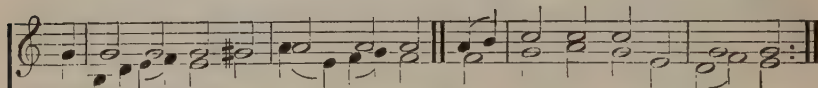
REV. E. HUSBAND.



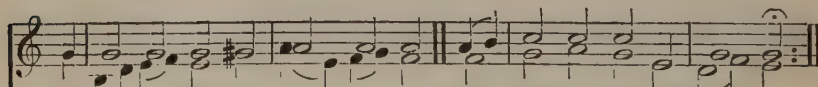
1. "For My sake and the Gos-pel's, go And tell Re-demp-tion's sto - ry;"
2. Hark, hark, the trump of Ju - bi - lee Pro - claims to ev - 'ry na - tion,



1. His her - alds an - swer, "Be it so, And Thine, Lord, all the glo - ry!"
2. From pole to pole, by land and sea, Glad tid - ings of sal - va - tion:



1. They preach His birth, His life, His cross, The love of His a - tone - ment,
2. As near - er draws the day of doom, While still the bat - tle ra - ges,



1. For whom they count the world but loss, His Eas - ter, His en - thronement.
2. The heav'n - ly Day-spring through the gloom Breaks on the night of a - ges.

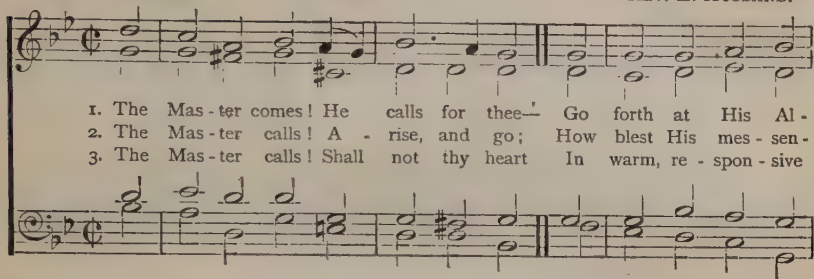
3. Still on and on the anthems spread
Of Hallelujah voices,
In concert with the holy dead
The warrior-Church rejoices;
Their snow-white robes are washed in blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the Paradise of God
One triumph-song are singing.
4. He comes, whose Advent Trumpet drowns
The last of Time's evangels—
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns,
The Lord of saints and angels:
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,
Triune, who changest never;
The throne of God and of the Lamb
Is Thine, and Thine for ever.

No. 423. The Master Comes!

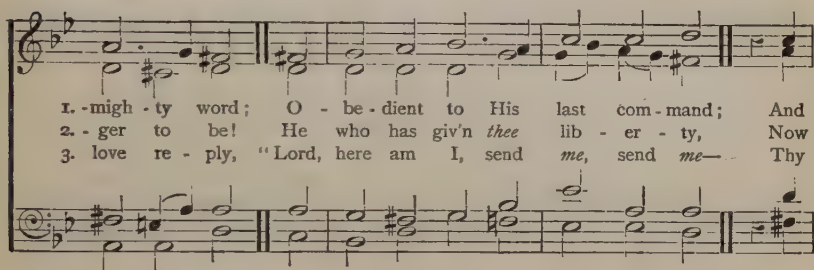
E. MAY GRIMES.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

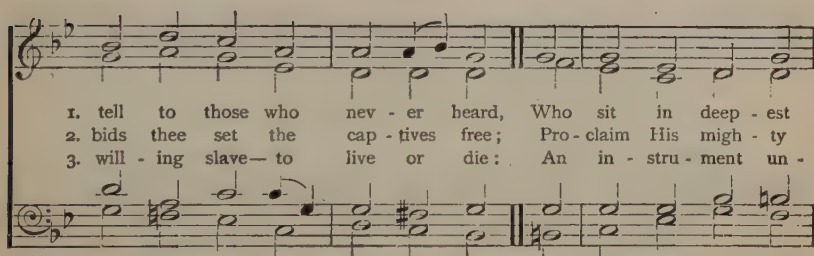
REV. E. HUSBAND.



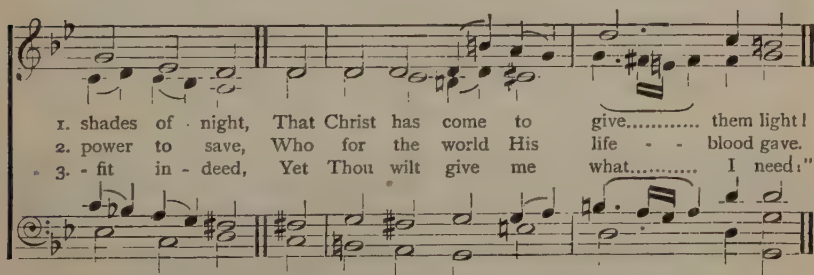
1. The Mas-ter comes! He calls for thee— Go forth at His Al-
 2. The Mas-ter calls! A - rise, and go; How blest His mes - sen-
 3. The Mas-ter calls! Shall not thy heart In warm, re - spon - sive



1. - migh - ty word; O - be - dient to His last com - mand; And
 2. - ger to be! He who has giv'n thee lib - er - ty, Now
 3. love re - ply, "Lord, here am I, send me, send me— Thy



1. tell to those who nev - er heard, Who sit in deep - est
 2. bids thee set the cap - tives free; Pro - claim His migh - ty
 3. will - ing slave— to live or die: An in - stru - ment un -



1. shades of night, That Christ has come to give..... them light!
 2. power to save, Who for the world His life - - blood gave.
 3. - fit in - deed, Yet Thou wilt give me what..... I need!"

4.

And if thou canst not go, yet bring
 An offering of a willing heart;
 Then, though thou tarriest at home,
 Thy God shall give thee too thy part.
 The messengers of peace upbear
 In ceaseless and prevailing prayer.

5.

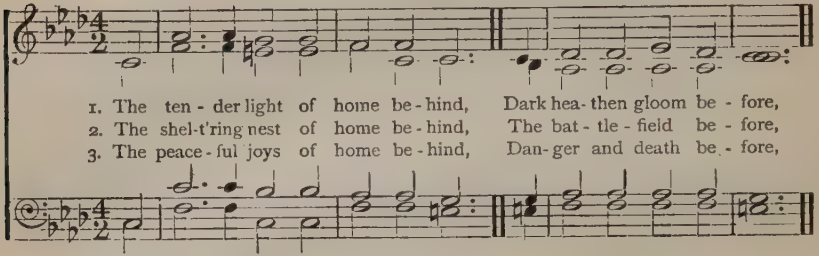
Short is the time for service true,
 For soon shall dawn that glorious day
 When, all the harvest gathered in,
 Each faithful heart shall hear Him say,
 "My child, well done! your toil is o'er—
 Enter My joy for evermore!"

No. 424. The Tender Light of Home behind.

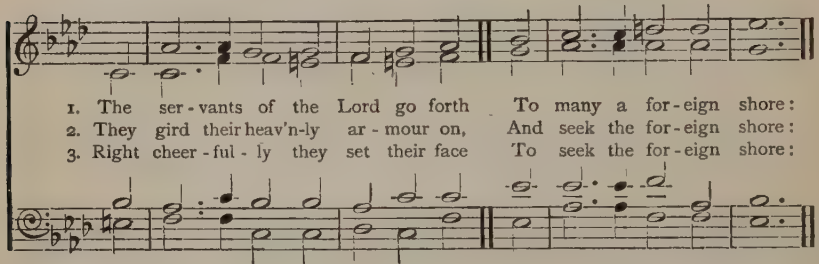
S. G. S.

PENMAENMAWR. D.C.M.

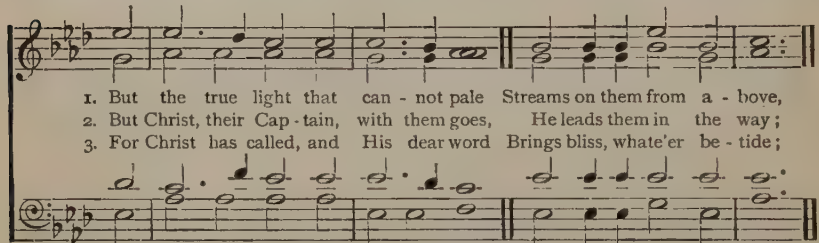
SARAH G. STOCK.



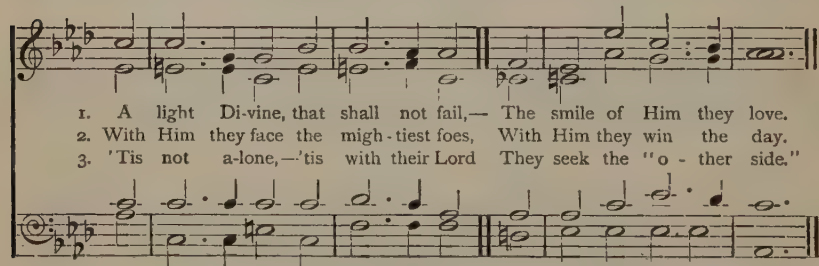
1. The ten - der light of home be - hind, Dark hea - then gloom be - fore,
 2. The shel - t'ring nest of home be - hind, The bat - tle - field be - fore,
 3. The peace - ful joys of home be - hind, Dan - ger and death be - fore,



1. The ser - vants of the Lord go forth To many a for - eign shore:
 2. They gird their heav'n - ly ar - mour on, And seek the for - eign shore:
 3. Right cheer - ful - ly they set their face To seek the for - eign shore:



1. But the true light that can - not pale Streams on them from a - bove,
 2. But Christ, their Cap - tain, with them goes, He leads them in the way;
 3. For Christ has called, and His dear word Brings bliss, whate'er be - tide;



1. A light Di - vine, that shall not fail, — The smile of Him they love.
 2. With Him they face the migh - tiest foes, With Him they win the day.
 3. 'Tis not a - lone, — 'tis with their Lord They seek the "o - ther side."

4. A wealth of love and prayer behind,
 Far-reaching hope before,
 The servants of the Lord go forth
 To seek a foreign shore:
 And wheresoe'er their footsteps move,
 That hope makes sweet the air;
 And all the path is paved with love,
 And canopied with prayer.

5. Christ in the fondly-loved "behind,"
 Christ in the bright "before,"
 Oh! blest are they who start with Him
 To seek the foreign shore!
 Christ is their fair, unfading Light,
 Christ is their Shield and Sword,
 Christ is their Keeper, day and night,
 And Christ their rich Reward!

The above Hymn may also be sung to "VOX DILECTI," No. 251.

No. 425.

Jesus Calls!

S. G. S.

TAITA. P.M., with Refrain.

SARAH G. STOCK.

1. Je - sus calls! He it is who died to save thee;
 2. Je - sus calls! O - ver high - way, hill, and hol - low—
 3. Je - sus calls! There, where war - fare He is wa - ging,

1. He it is who all things gave thee: Come, fol - low Him! Come, thy ev - 'ry
 2. Ev - 'ry-where He bids thee fol - low: Yea, fol - low Him! He will shield, up -
 3. And the an - gry foe is ra - ging: Come, fol - low Him! With thy Cap - tain

1. need con - fess - ing; Come to Him for rest and bless - ing: Trust, trust in Him!
 2. - hold, and guide thee; In His presence sweet - ly hide thee: Trust, trust in Him!
 3. on - ward lead - ing, Thou to vic - to - ry art speed - ing: Trust, trust in Him!

REFRAIN.

Je - sus calls! He it is who died to save thee;

He it is who all things gave thee: Come, fol - low Him!

No. 426. See the fields to harvest whitening.

J. R.

HARVEST HOME. 8.7.8.7. D., with Refrain. DR. E. J. BELLERBY.

*cres.**dim.*

1. See the fields to har - vest whitening, Thro' the quickly pass-ing day !
 2. Like Thy Church of old, so would we Meek - ly kneel a - round Thy feet,
 3. Each in his al - lot - ted por-tion, Let us work, not count-ing cost ;

cres.

1. See the grain ne - glect - ed fall-ing, Trod-den on the dust-y way !
 2. Each one ask-ing, "Call'st Thou me, Lord? Am I for this ser-vice meet?"
 3. To make known thro' ev - 'ry na-tion Him who came to save the lost :

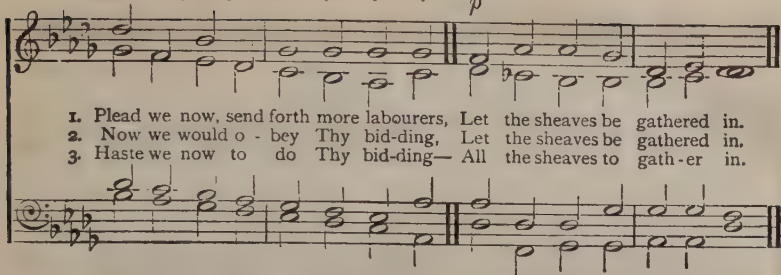
cres.

1. None to reap the wast-ing trea-sure, Stretch-ing far like bil-low-y sea,
 2. All ia ho - ly still-ness wait-ing For the Spi - rit's guid-ing voice,
 3. Till the bell rings out at e - ven, Tell - ing rest - ing - time is come ;

1. Murm'ring ev - er, "Must we per - ish? Must we still un - gar-ner'd be?"
 2. "Sep - a - rate where - to I send them, These, the ser-vants of My choice."
 3. And we gath - er round the Mas - ter In the joy of Har-vest-home.

*p**cres.**f*

1. Lord of Har-vest, pi - ty, par-don All our past ne - glect and sin :
 2. Lord of Har-vest, pi - ty, par-don All our past ne - glect and sin :
 3. Lord of Har-vest, pi - ty, par-don All our past ne - glect and sin :

*dim.**p*


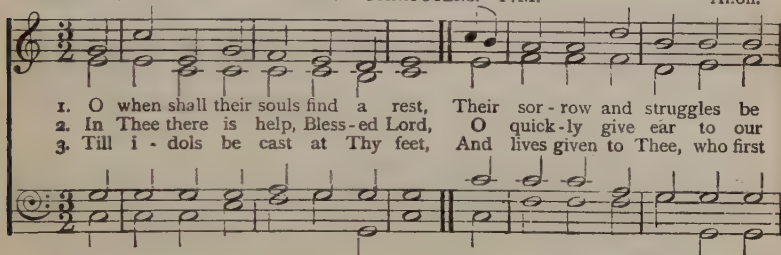
1. Plead we now, send forth more labourers, Let the sheaves be gathered in.
 2. Now we would o - bey Thy bid-ding, Let the sheaves be gathered in.
 3. Haste we now to do Thy bid-ding— All the sheaves to gath-er in.

No. 427. ♪ when shall their souls find a rest ?

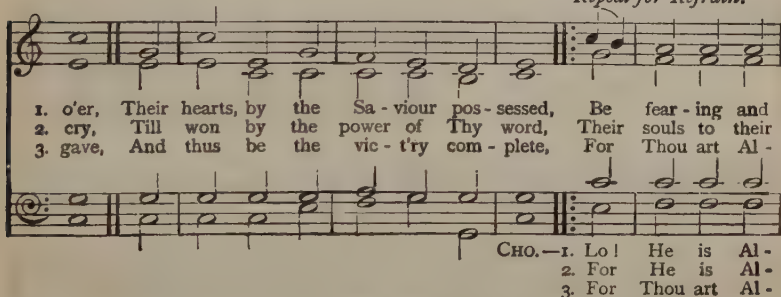
SARAH G. STOCK.

SALVATOR OMNIPOTENS. P.M.

Anon.

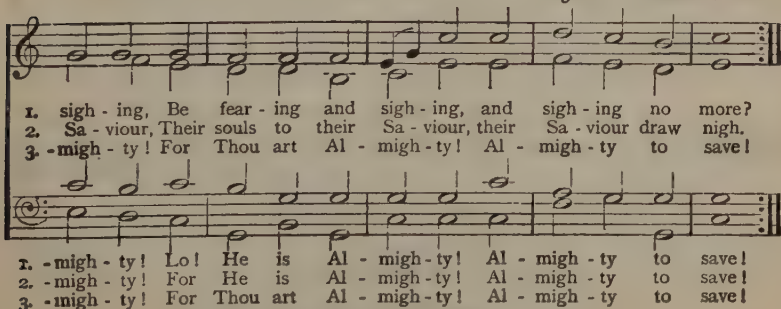


1. O when shall their souls find a rest, Their sor - row and struggles be
 2. In Thee there is help, Bless-ed Lord, O quick-ly give ear to our
 3. Till i - doles be cast at Thy feet, And lives given to Thee, who first

Repeat for Refrain.


1. o'er, Their hearts, by the Sa - viour pos - sessed, Be fear - ing and
 2. cry, Till won by the power of Thy word, Their souls to their
 3. gave, And thus be the vic - t'ry com - plete, For Thou art Al -

CHO.—1. Lo! He is Al -
 2. For He is Al -
 3. For Thou art Al -



1. sigh - ing, Be fear - ing and sigh - ing, and sigh - ing no more?
 2. Sa - viour, Their souls to their Sa - viour, their Sa - viour draw nigh.
 3. -migh - ty! For Thou art Al - migh - ty! Al - migh - ty to save!

1. -migh - ty! Lo! He is Al - migh - ty! Al - migh - ty to save!
 2. -migh - ty! For He is Al - migh - ty! Al - migh - ty to save!
 3. -migh - ty! For Thou art Al - migh - ty! Al - migh - ty to save!

4. O Saviour, Thy word we believe,
 Thy blood for their cleansing we see,
 And, asking in faith, we receive
 Souls won and surrendered to Thee.

For Thou art Almighty! For Thou art Almighty! Almighty to save!

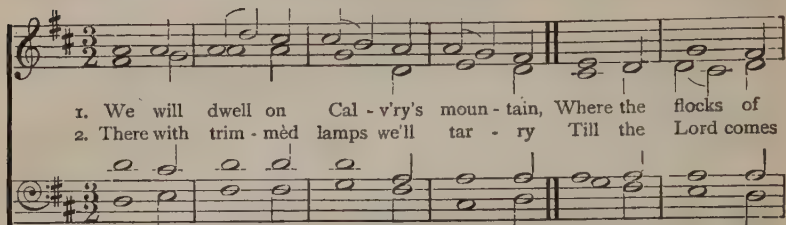
5. O Lord, may we now comprehend
 Thy mercy so high and so deep,
 And long may our praises ascend,
 For Thou art Almighty to keep!

For Thou art Almighty! For Thou art Almighty! Almighty to keep!

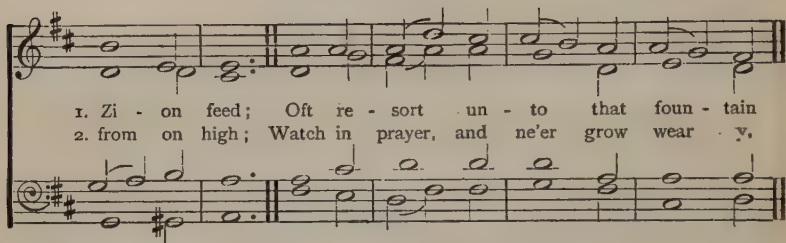
No. 428. We will dwell on Calvary's mountain.

COPSLEY. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

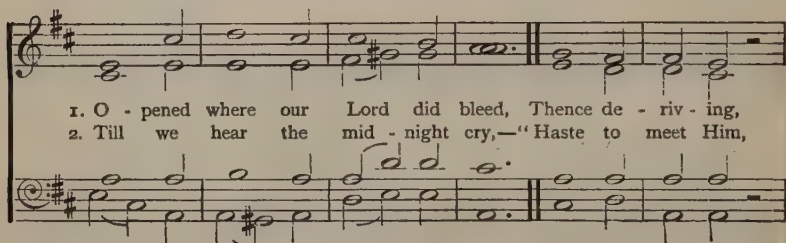
W. B. ARMSTRONG.



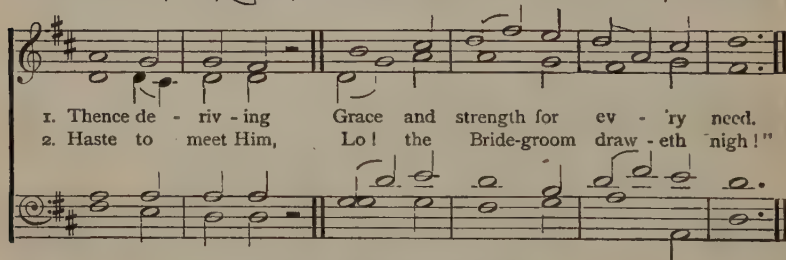
1. We will dwell on Cal - v'ry's moun - tain, Where the flocks of
2. There with trim - mēd lamps we'll tar - ry Till the Lord comes



1. Zi - on feed; Oft re - sort un - to that foun - tain
2. from on high; Watch in prayer, and ne'er grow wear - y.



1. O - pened where our Lord did bleed, Thence de - riv - ing,
2. Till we hear the mid - night cry,—“Haste to meet Him,



1. Thence de - riv - ing Grace and strength for ev - 'ry need.
2. Haste to meet Him, Lo! the Bride-groom draw - eth nigh!"

3. Lord, Thy other sheep are calling :
Send us with a message clear ;
May we gladly hasten forward,
To obey Thy voice so dear,—
“Go ye therefore,
I am with you, have no fear.”

4. Dare we let them die in darkness,
When we have the light of God,
And the life which has been purchased
With the Saviour's precious blood ?
Seek to win them,
Win them back through Christ to God.

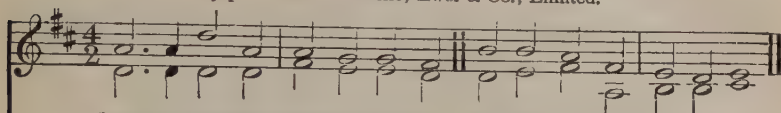
No. 429. Lord, Thy ransom'd Church is waking.

SARAH G. STOCK.

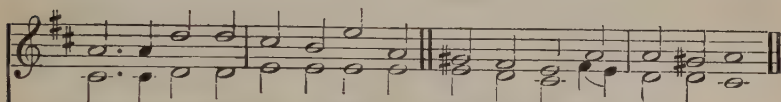
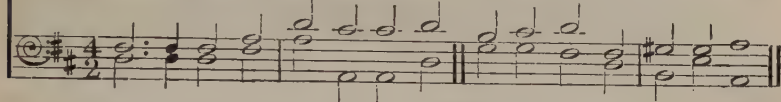
LUX EOL. 8.7.8.7. D.

SIR A. SULLIVAN

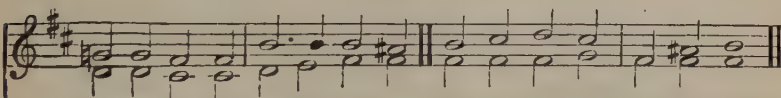
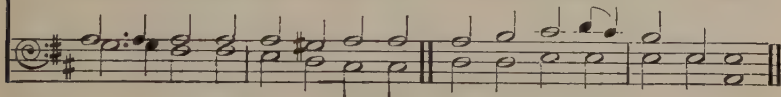
By per. Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., Limited.



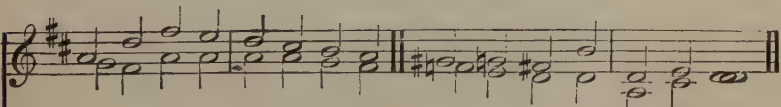
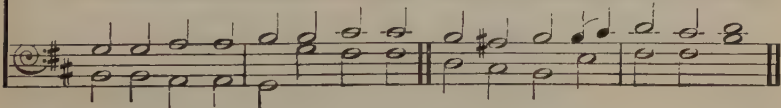
1. Lord, Thy ransom'd Church is wak-ing Out of slum-ber far and near,
2. Praise to Thee for this glad show-er, Pre-cious drops of lat-ter rain;



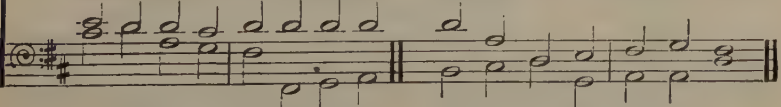
1. Know-ing that the morn is break-ing When the Bride-groom shall ap-pear;
2. Praise, that by Thy Spi-rit's pow-er Thou hast quick-ened us a-gain;



1. Wak-ing up to claim the trea-sure With Thy pre-cious life-blood bought,
2. That Thy Gos-pel's price-less trea-sure Now is borne from land to land,



1. And to trust in full-er mea-sure All Thy won-drous death hath wrought.
2. And that all the Father's plea-sure Pros-pers in Thy pier-ced hand.



3. Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
O'er the lost and wandering throng;
Praise for voices daily learning
To upraise the glad new song:
Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
Now to touch Thy garment's hem;
Praise for souls believing—tasting
All Thy love has won for them.
4. Set on fire our heart's devotion
With the love of Thy dear name;
Till o'er every land and ocean
Lips and lives Thy cross proclaim.
Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
Keeping watch till Thou shalt come,
Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;
Then, Lord, take Thy servants home

No. 430. We shall reign o'er all the earth.

SARAH G. STOCK.

REGNANT. 7-7-7-7-7.

From HANDEL.
Arr. by A. J. FOXWELL.*Grazioso.*

1. He shall reign o'er all the earth, He Who wore the crown of thorn,
2. Long His he - ri - tage hath lain 'Neath the false u - surp - er's sway;

1. Whom they deem'd of lit - tle worth, Whom they met with hate and scorn;
2. He will claim it back a - gain, Rout the foes and win the day.

1. Send the tid - ings forth, that all Hum - bly at His feet may fall.
2. Send the tid - ings forth, that all Hum - bly at His feet may fall.

3. Then beneath His rule of peace
Heaven shall smile, and earth shall sing,
Ever yielding rich increase
To the honour of her King.
Send the tidings forth, that all
Humbly at His feet may fall.
4. Hasten, Lord, the wondrous hour,
Bid it strike from shore to shore,
Thine the kingdom and the power, -
Thine the glory evermore.
Bow each rebel heart, till all
At Thy feet adoring fall.

No. 431. God is working His purpose out.

A. C. AINGER.

BENSON. P.M.

M. D. KINGHAM.

Moderato.

* 1. God is work - ing His pur - pose out, .. as year suc - ceeds to

The Words must be sung to the tune in their natural rhythm, the notes being repeated or not, as required. The small notes in 1st line for 2nd, 3rd, and 5th verses.

XII.—MISSIONARY HYMNS.

year : God is work - ing His pur - pose out, and the

time is draw - ing near, — Near - er and near - er draws the time, the

When the

time that shall sure - ly be, When the earth shall be filled with the

co - ver the

glo - ry of God, as the wa - ters co - ver the sea.

2. From utmost East to utmost West, where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God ;
Give ear to Me, ye continents,—ye isles, give ear to Me,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.
3. What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind,—the reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time—the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.
4. March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled,
That the light of the glorious Gospel of truth may shine throughout the world :
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.
5. All we can do is nothing worth, unless God blesses the deed ;
Vainly we hope for the harvest, till God gives life to the seed ;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time—the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

No. 432. Shine on me, O Lord Jesus !

DR. E. J. B.

MARGATE. 7.6.7.6. D.

DR. E. J. BELLERBY.

1. Shine on me, O Lord Je - sus, And let me ev - er know
2. Shine in me, O Lord Je - sus, And let Thy search - ing light

1. The grace that shone from Cal - v'ry, Where Thou did'st love me so.
2. Re - veal each hid - den pur - pose, Each thought as in Thy sight.

1. "My child, I am thy Sa - viour, 'Tis not what thou dost feel,
2. "My child, I am thy Search - er, I try each lov - ing heart,

1. But Mine own gra - cious pro - mise Which does 'Thy par - don seal."
2. For I would have most ho - ly All who in Me have part."

3. Shine through me then, Lord Jesus,
That all the world may see
The life I live is Thy life,
And thus be drawn to Thee.
"My child, I am thy Power;
With those who hear My voice
I ever dwell, and use them,
Thus making them rejoice."

4. Shine out, shine out, Lord Jesus,
Thou Light of all the world;
O let Thy Gospel Banner
Be everywhere unfurled.
"My child, hast thou forgotten
That name is also thine?
My fruit is borne on branches,
Not by the Parent Vine."

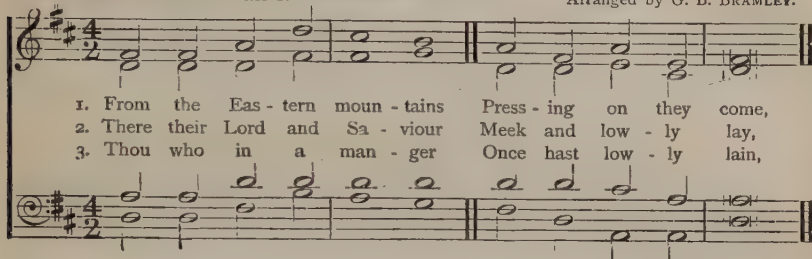
5. Arise and shine, Lord Jesus,
Thou Bright and Morning Star;
I long for Thine appearing,
When peace shall follow war.
"My child, before I gather
My family in one,
Its number needs completing;
'Twards this, what hast thou done?"

6. Alas, alas, Lord Jesus,
My life has been but vain,
How little satisfaction
Have I brought for Thy pain!
"My child, I still desire thee,
Go, spread the news afar;
Then shalt thou shine in heaven
With glory like a star."

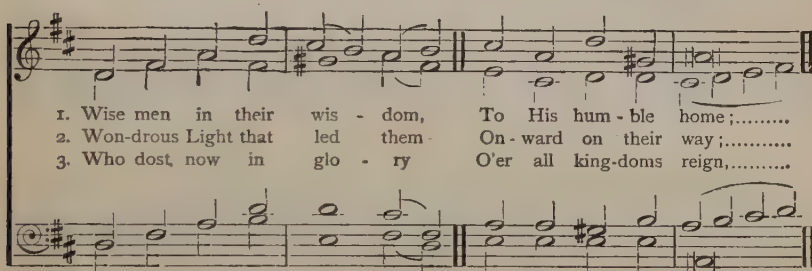
No. 433. From the Eastern Mountains.

REV. PREB. GODFREY THRING. STARLIGHT. 6.5.6.5. D.

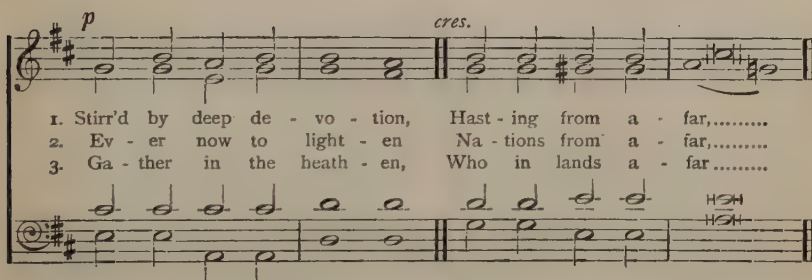
C. S. BEATSON.
Arranged by G. B. BRAMLEY.



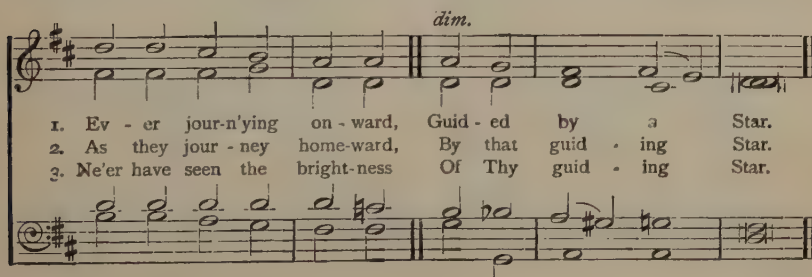
1. From the Eas - tern moun - tains Press - ing on they come,
2. There their Lord and Sa - viour Meek and low - ly lay,
3. Thou who in a man - ger Once hast low - ly lain,



1. Wise men in their wis - dom, To His hum - ble home;.....
2. Won-drous Light that led them - On - ward on their way;.....
3. Who dost now in glo - ry O'er all king-doms reign;.....



1. Stir'd by deep de - vo - tion, Hast - ing from a - far,.....
2. Ev - er now to light - en Na - tions from a - far,.....
3. Ga - ther in the heath - en, Who in lands a - far.....



1. Ev - er jour-n'ying on - ward, Guid - ed by a Star.
2. As they jour - ney home-ward, By that guid - ing Star.
3. Ne'er have seen the bright-ness Of Thy guid - ing Star.

4. Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light—
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.

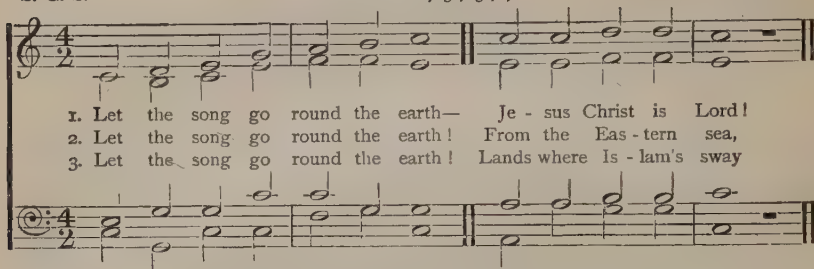
5. Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner.
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

No. 434. Let the Sound go Round the Earth.

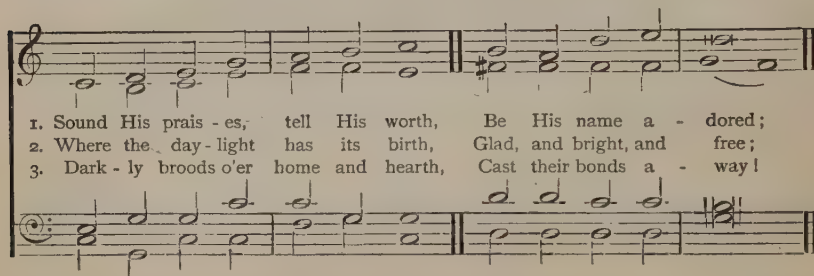
S. G. S.

MOEL LLYS. 7.5.7.5.7.7.

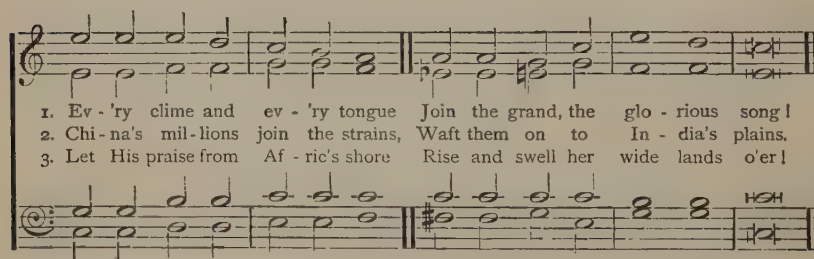
SARAH G. STOCK.



1. Let the song go round the earth— Je - sus Christ is Lord!
 2. Let the song go round the earth! From the Eas - tern sea,
 3. Let the song go round the earth! Lands where Is - lam's sway



1. Sound His prais - es, tell His worth, Be His name a - dored;
 2. Where the day - light has its birth, Glad, and bright, and free;
 3. Dark - ly broods o'er home and hearth, Cast their bonds a - way!



1. Ev - 'ry clime and ev - 'ry tongue Join the grand, the glo - rious song!
 2. Chi - na's mil - lions join the strains, Waft them on to In - dia's plains,
 3. Let His praise from Af - ric's shore Rise and swell her wide lands o'er!

4. Let the song go round the earth!

Where the summer smiles;

Let the notes of holy mirth

Break from distant isles!

Inland forests dark and dim,

Snow-bound coasts give back the hymn.

5. Let the song go round the earth!

Jesus Christ is King!

With the story of His worth

Let the whole world ring!

Him crea - tion all adore

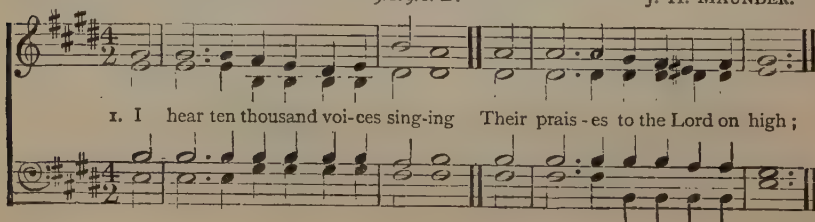
Evermore and evermore!

No. 435. I hear Ten Thousand Voices.

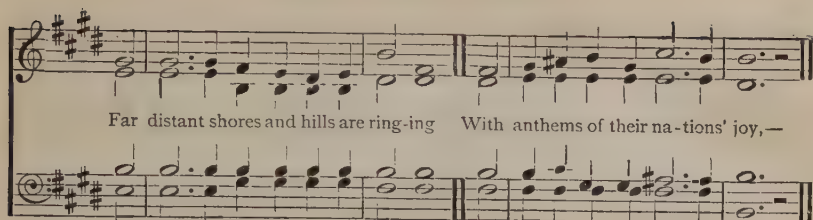
REV. H. W. FOX.

9.8.9.8. D.

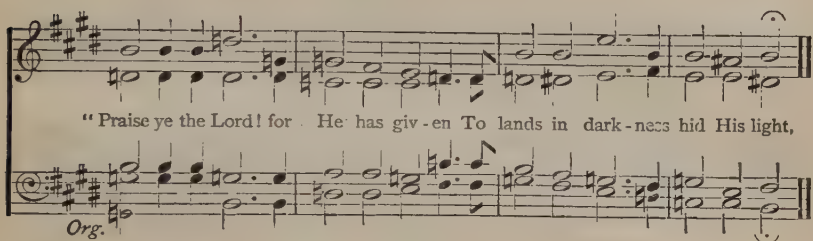
J. H. MAUNDER.



1. I hear ten thousand voi - ces sing - ing Their prais - es to the Lord on high;

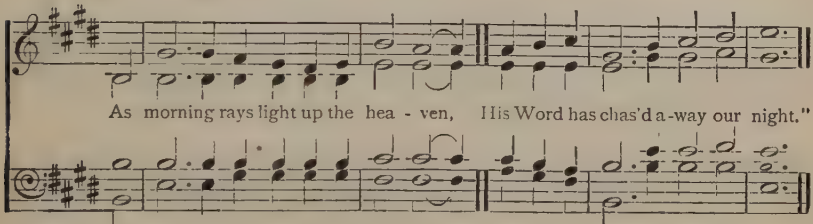


Far distant shores and hills are ring-ing With anthems of their na-tions' joy,—



"Praise ye the Lord! for He has giv-en To lands in dark-ness hid His light,

Org.



As morning rays light up the hea-ven, His Word has chas'd a-way our night."

2.

On China's shores I hear His praises
From lips that once kissed idol stones;
Soon as His banner He upraises,
The Spirit moves the breathless bones:
"Speed, speed Thy word o'er land and ocean,
The Lord in triumph has gone forth;
The nations hear with strange emotion,
From East to West, from South to North."

3.

The song has sounded o'er the waters,
And India's plains re-echo joy;
Beneath the moon sit India's daughters,
Soft singing as the wheel they ply:
"Thanks to Thee, Lord, for hopes of glory,
For peace on earth to us revealed;
Our cherished idols fell before Thee,
Thy Spirit has our pardon sealed."

4.

On Afric's sunny shore, glad voices
Wake up the morn of Jubilee;
The negro, once a slave, rejoices,
Who's freed by Christ is doubly free:
"Sing, brothers, sing! yet many a nation
Shall hear the voice of God and live;
E'en we are heralds of salvation,
The Word He gave we'll freely give."

5.

Fair are New Zealand's wooded mountains,
Deep glens, blue lakes, and dizzy steeps;
But sweeter than the murmuring fountains
Rises the song from holy lips:
"By blood did Jesus come to save us,
So deeply stained with brothers' blood;
Our hearts we'll give to Him who gave us
Deliverance from the fiery flood."

6.

O'er prairies wild the song is spreading,
Where once the war-cry sounded loud;
But now the evening sun is shedding
His rays upon a praying crowd:
"Lord of all worlds, Eternal Spirit!
Thy light upon our darkness shed;
For Thy dear love, for Jesu's merit,
From joyful hearts be worship paid."

7.

Hark! hark! a louder sound is booming
O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and sea;
The angel's trump proclaims His coming—
Our day of endless Jubilee: [Thee;
"Hail to Thee, Lord! Thy people praise
In every land Thy name we sing;
On heaven's eternal throne upraise Thee,
Take Thou Thy power, Thou glorious King."

No. 436.

Speed Thy Servants.

REV. T. KELLY.

NUNC DIMITTIS. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. Speed Thy ser-vants, Sa-viour, speed them! Thou art Lord of winds and
 2. Friends and home and all for-sak-ing, Lord, they go at Thy com-
 3. When no fruit ap-pears to cheer them, And they seem to toil in

1. waves; They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to
 2. -mand; As their stay Thy pro-mise tak-ing, While they tra-verse
 3. vain, Then in mer-cy, Lord, draw near them, Then their sink-ing

1. free the slaves: Be Thou with them, 'Tis Thine arm a-lone that saves.
 2. sea and land: Oh! be with them, Lead them safe-ly by the hand!
 3. hopes sus-tain: Thus sup-port-ed, Let their zeal re-vive a-gain!

4. In the midst of opposition
 Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
 When success attends their mission,
 Let Thy servants humble be:
 Never leave them,
 Till Thy face in heaven they see.

5. There to reap, in joy for ever,
 Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
 There to be with Him, who never
 Ceases to preserve His own,
 And with triumph
 Sing a Saviour's grace alone!

No. 437.

A Cry, as of Pain.

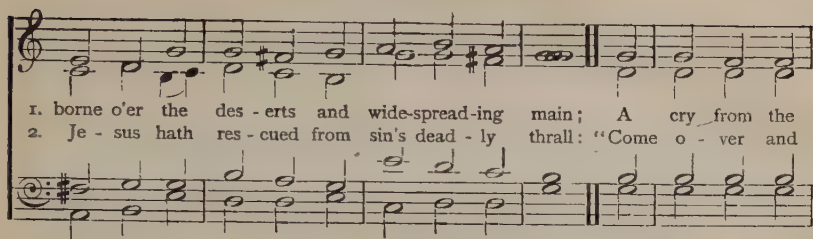
S. G. S.

ZENANA. P.M.

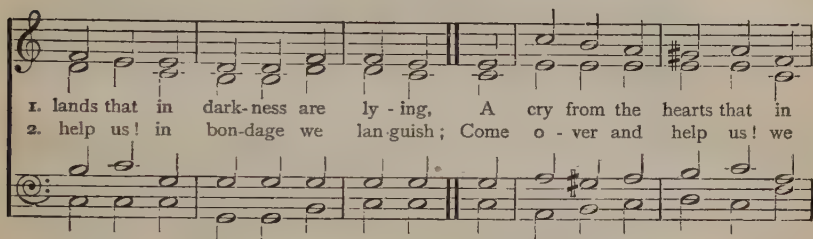
SARAH G. STOCK.

Slow.

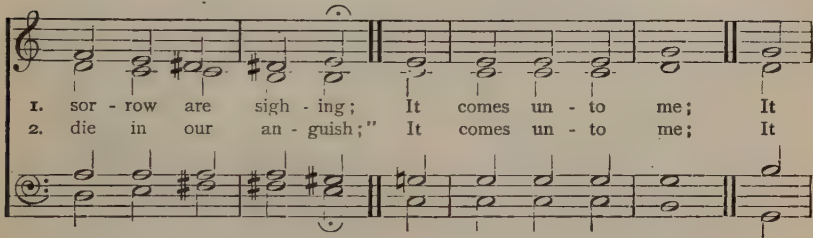
1. A cry, as of pain, A-gain and a-gain, Is
 2. Oh! hark to the call; It comes un-to all Whom



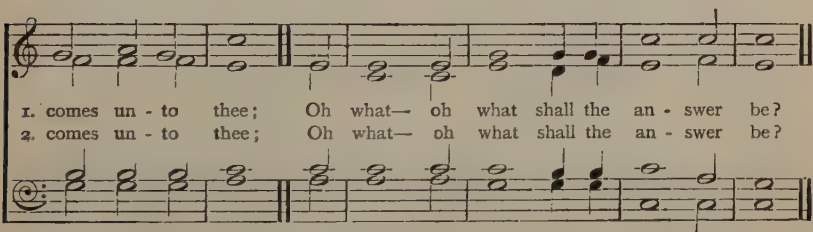
1. borne o'er the des - erts and wide-spread-ing main; A cry from the
2. Je - sus hath res - cued from sin's dead - ly thrall: "Come o - ver and



1. lands that in dark-ness are ly - ing, A cry from the hearts that in
2. help us! in bon-dage we lan-guish; Come o - ver and help us! we



1. sor - row are sigh - ing; It comes un - to me; It
2. die in our an - guish;" It comes un - to me; It



1. comes un - to thee; Oh what— oh what shall the an - swer be?
2. comes un - to thee; Oh what— oh what shall the an - swer be?

3. It comes to the soul
That Christ hath made whole,
The heart that is longing His name to extol;
It comes with a chorus of pitiful wailing;
It comes with a plea which is strong and prevailing:
"For Christ's sake" to me;
"For Christ's sake" to thee;
Oh what—oh what shall the answer be?

4. We come, Lord, to Thee,
Thy servants are we;
Inspire Thou the answer, and true it shall be!
If here we should work, or afar Thou shouldst send us
Oh grant that Thy mercy may ever attend us,
That each one may be
A witness for Thee,
Till all the earth shall Thy glory see!

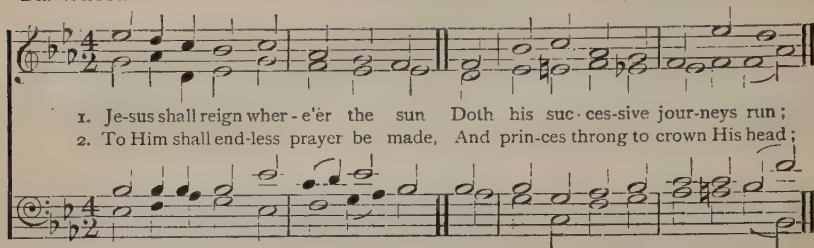
No. 438.

Jesus shall Reign.

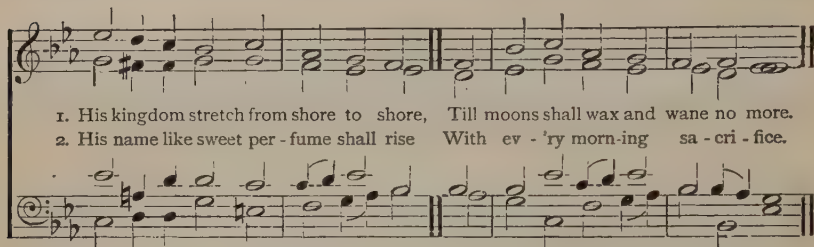
DR. WATTS.

MONARCH. L.M.

REV. P. J. SIMPSON, by per.



1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run ;
2. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And prin-ces throng to crown His head ;



1. His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sa-cri-fice.

3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

5. Where He displays His healing power
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

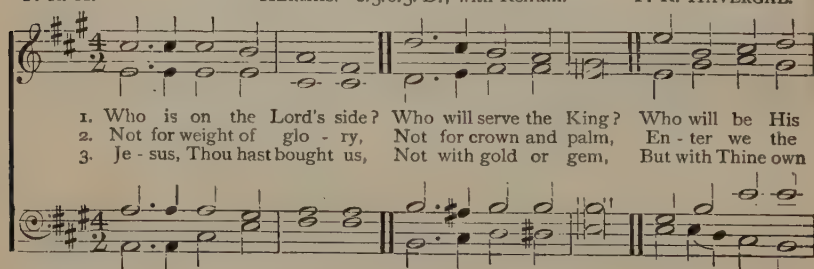
6. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King !
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen !

No. 439. Who is on the Lord's Side ?

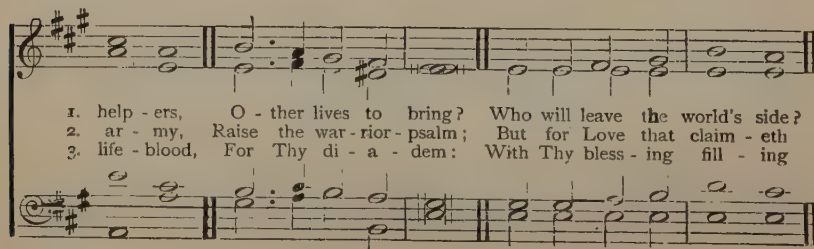
F. R. H.

HERMAS. 6.5.6.5. D., with Refrain.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

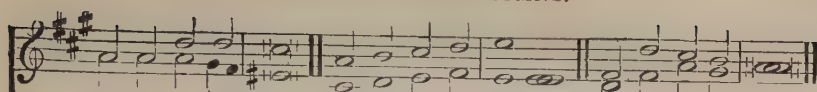


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the
3. Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own



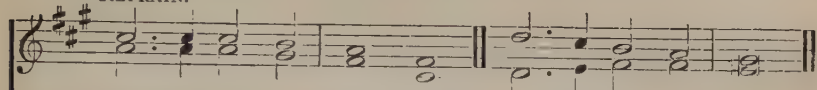
1. help-ers, O-ther lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
2. ar-my, Raise the war-rior-psalm; But for Love that claim-eth
3. life-blood, For Thy di-a-dem: With Thy bless-ing fill-ing

XII.—MISSIONARY HYMNS.

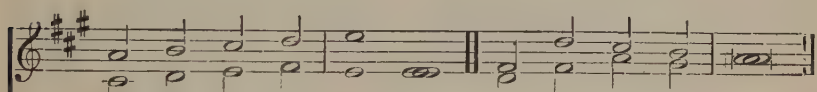


1. Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
 2. Lives for whom He died; He whom Je-sus na-meth Must be on His side.
 3. Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free.

REFRAIN.



1. By Thy call of mer-cy, By Thy grace Di-vine,
 2. By Thy love con-strain-ing, By Thy grace Di-vine,
 3. By Thy grand re-demp-tion, By Thy grace Di-vine,



We are on the Lord's side; Sa-viour, we are Thine.

4. Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow.
 Round His Standard ranging,
 Victory is secure,
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

5. Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land;
 Chosen, called, and faithful,
 For our Captain's band:
 In the service royal
 Let us not grow cold;
 Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 Always on the Lord's side—
 Saviour, always Thine.

No. 440. Lord, we come before Thee.

1. LORD, we come before Thee,
 In our Saviour's name,
 For Thy chosen people
 Blessing now to claim:
 Send the "showers of blessing"
 On each Jewish head,
 To the Cross of Jesus
 Be each lost one led.
 Father, bless and save them,
 Israel's sons, we pray;
 Turn to joy their bondage,
 Turn their night to day.

2. Satan doth enslave them,—
 Blinds them to Thy word;—

Oh! do Thou convict them
 By Thy Spirit's Sword:
 Send Thy promised Spirit,
 Break their chains of sin,
 Bid them trust in Jesus,
 Call each lost one in.

3. O'er the wide world scattered,
 Yet they still are Thine,
 May Thy glorious Day-star
 In their darkness shine:
 Though in every country
 Far from Thee they roam,
 Saviour, seek and find them,
 Bring each lost one home.

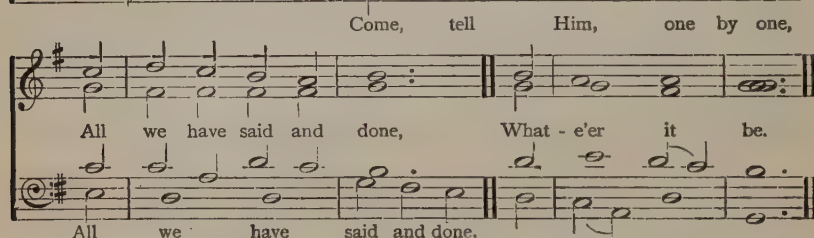
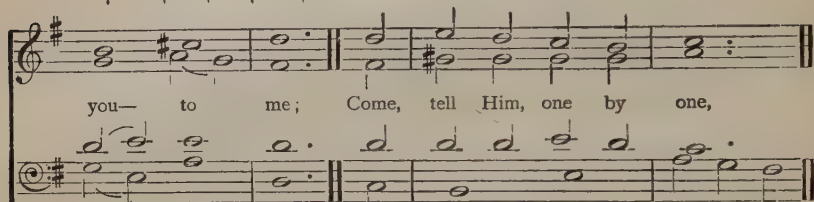
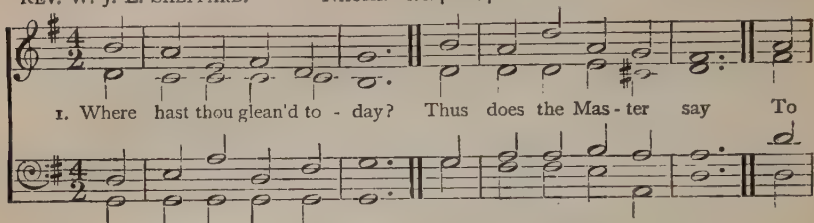
Rev. J. Stuart Holden.

No. 441. Where hast thou Gleaned to-day?

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD.

NAOMI. 6.6.4.6.6.4.

C. H. FORREST.



2. In the great field of prayer,
Have we been gleanings there—
Abroad—at home—
Blessings, for His dear sake,
On all who strive to make
His kingdom come?

3. From God's own Scripture field
Glean we some precious yield
Of golden grain—
Promise, and plan, and will
For this great world, until
Christ comes again?

4. Glean we from fields afar
News of the holy war
Of God's dear Son,
Of progress towards the goal,
Of many a heathen soul
For Jesus won?

5. Or in the fields around
Have we no gleanings found
Of gifts or gold,
To God's great treasure store,
Brought in by rich or poor,
By young or old?

6. And, gleanings richer still,
Those who, the Father's will
Longing to do,
Bring to Him heart and hand,
Joining our Gleaner-Band—
Co-workers true?

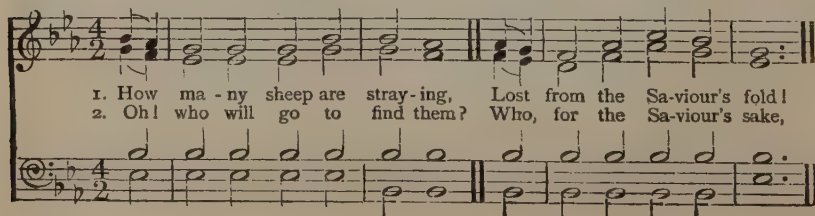
7. So grant us, Lord, we pray,
To glean while it is day,
That ours may be
At last the blest reward—
To bring our sheaves, dear Lord,
With joy to Thee!

No. 442. How many Sheep are Straying!

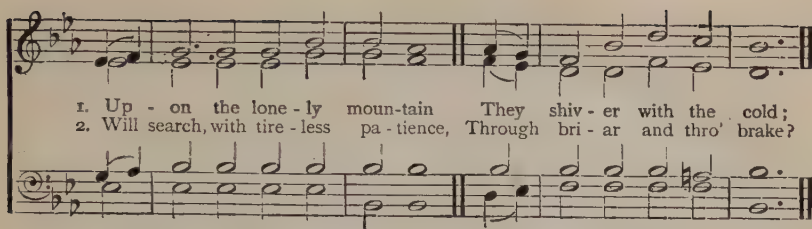
E. M. H. GATES.

PROCLAM OVILI. P.M., with Refrain.

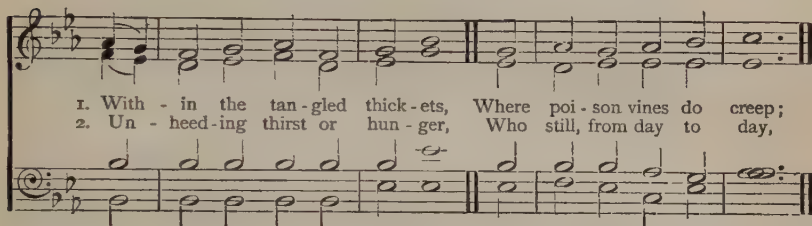
REV. R. LOWRY.



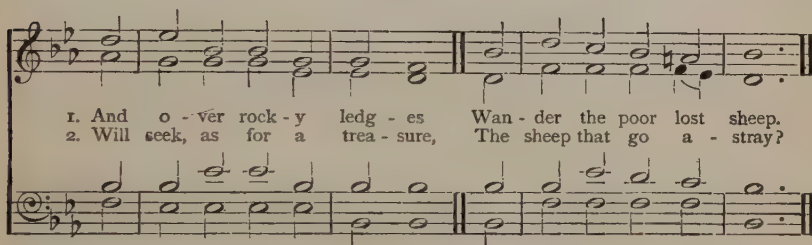
XII.—MISSIONARY HYMNS.



1. Up - on the lone - ly moun-tain They shiv - er with the cold ;
 2. Will search, with tire - less pa - tience, Through bri - ar and thro' brake?

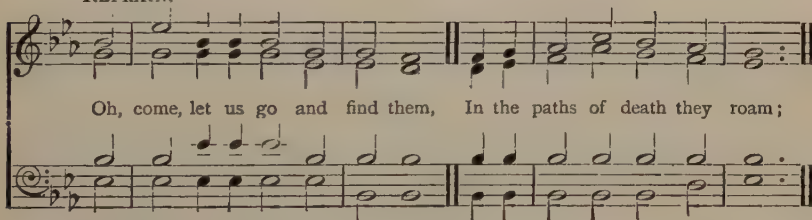


1. With - in the tan - gled thick - ets, Where poi - son vines do creep ;
 2. Un - heed - ing thirst or hun - ger, Who still, from day to day,

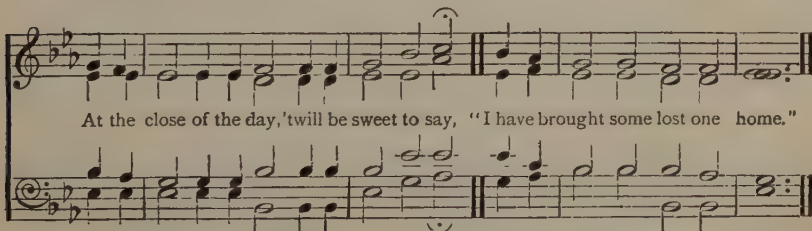


1. And o - ver rock - y ledg - es Wan - der the poor lost sheep.
 2. Will seek, as for a trea - sure, The sheep that go a - stray?

REFRAIN.



Oh, come, let us go and find them, In the paths of death they roam ;



At the close of the day, 'twill be sweet to say, "I have brought some lost one home."

3. Say, will you seek to find them?
 From pleasant bowers of ease,
 Will you go forth determined
 To find the "least of these"?
 For still the Saviour calls them,
 And looks across the world,
 And still He holds wide open
 The door into His fold.

4. How sweet 'twould be at evening,
 If you and I could say,—
 "Good Shepherd, we've been seeking,
 The sheep that went astray!
 Heartsore and faint with hunger,
 We heard them making moan,
 And, lo! we come at nightfall
 And bear them safely home."

No. 443.

O Lord of lords!

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD. LAUS, TIBI, CHRISTE. D.C.M.

G. F. COBB.

Sung, not smoothly, but with the rhythm well marked, in the manner of a March. The small notes are for the Organ only, not for the Voices.

1. O Lord of lords and King of kings, We praise Thy glo - rious
 2. O Lord of lords and King of kings, We praise Thy ho - ly
 3. O Lord of lords and King of kings, We praise Thy bless - ed
 4. O Lord of lords and King of kings, We praise Thy gra - cious

1. Name; The same to - day and yes - ter - day, And
 2. Name; That Thou did'st from Thy faith - ful Church A
 3. Name, That to our fa - thers' wak - ing hearts A -
 4. Name, That in Thy world - wide work di - vine Our

1. ev - er - more the same!..... Who for a world by
 2. glo - rious ser - vice claim,.... To bid the Gos - pel -
 3. new Thy sum - mons came;..... Till, where the seed was
 4. part we too may claim;..... O may we thus Thy

1. sin un - done Cam'st down in love to die, And
 2. - trum - pet sound Far o - ver land and sea, Un -
 3. sown in tears, Fields white to har - vest lay, The
 4. Gos - pel - word Pro - claim from shore to shore, Till

1. sit - test on Thy Fa-ther's throne In glo - ry now on high.
 2. - til the earth's re - mot - est bound Thine own pos - ses - sion be,
 3. in - crease of the hun-dred years A hun-dred - fold to - day!
 4. all the earth shall hail Thee Lord, And praise Thee ev - er - more!

No. 444. Coming, Coming, Yes, they are.

7.7.8.7.8.7.

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL. From "Consecrated Melodies," by per. REV. E. HUSBAND.
Andantino.

1. Com-ing, com-ing, yes, they are, Com-ing, com-ing, from a - far;
 2. Com-ing, com-ing, yes, they are, Com-ing, com-ing, from a - far;

1. From the wild and scorch-ing des - ert, Af - ric's sons of col - our deep;
 2. From the fields and crowd-ed ci - ties, Chi - na ga - thers to His feet;

1. Je - su's love has drawn and won them, At His cross they bow and weep.
 2. In His love Shem's gen - tle chil - dren Now have found a safe re - treat.

3. Coming, coming, yes, they are,
 Coming, coming, from afar;
 From the Indies and the Ganges,
 Steady flows the living stream,
 To love's ocean, to His bosom,
 Calvary their wond'ring theme.
4. Coming, coming, yes, they are,
 Coming, coming, from afar;
 From the steppes of Russia dreary,
 From Slavonia's scattered lands,
 They are yielding soul and spirit
 Into Jesu's loving hands.

5. Coming, coming, yes they are,
 Coming, coming, from afar;
 From the frozen realms of midnight,
 Over many a weary mile,
 To exchange their soul's long winter
 For the summer of His smile.
6. Coming, coming, yes, they are,
 Coming, coming, from afar;
 All to meet in plains of glory,
 All to sing His praises sweet;
 What a chorus, what a meeting,
 With the family complete!

No. 445.

Far, Far Away.

G. M. J.

OMNIS POTESTAS MIHI. II. IO. II. IO., with Refrain. J. McGRANAHAN.

1. Far, far a-way in heath-en darkness dwell-ing, Mil-lions of souls for
2. See o'er the world wide o-pen doors in-vit-ing: Sol-diers of Christ, a-

1. ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go, Sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing—
2. -rise and en-ter in! Chris-tians, a-wake! your for-ces all u-nit-ing,

CHORUS.

1. Look-ing to Je-sus, count-ing not the cost? } "All power is
2. Send forth the Gos-pel, break the chains of sin! }

giv-en un-to Me! All pow'r is giv-en un-to Me! Go ye in-to

all the world, and preach the Gos-pel; and lo, I am with you al-way."

3.

"Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling,
"Why will ye die?" re-echo in His name:
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling;
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.

4.

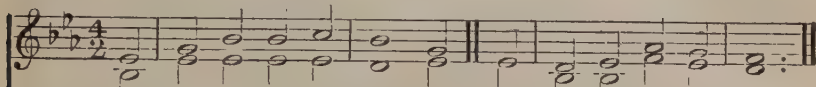
God speed the day when those of every nation
"Glory to God" triumphantly shall sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout "Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!"

No. 446. From Greenland's Ice Mountains.

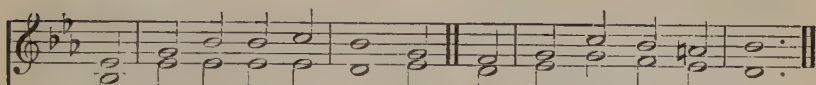
MISSIONARY. 7.6.7.6. D.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP HEBER.

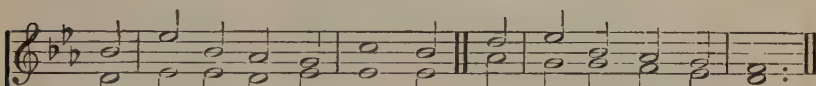
DR. L. MASON.



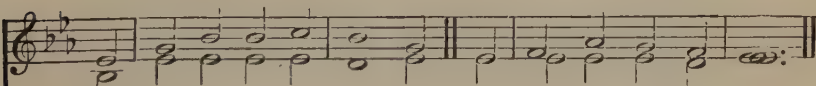
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft on Cey - lon's isle;



1. Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
2. Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;



1. From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
2. In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;



1. They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
2. The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

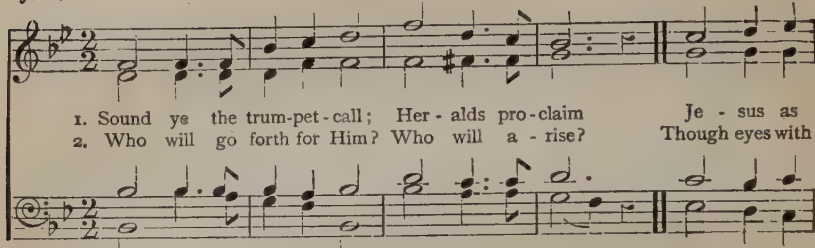
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

No. 447. Sound ye the Trumpet-Call.

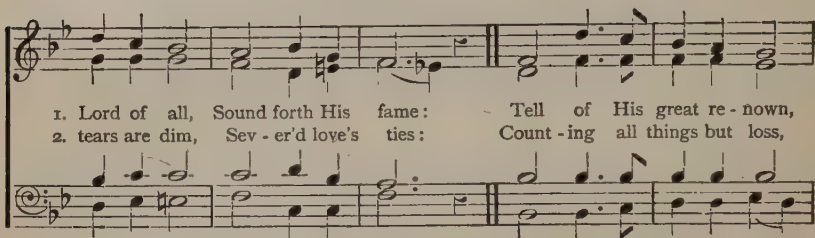
J. H. STUART.

ADVANCE. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

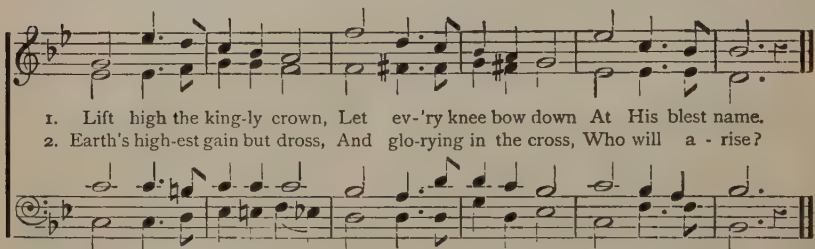
M. W. STUBBS.



1. Sound ye the trum-pet-call; Her-alds pro-claim Je-sus as
2. Who will go forth for Him? Who will a-rise? Though eyes with



1. Lord of all, Sound forth His fame: Tell of His great re-nown,
2. tears are dim, Sev-er'd love's ties: Count-ing all things but loss,



1. Lift high the king-ly crown, Let ev-'ry knee bow down At His blest name.
2. Earth's high-est gain but dross, And glo-ry-ing in the cross, Who will a-rise?

3. Go, for the crowning day
Draws ever near;
Time will soon pass away,
Jesus be here:
Raise ye the cross where now
Nations to idols bow;
Dawn o'er the mountain's brow
Tells He is near.

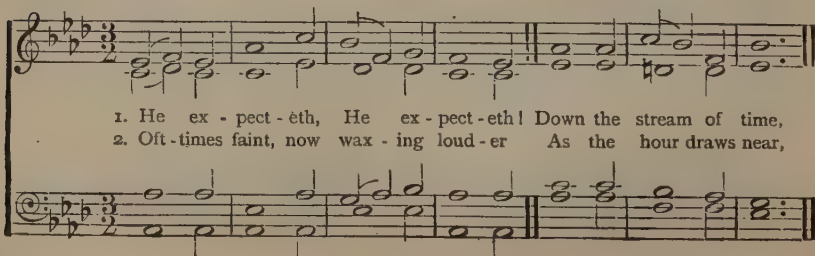
4. Hark to the trumpet-blast!
Jesus is King!
He comes to reign at last,
All conquering:
Then the wide world shall own,
Bending before His throne,
Jesus is King alone,
Jesus is King!

No. 448. From Thenceforth Expecting.

ALICE J. JANVRIN.

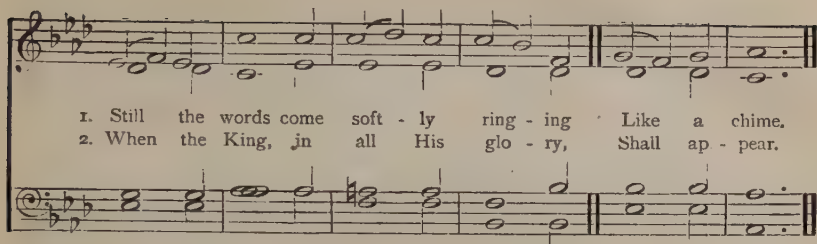
8.5.8.3.

REV. DR. E. W. BULLINGER.



1. He ex-pect-eth, He ex-pect-eth! Down the stream of time,
2. Oft-times faint, now wax-ing loud-er As the hour draws near,

XII.—MISSIONARY HYMNS.



1. Still the words come soft - ly ring - ing Like a chime.
2. When the King, in all His glo - ry, Shall ap - pear.

3. He is waiting with long patience
For His crowning day,
For that kingdom which shall never
Pass away.

4. And till every tribe and nation
Bow before His throne,
He expecteth loyal service
From His own.

5. He expecteth—but He heareth
Still the bitter cry
From earth's millions, "Come and help us,
For we die."

6. He expecteth—doth He see us
Busy here and there,
Heedless of those pleading accents
Of despair?

7. Shall we—dare we disappoint Him?
Brethren, let us rise!
He who died for us is watching
From the skies;—

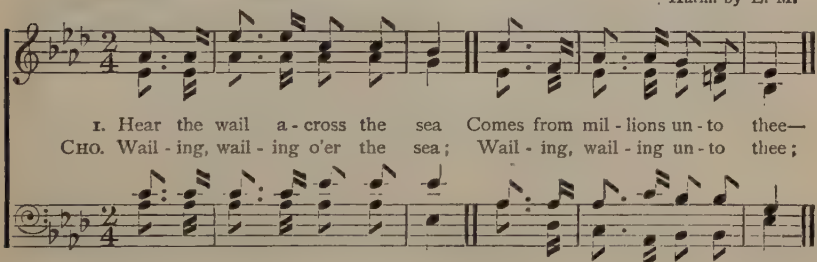
8. Watching till His royal banner
Floateth far and wide,
Till He seeth of His travail
Satisfied!

No. 449. Hear the Wail across the Sea.

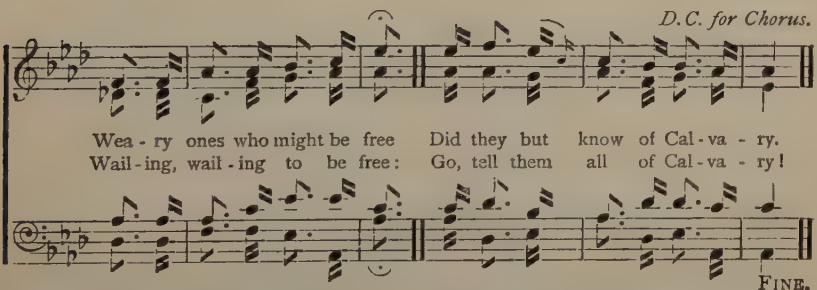
J. W. MAC GILL.

By per. from "Consecrated Melodies."

Highland.
Harm. by E. M.



1. Hear the wail a - cross the sea Comes from mil - lions un - to thee—
CHO. Wail - ing, wail - ing o'er the sea; Wail - ing, wail - ing un - to thee;



Wear - ry ones who might be free Did they but know of Cal - va - ry.
Wail - ing, wail - ing to be free: Go, tell them all of Cal - va - ry!

D.C. for Chorus.

FINE.

2. Hear the wail of broken hearts
Rise from slavery's cruel marts!
There's a balm for bitter smarts—
The balm that's found at Calvary.

3. Hear the wail from priest-crushed lands,
Man's device for God's commands—
Forms as countless as the sands
Have blocked the way to Calvary.

4. Wailing of the prophet cursed,
Of fanatics, wildest, worst.
Help us, Lord, their chains to burst,
And set them free by Calvary.

5. Wailings reach this favoured shore,
Wailings ceasing nevermore;
Men are dying evermore—
Go, tell them all of Calvary!

No. 450. We Rise to Praise Thee.

K. P. M., by permission.

BANIAS. L.M.D.

MEYER LUTZ.

1. We rise to praise Thee now, dear Lord, For all the blessings of Thy word,

And for the light which Thou hast giv'n, To shew the path that leads to heav'n:

But o - thers in the dark to - day Are fail - ing still to find the way;

O grant Thy kingdom soon may come; Bring all Thy chil - dren safe - ly home.

2. Yet as we pray, condemned we stand;
To us Thou gavest the command,
"Go ye into the world and preach,
The Gospel to all nations teach:"
With deep contrition, Lord, we own,
As now we stand before Thy throne,
How little we have done to bring
The world to Thee, its rightful King.

3. Forgive us, Lord, and make us know
Just the right thing for each to do;
Come now and with Thy Spirit fill,
That we may do Thy perfect will:
Then we may pray, and Thou wilt hear,
And give the answers to the prayer,
That Thou wilt make Thy kingdom come,
And bring Thy ransomed children home.

No. 451. The Fields are White.

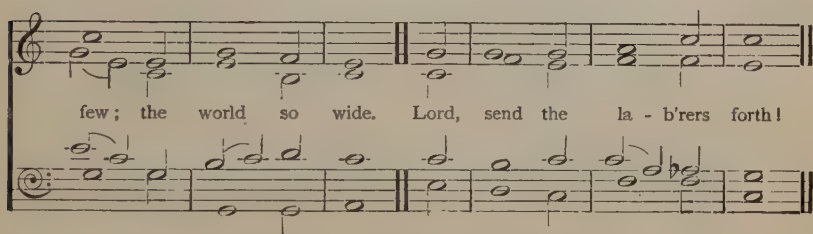
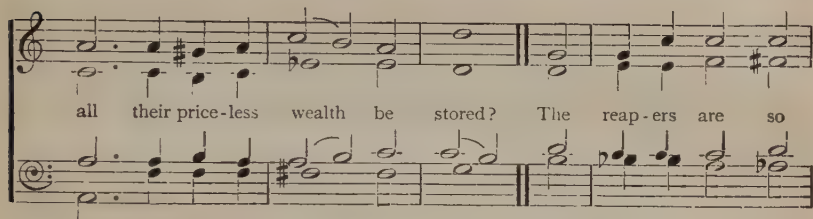
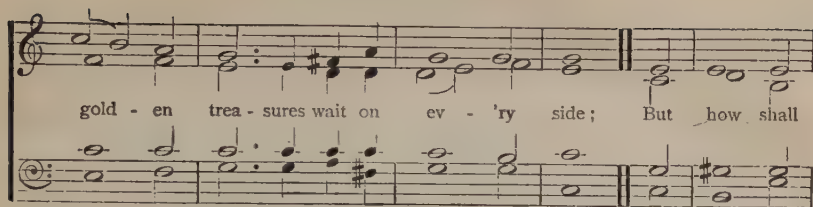
REV. J. S. SCOTLAND.
Rather slow.

NUNC DIMITTE. 10. 10. 10. 10. 6.

W. W. HEWITT.

1. The fields are white un - to the har - vest, Lord, Their

XII.—MISSIONARY HYMNS.



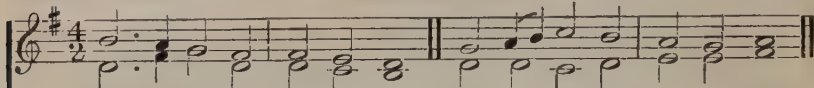
2. The fields are Thine, with Love's great ransom bought,
The precious blood of Thy beloved Son :
'Tis long since His redeeming work was wrought,
Yet scarce the reaping seems to be begun.
Lord, send the labourers forth !
3. To us, Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed,
To us belong the sin, the humbling shame ;
We have not reaped, we have but slept and dreamed,
Nor called with holy ardour on Thy name.
Lord, send the labourers forth !
4. Awake Thy Church, ere yet the day departs,
For while she sleeps swift works the reaper, Death ;
O God, forgive, and into torpid hearts
Send like a mighty wind Thy quickening breath !
Lord, send the labourers forth !
5. Come from the South, O Wind ! come from the North,
And from Thy garden make the spices flow !
Their fragrance sweet throughout the earth shed forth,
Till God's great gift to men all men shall know.
Lord, send the labourers forth !
6. The glory, Father, shall be Thine ; Thy Son
With joy the fruit of all His travail see ;
Thy will on earth shall as in heaven be done,
And heaven and earth make one full harmony,
Lord, send the labourers forth !

No. 452. Now the Lord our Souls has Fed.

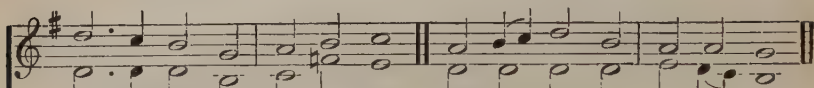
ANNIE W. MARSTON.

NEW CALABAR. 7.7.7.7.

J. DOWNING FARRER.



1. Now the Lord our souls has fed, With Him-self, the Liv-ing Bread;
2. We have end-less trea-sure foun-d; We have all things and a-bound;



1. Fed us, sit-ting at His feet, With the fin-est of the wheat,
2. Rich a-bun-dance and to spare; Shall we not the bless-ing share?

3. For, while we are feasting here,
Starving millions, far and near,
Call us with the bitter cry:
Come and help us, or we die!
4. In this day of full increase,
Shall we, can we, hold our peace?
Staying here we do not well;
Now then, let us go and tell—

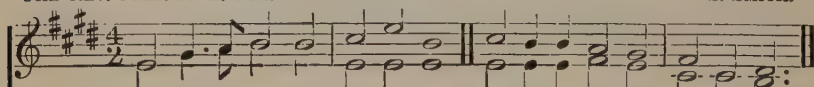
5. Tell how He hath set us free,
How He leads triumphantly;
How He satisfies our need;
How His rest is rest indeed.
6. Speak, for we, Thy servants, hear;
Thou hast taught us not to fear;
And whate'er Thy word shall be,
We can do it, Lord, in Thee.

No. 453. Send forth the Gospel.

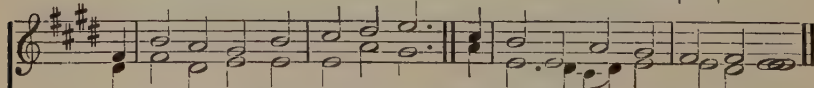
THE REV. PREB. H. E. FOX.

MELANESIA. L.M.

S. SMITH.



1. Send forth the Gos-pel! Let it run Southward and northward, east and west;
2. Send forth Thy Gos-pel, Migh-ty Lord! Out of this cha-os bring to birth
3. Send forth Thy Gos-pel, Gracious Lord! Thine was the blood for sin-ners shed;



1. Tell all the earth Christ died and lives, Who giv-eth par-don, life, and rest.
2. Thine own cre-a-tion's pro-mis'd hope—The bet-ter days of heav'n on earth.
3. Thy voice still pleads in hu-man hearts; To Thee Thine o-ther sheep be led.

4. Send forth Thy Gospel, Holy Lord!
Kindle in us love's sacred flame—
Love giving all, and grudging naught
For Jesu's sake—in Jesu's name,

5. Send forth the Gospel! Tell it out!
Go, brothers, at the Master's call;
Prepare His way, who comes to reign,
The King of kings, and Lord of all,

PART XIII.—AFTER-MEETING HYMNS.

No. 454. Nothing but Thy Blood.

R. S.

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

Andante con espress.

P.M., with Chorus.

—R. SLATER.

mf *p*

1. Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
 2. See my heart, Lord, torn with grief, Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;

mf *p*

1. Thou a - lone my need canst meet, Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.
 2. Me un - par-don'd do not leave, Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

CHORUS.

f

No! no! No-thing do I bring, But by faith I'm cling - ing

mp

To Thy Cross, O Lamb of God; Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

3. Dark, indeed, the past has been,
 Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
 Yet in mercy take me in,
 Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

4. As I am, O hear me pray,
 Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
 I can come no other way,
 Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

5. All that I can do is vain,
 Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
 I can ne'er remove a stain,
 Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

6. Lord, I cast myself on Thee,
 Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
 From my guilt, oh, set me free,
 Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

No. 455. My Saviour, how I long for Thee.

A. M. P.

C. M., with Refrain.

ANNIE M. POTTER.

1. My Sa-viour, how I long for Thee To dwell with-in my soul,
 2. Too long has self in sub-tle guise Been do-mi-nant with-in,
 3. O, dear Re-deem-er, come to me And end this wea-ry strife,
 4. My soul looks up to claim Thy power, As at Thy feet I bow,

1. To rule my will, my ac-tions guide, And all my life con-trol.
 2. Too long has pride the vic-t'ry gained, Or some be-set-ting sin.
 3. Let self and sin be dri-ven out, By Thine in-dwell-ing life.
 4. I can, I will, I do be-lieve, And I re-ceive Thee now.

REFRAIN.

1. I am com-ing un-to Thee, Look in pi-ty up-on me,
 2. I am com-ing un-to Thee, Look in pi-ty up-on me,
 3. I am com-ing un-to Thee, Look in pi-ty up-on me,
 4. Sa-viour, Thou hast come to me, Thy sal-va-tion now I see,

1. Wea-ry of my-self, I pray Come and dwell in me to-day.
 2. Wea-ry of my-self, I pray Come and dwell in me to-day.
 3. Wea-ry of my-self, I pray Come and dwell in me to-day.
 4. All Thy pow-er now I claim, Glo-ry to Thy ho-ly Name!

No. 456. Oh, live Thy life in me.

8.8.8.6., with Refrain.

H. A. By per. of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

H. ANDERSON.

p Andante.

1. Sa-viour, I want Thy love to know, That I in love may be like Thee;
 2. I want Thy spot-less pu - ri - ty For ev - er in my heart to be,
 3. I want Thy wis-dom from a - bove, That I Thy per - fect way may see,

1. Oh let it now my heart o'er-flow, And live Thy life in me. . .
 2. A re - flex of Thy ho - li - ness; Oh, live Thy life in me. . .
 3. To fol - low Thee un-blam - a - ble; Live Thou Thy life in me. . .

mf REFRAIN.

I give my heart to Thee, to Thee, Thy dwell-ing place to be, to be;

I want Thee ev - er in my heart, Oh, live Thy life in me. . . .

4. I want Thy constant presence, Lord,
 Then e'en a dark adversity
 Will be a blessing in disguise;
 Live Thou Thy life in me.
5. Then to faith's vision Thou shalt be
 Ever a bright reality,
 Keeping my heart in purity,
 Living Thy life in me.

No. 457.

Take me as I am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

8.8.8.6., with Refrain.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato. mp

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un-less Thou help me, I must die:
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,

1. Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
2. And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am!

CHORUS.

And take me as I am! And take me as I am!

My on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am!

3. No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am!

4. Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet,
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
But take me as I am!

No. 458.

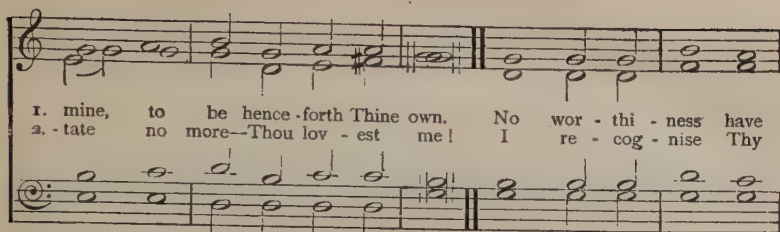
My Saviour and my God.

J. S. PIGOTT.

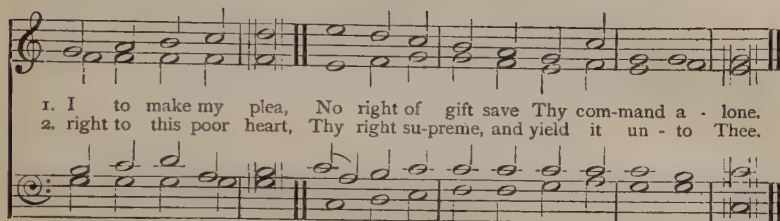
MORECAMBE. 10.10.10.10.

Anon.

1. My Sa - viour and my Lord, to Thee I give This heart of
2. But this I have, and mar-v'lling at Thy grace, I hes - i -



1. mine, to be hence-forth Thine own. No wor - thi - ness have
2. -tate no more—Thou lov - est me! I re - cog - nise Thy



1. I to make my plea, No right of gift save Thy com-mand a - lone.
2. right to this poor heart, Thy right su-preme, and yield it un - to Thee.

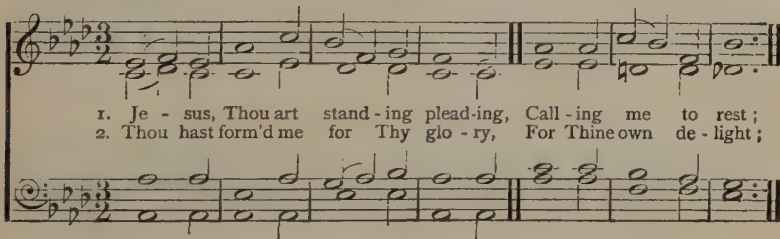
3. Oh! *reign* therein, and *keep* it wholly Thine,
Make every pulse unto Thy blessed will
To beat so full, so true, that evermore
My spirit Thou mayest sanctify and fill.

No. 459. Jesus, Thou art standing pleading.

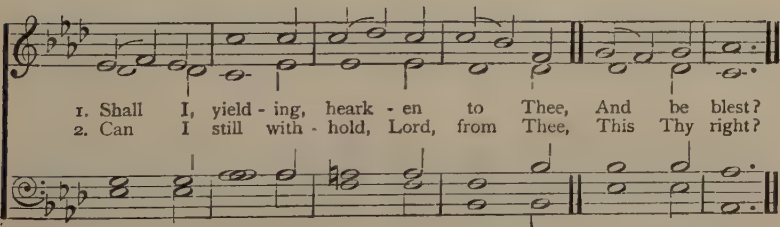
E. J. HANBURY.

8.5.8.3.

REV. DR. E. BULLINGER.



1. Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing plead - ing, Call - ing me to rest;
2. Thou hast form'd me for Thy glo - ry, For Thine own de - light;



1. Shall I, yield - ing, heark - en to Thee, And be blest?
2. Can I still with - hold, Lord, from Thee, This Thy right?

3. Oh, this heart is weary, restless,
Bound by many a chain, [stubborn,
'Gainst which heart and will, though
Strive in vain.

4. Lord, I yield: no more withstanding
Thine all-loving will,
Take me, Master, break me, make me,—
Cleanse, and fill.

5. Take my will: 'tis Thine henceforth, Lord,—
Lead me by Thy way;
Let my words and actions please Thee
Day by day.

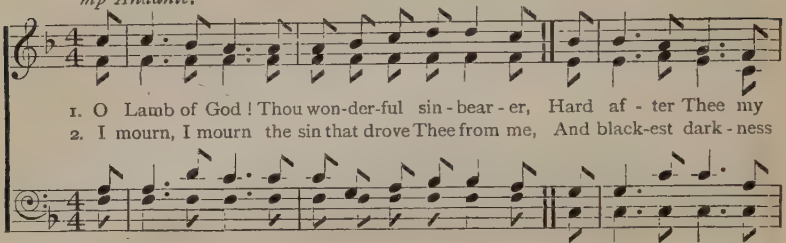
6. Oh, the joy of full surrender,
Keeping from Thee *nought*,
As I yield, my heart is finding
Peace long sought.

No. 460.

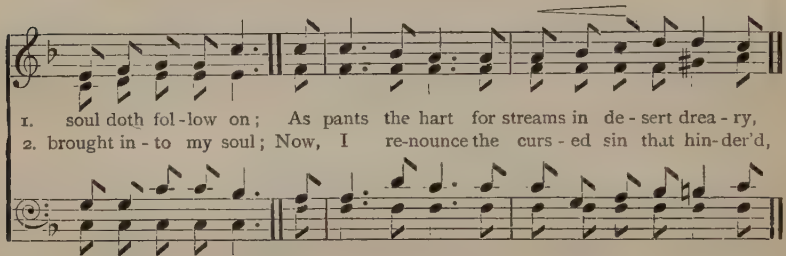
At Thy feet I fall.

P.M.

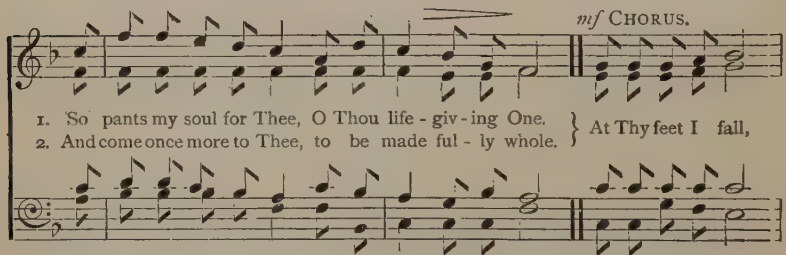
MRS. BOOTH-CLIBBORN. By per. of the Salvation Army Musical Board.
mp Andante.



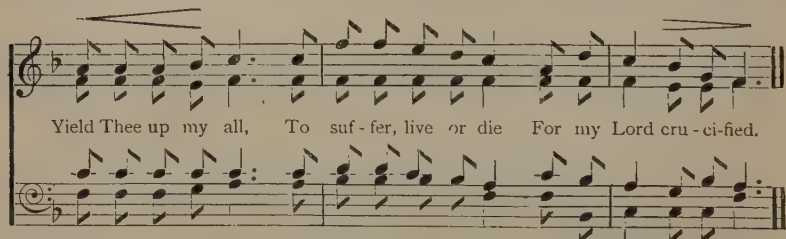
1. O Lamb of God ! Thou won - der - ful sin - bear - er, Hard af - ter Thee my
 2. I mourn, I mourn the sin that drove Thee from me, And black - est dark - ness



1. soul doth fol - low on ; As pants the hart for streams in de - sert drea - ry,
 2. brought in - to my soul ; Now, I re - nounce the curs - ed sin that hin - der'd,



mf CHORUS.
 1. 'So pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life - giv - ing One. } At Thy feet I fall,
 2. And come once more to Thee, to be made ful - ly whole.



Yield Thee up my all, To suf - fer, live or die For my Lord cru - ci - fied.

3. Descend the heav'ns, Thou whom my soul adoreth !
 Exchange Thy soul for my poor longing heart.
 For Thee ! for Thee ! I watch, as for the morning ;
 No rest or peace is mine from my Saviour apart.
4. Come, Holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid bestowing,
 Destroy the works of sin, the self, the pride ;
 Burn, burn in me, my idols overthrowing,
 Prepare my heart for Him—for my Lord crucified !

No. 461. Master, I have heard Thee pleading.

E. J. H.

TRANQUILLITY. 8.7.8.5. D.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

1. Mas - ter, I have heard Thee plead - ing With mine in - most soul to - night !
 2. Spi - rit, soul, and bo - dy yield - ing Will - ing - ly to Thee, my Lord !
 3. Now, henceforth, Lord, and for ev - er, I am Thine; yes, all for Thee;
 CHO.—Je - sus, Mas - ter, search me, prove me ! With Thy fire O try my heart :

1. Now Thy so - lemn mes - sage heed - ing, I would end the fight :
 2. What I give Thou now art tak - ing : I be - lieve Thy word !
 3. Thine in ser - vice, or in suff - 'ring—Choose my path for me.
 All I am and have I yield, Lord ; All I need—Thou art

1. Vain - ly hath my soul been strug - gling With the ty - rant on its throne ;
 2. Yes ! I trust Thee as my Keep - er, 'Mid temp - ta - tions day by day,
 3. Peace and joy my heart are fill - ing ; Rest be - yond all power to tell,

1. Now, dear Lord, the king - dom tak - ing, Claim me Thine a - lone.
 2. Trust Thee as my Guide and Lead - er In the nar - row way.
 3. This my ev - er - deep - 'ning por - tion While in Thee I dwell.

No. 462. Take all my Sins away.

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

MRS. B.-C.

8.8.8 6., with Refrain.

MRS. BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

1. Oh, spot-less Lamb, I come to Thee, No long - er can I from Thee stay ;
 2. My hun-gry soul cries out for Thee, Come, and for ev - er seal my breast ;

1. Break ev - ry chain, now set me free, Take all my sins a - way.
 2. To Thy dear arms at last I flee, There on - ly can I rest.

CHORUS.

Take all my sins a - way, Take all my sins a - way ;

Oh, spot-less Lamb, I come to Thee, Take all my sins a - way.

3. Weary I am of inbred sin,
 Oh, wilt Thou not my soul release,
 Enter and speak me pure within,
 Give me Thy perfect peace?

4. I plunge beneath Thy precious blood,
 My hand in faith takes hold of Thee,
 Thy promises just now I claim—
 Thou art enough for me.

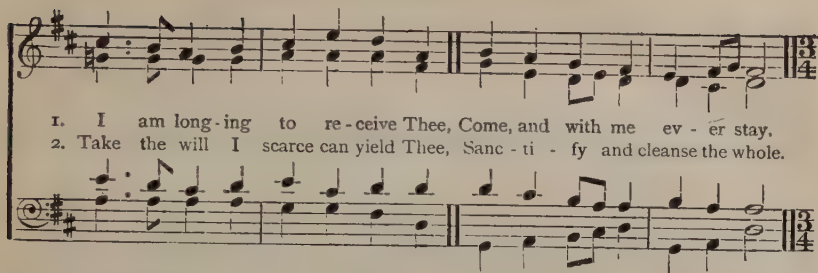
No. 463. The Indwelling Spirit.

A. M. P.

8.7.8.7., with Chorus.

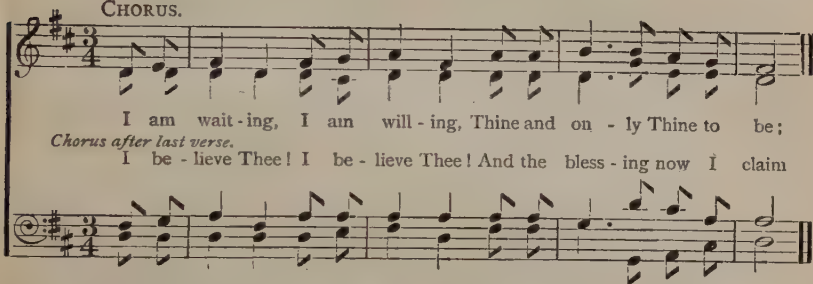
ANNIE M. POTTER.

1. Come to me, O bless - ed Spi - rit, En - ter Thou my heart to - day ;
 2. Come to me in all Thy ful - ness, Take pos - ses - sion of my soul ;

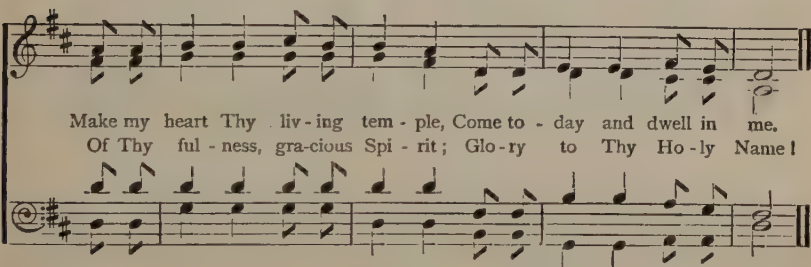


1. I am long-ing to re-ceive Thee, Come, and with me ev-er stay.
 2. Take the will I scarce can yield Thee, Sanc-ti-fy and cleanse the whole.

CHORUS.



I am wait-ing, I am will-ing, Thine and on-ly Thine to be;
Chorus after last verse.
 I be-lieve Thee! I be-lieve Thee! And the bless-ing now I claim



Make my heart Thy liv-ing tem-ple, Come to-day and dwell in me.
 Of Thy ful-ness, gra-cious Spi-rit; Glo-ry to Thy Ho-ly Name!

3. Loving Spirit, make me loving,
 Melt my heart, and cleanse from sin,
 Satisfy my restless longings,
 Make me fair and pure within.

4. Holy Ghost, I now receive Thee!
 I accept Thy mighty power;
 And, by faith, I claim Thy presence
 In this solemn, sacred hour.

No. 464. Doubt Him not, although He Leadeth.

1. DOUBT Him not, although He leadeth
 Other ways than hope had said;
 All the grace thy spirit needeth
 Dwells in Him. Be not afraid!
 I will trust Thee—yes, will trust Thee!
 Nought I need of other aid;
 All sufficient Thou, my Saviour!
 Never will I be afraid.

2. Fret thee not about the morrow,
 Faint thou not for hope delayed;
 He will lead, through joy, through sorrow,
 To thy Home. Be not afraid!

3. Does some fierce temptation try thee,
 Look to Him who bruised its head;
 See the Conqueror standing by thee—
 Trust in Him. Be not afraid!

4. Faileth all of earth's reliance?
 Do thy "vine and fig-tree" fade?
 Thou canst bid all foes defiance
 Through thy Lord. Be not afraid!

5. Does there come a time of testing,
 When *thine* all of strength seems fled?
 His strength then on thee is resting
 If thou trust, Be not afraid!

6. Trusting thus, and trusting ever,—
 On the Lord Jehovah stayed,
 Thou at last shall ford the river
 Safe, through Him. Be not afraid!

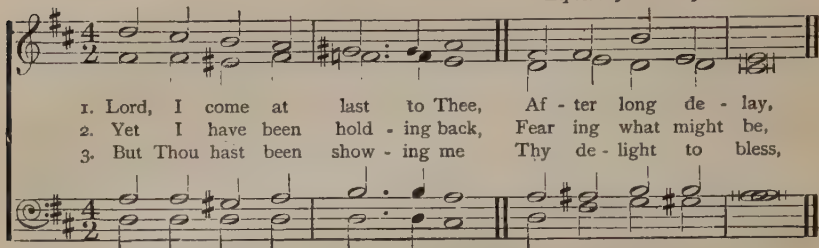
H. E. Govan.

No. 465. Lord, I come at Last to Thee.

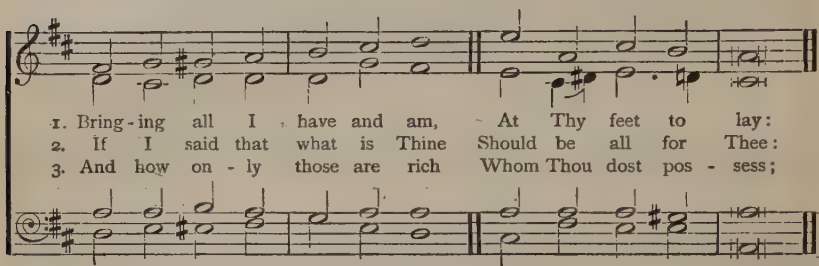
A. W. MARSTON.

CHESLTON. 7. 5. 7. 5. D.

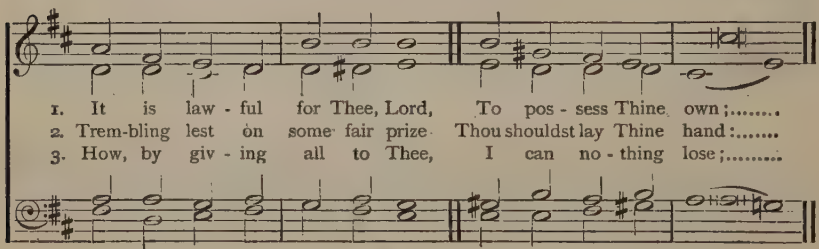
MARIAN WOOD.

Especially written for this Work.


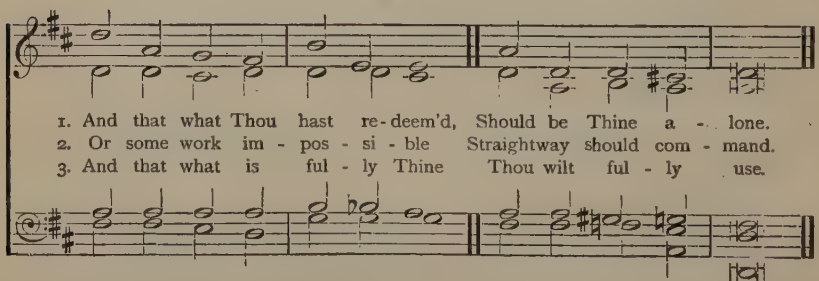
1. Lord, I come at last to Thee, Af - ter long de - lay,
 2. Yet I have been hold - ing back, Fear ing what might be,
 3. But Thou hast been show - ing me Thy de - light to bless,



1. Bring - ing all I have and am, At Thy feet to lay:
 2. If I said that what is Thine Should be all for Thee:
 3. And how on - ly those are rich Whom Thou dost pos - sess;



1. It is law - ful for Thee, Lord, To pos - sess Thine own;.....
 2. Trem - bling lest on some fair prize. Thou shouldst lay Thine hand;.....
 3. How, by giv - ing all to Thee, I can no - thing lose;.....



1. And that what Thou hast re - deem'd, Should be Thine a - lone.
 2. Or some work im - pos - si - ble Straightway should com - mand.
 3. And that what is ful - ly Thine Thou wilt ful - ly use.

4. Then, since Thou dost welcome me
 On Thy wealth to live;
 And, in giving me Thyself,
 Thou dost all things give—
 All I know I give Thee now,
 Nothing shall be mine;
 What I know not Thou wilt take—
 All alike is Thine.

5. And when Thou shalt show to me
 Thy surrendered one,
 Something to be given up,
 Something to be done—
 I may never stay to ask,
 Shall it be or no?
 Since my all belongs to Thee,
 Given long ago.

No. 466.

Just as I am.

C. ELLIOTT.

ST. FABIAN. 8.8.8.6.

J. SUMMERS.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am—and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;

1. And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
2. To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.

3. Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind;
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

May also be sung to No. 467.

No. 467. O Saviour, I have Nought to Plead.

JANE CREWDSON.

AGNUS DEL. 8.8.8.6.

REV. W. BLOW.

1. O Sa-viour, I have nought to plead, On earth be-neath, or heav'n a -
2. The need will soon be past and gone, Ex-ceed-ing great, but quick-ly

1. -bove, But just my own ex-ceed-ing need, And Thine ex-ceed-ing love.
2. o'er; Thy love un-bought is all Thine own, And lasts for ev-er-more.

No. 468. The Cry of the Weary Heart.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

10.4.10.4

JOHN E. GAUL.

1. I would be Thine; my wea-ry, sin-ful heart Yearns, Lord, for Thee;
 2. I need Thy love: I am so cheerless, cold, A-way from Thee;
 3. I need Thy joy; all, all is gloom with-in, Like black-est night;

1. It needs the peace Thou canst a-lone im-part; Lord, pi-ty me!
 2. Thou art a Re-fuge, let Thine arms en-fold And shel-ter me!
 3. Il-lume the dark-ness of this night of sin, Be Thou my Light.

1. Lord, pi-ty me!

4. I need Thy blood to wash away my guilt,
 To that I flee;
 On Calvary it was for sinners spilt,
 And cleanses me.

5. I need Thyself, Lord, I would come to
 Close to Thy side; [Thee,
 I would within the arms that circle me
 Rest satisfied.

No. 469. Soul, redeemed by Love Divine.

E. M. G. C.

BUCKLAND. 7.7.7.7.

REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.

1. Soul, redeem'd by Love Di-vine, Know-est thou that thou art Mine?
 2. Once thy heart was dark and cold, 'Neath trans-gres-sions man-i-fold;
 3. Yea, I bought thee with My blood, And I led thee home to God;

1. Hast thou yield-ed ut-ter-ly All thou hast and art to Me?
 2. Once thou did'st not love Me, yet "I for-gave thee all that debt."
 3. Loved thee, loos'd thee, set thee free By My death on Cal-va-ry.

4. Rose to claim at God's right hand
 Room for all My ransomed band;
 Though for thee is all My heaven,
 All to Me thou hast not given.

5. Child! redeemed by Love Divine,
 Wilt thou not be *wholly* Mine?
 Yield, oh yield thee utterly
 Now, and evermore to Me!

No. 470. Sinful, Sighing to be Blest.

1. SINFUL, sighing to be blest,
Bound, and longing to be free,
Weary, waiting for my rest;
"God be merciful to me!"
2. Holiness, I've none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see;
I can only bring my need:
"God be merciful to me!"
3. Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;

Yet Thou can'st interpret sighs:
"God be merciful to me!"

4. There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone;
"God be merciful to me!"
5. He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all, and for His sake,
"God be merciful to me!"

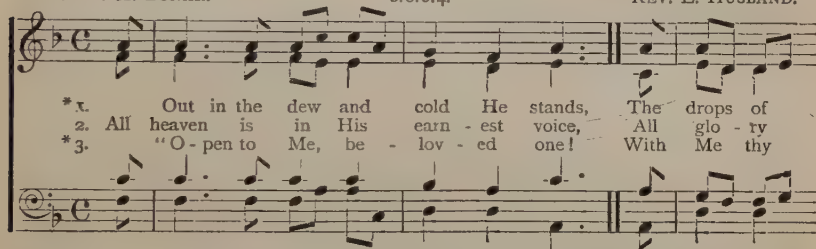
Rev. Dr. J. S. B. Monsell.

No. 471. Out in the Dew and Cold He stands.

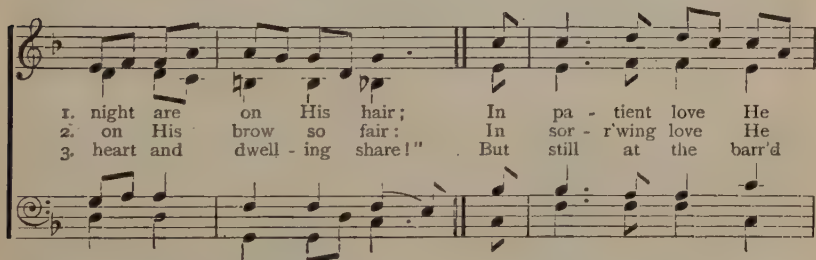
REV. DR. H. BONAR.

8.8.8.4.

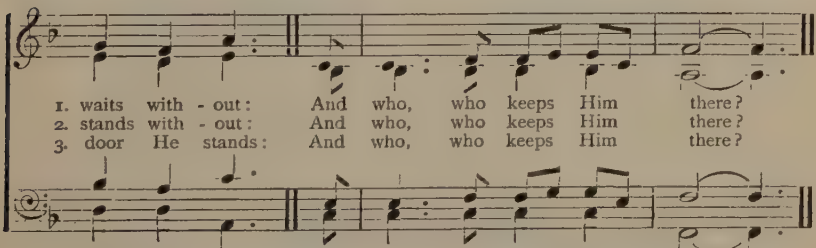
REV. E. HUSBAND.



* 1. Out in the dew and cold He stands, The drops of
2. All heaven is in His earn - est voice, All glo - ry
* 3. "O - pen to Me, be - lov - ed one! With Me thy



1. night are on His hair; In pa - tient love He
2. on His brow so fair; In sor - r'wing love He
3. heart and dwell - ing share!" But still at the barr'd

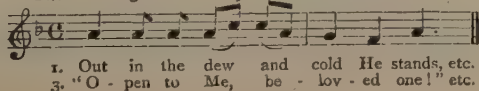


1. waits with - out: And who, who keeps Him there?
2. stands with - out: And who, who keeps Him there?
3. door He stands: And who, who keeps Him there?

4. He hath no place to lay His head,
No one a home or roof will spare;
No one respondeth when He knocks:
And who, who keeps Him there?
5. The winds are out, the storm is up,
Freezing and sharp the midnight air;
He does not leave, but knocketh on:
And who, who keeps Him there?

6. Our ear is sealed, our heart is cold,
And we refuse both hearth and fare:
He speaks, we hear not: ah, 'tis we—
Yes, we who keep Him there!
7. But now no more we shut Thee out,
O Thou, the fairest of the fair!
Come in, Thou blessed One; we will
No longer keep Thee there.

* The 1st and 3rd verses only should commence thus:



1. Out in the dew and cold He stands, etc.
3. "O - pen to Me, be - lov - ed one!" etc.

No. 472. 3 thank Thee, Lord.

ANNIE W. MARSTON.

PALMYRA. 8.6.8.6.8.8.

J. SUMMERS.

1. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast shown, And I be - gin to see,
2. How won - der - ful! I nev - er knew That I might trust Thee so;

1. What Thou canst be to all Thine own, What they may be to Thee;
2. That Thou wouldst be so much to me, In all the way I go,

1. If on - ly they will yield Thee all, And trust - ing - ly o - bey Thy call.
2. That ev - 'ry need Thou wouldst sup - ply, And all my long - ings sat - is - fy.

3. I take Thee as my Keeper now,
And I commit to Thee
My soul, my way, my works, my cause,
In Thy sole charge to be;
And my deposit, Thou, I know
Wilt guard secure from ev'ry foe.

4. I take Thee for my Peace, O Lord,
My heart to keep and fill,
Thine own great calm, amid earth's storms
Shall keep me always still,
And as Thy kingdom doth increase,
So shall Thine ever-deep'n'g peace.

5. I take Thee as my Wisdom too,
For wisdom's sum Thou art;
Thou, who dost choose the foolish things,
Set me henceforth apart,
That I may speak and work for Thee
As Thou shalt work and speak in me.

6. I take Thee, Lord, to be my All,
Since all Thou art is mine,
I nothing have, and nothing am;
That nothing, Lord, is Thine.
Thou shalt be everything to me,
In all things my sufficiency.

No. 473. He is pleading.

REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE.

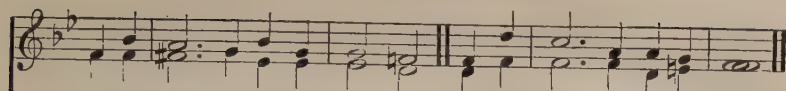
8.7.8.7. D.

F. G. COLE.

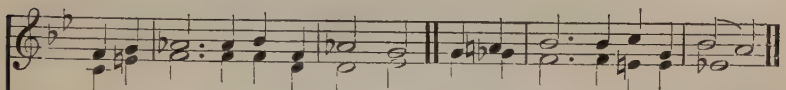
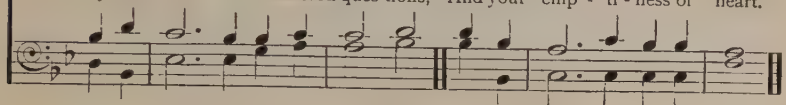
Rather slowly. >

By permission.

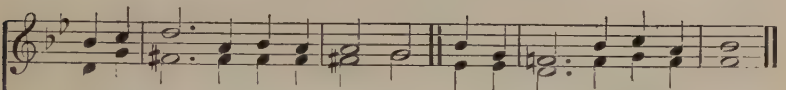
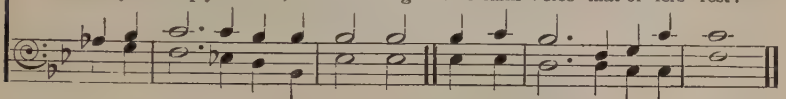
1. He is plead - ing, by His sor - rows, By the bit - ter pain He bore,
2. He is plead - ing, by your bur - dens, By your wea - ri - ness and smart,



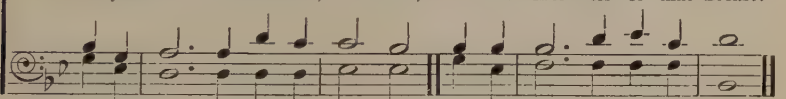
1. For the com - fort of your pi - ty,—That your heart should love Him more.
2. By life's wild un-an-swered ques-tions, And your emp - ti - ness of heart.



1. Can you think of Him heart-bro - ken, With His gen - tle Face so marred,
2. Will you keep your care, un - heed - ing The calm Voice that of - fers rest?



1. And pass on as tho'twere no - thing That the outstretch'd Hands are scarred?
2. And your soul drift far - ther, far - ther, From the shel - ter of that Breast?



3. He is pleading, by the glory
On the golden-paved street,
And the never-broken union
Where the souls made perfect meet;
Will you lose the pleasant pastures,
For the shore without a fold?
And the stillness of their waters,
For the torrent black and cold?

4. He is pleading, ever pleading,
Here below, as there above,
By the Father's perfect pity,
And the Spirit's tender love.
He is pleading, *now* is pleading
With the sheep that He hath found—
Yield your heart, your life to Jesus,
That His love may fold you round.

No. 474. Art thou hungering for the fulness?

1. ART thou hungering for the fulness
Of the blessing Christ doth give?
Longing now to learn the secret
Of the life He bids thee live?
In His Word thine answer standeth,
"Christ who is our Life" it saith,
Open now thy heart, and trust Him
There to dwell, henceforth, "by faith."

2. Christ, the Lord's Anointed, reigning
O'er the life He died to win,
Daily shall reveal more fully
His great power without, within.
What *thou* never could'st accomplish
Shall His Spirit work through thee,
While thy soul this witness beareth,
"Tis not I, but Christ in me."

3. "In Him" dwelleth all God's fulness,
"In Him" thou art made "complete";
Rise, and claim thy heavenly birthright,
Kneeling at thy Father's feet.
He will never disappoint thee,
Praise Him that the gift *is* thine;
Then go forth to live each moment
On sufficiency Divine.

4. Lord, I come, and simply resting
On Thy faithful, changeless Word,
I believe the Blood doth cleanse us,
And that Christ is crown'd Lord.
Grant henceforth a ceaseless outflow
Of Thy life and love through me;
Reaching those who sit in darkness,
Winning priceless souls to Thee.

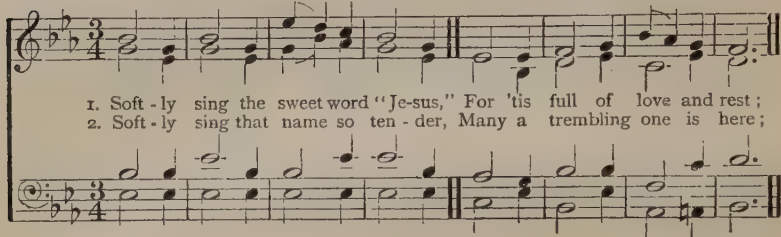
Freda Hanbury Allen,

No. 475. Softly sing the sweet word "Jesus."

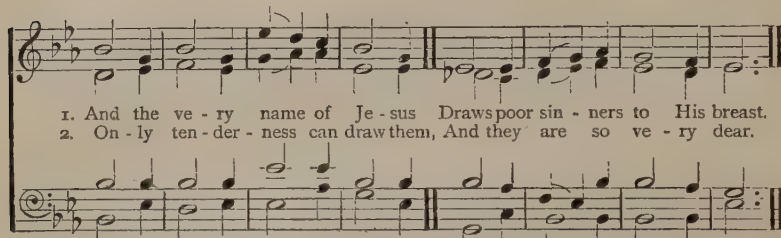
MELBOURNE HALL. 8.7.3.7

By per. from "Llanthony Abbey Hymns."

Adapted by W. J. MAYERS.



1. Soft-ly sing the sweet word "Je-sus," For 'tis full of love and rest ;
2. Soft-ly sing that name so ten-der, Many a trembling one is here ;



1. And the ve-ry name of Je-sus Draws poor sin-ners to His breast.
2. On-ly ten-der-ness can draw them, And they are so ve-ry dear.

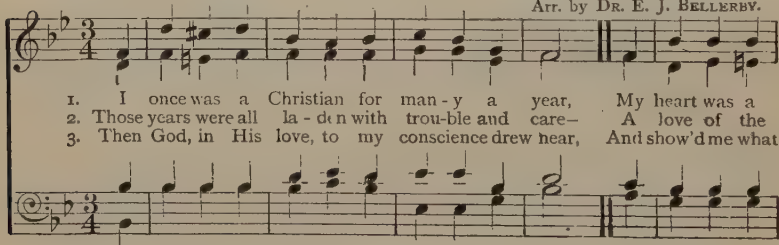
3. O, poor sinner, speak to Jesus,
In the silence of thy heart ;
Say, "For this Thy love so wondrous,
Now with all my sin I'll part.
4. "I will trust Thee now, Lord Jesus,
Keep Thee waiting now no more ;
Let Thee take away my sin-stains,
Let Thee heal my every sore."

5. Jesus answers, "I receive thee ;
Only look on Me and live ;
And I now will never leave thee,
All thy sins I now forgive."
6. Sing aloud, oh, happy sinner !
"Jesus says I am forgiven,
And that He will never leave me
Till He brings me safe to heaven."

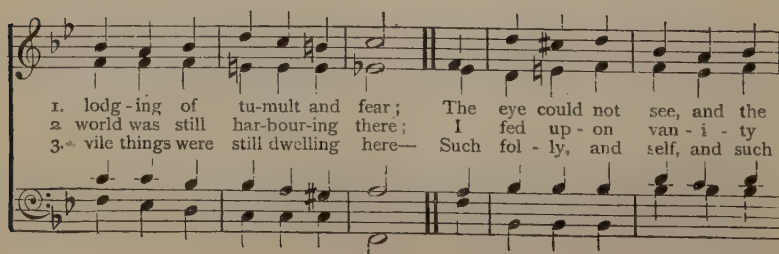
No. 476. I once was a Christian.

REV. DR. ELDER CUMMING.

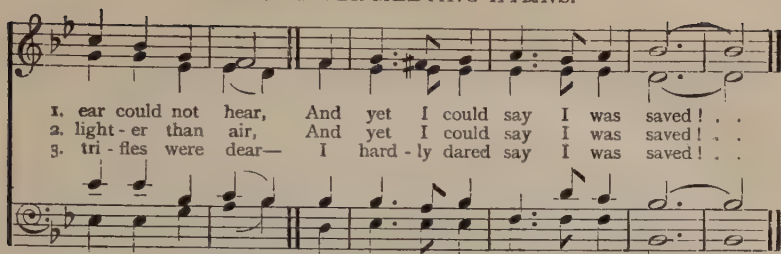
II. II. II. 8.

REV. J. STUART HOLDEN.
Arr. by DR. E. J. BELLERBY.


1. I once was a Christian for man-y a year, My heart was a
2. Those years were all la-den with trou-ble and care— A love of the
3. Then God, in His love, to my conscience drew near, And show'd me what



1. lodg-ing of tu-mult and fear ; The eye could not see, and the
2. world was still har-bour-ing there ; I fed up-on van-i-ty
3. vile things were still dwelling here— Such fol-ly, and self, and such



1. ear could not hear, And yet I could say I was saved ! . .
 2. light - er than air, And yet I could say I was saved ! . .
 3. tri - flies were dear— I hard - ly dared say I was saved ! . .

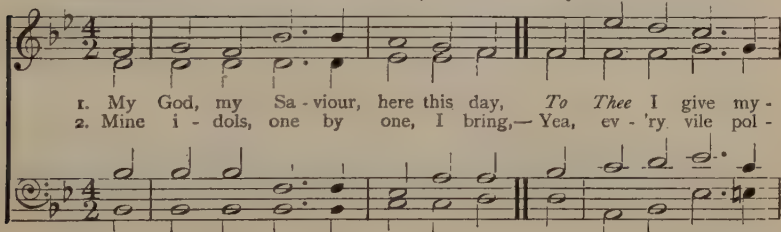
4. I yielded to God ; I begged Christ to come in,
 I tasted the shame of confessing my sin ;
 I turned from the past, and wished now to begin—
 Ah ! still I could say I was saved !
5. And then from God's face fell a heavenly ray,
 A load from my poor burdened soul fell away,
 A song in my heart began singing away :
 Yes ! *now* I could say I am saved.
6. Now, Lord, it is only abiding in Thee,
 My safety and peace in thus yielding, I see ;
 And so 'tis not I, but Christ liveth in me,
 I mean when I say I am saved !
7. I am saved from the power of the enemy's hand ;
 By faith of Thine all-Blessèd Presence I stand :
 Already I walk on the long-promised Land ;
 And now, oh thank God ! I am saved !

No. 477. My God, my Saviour, here this day.

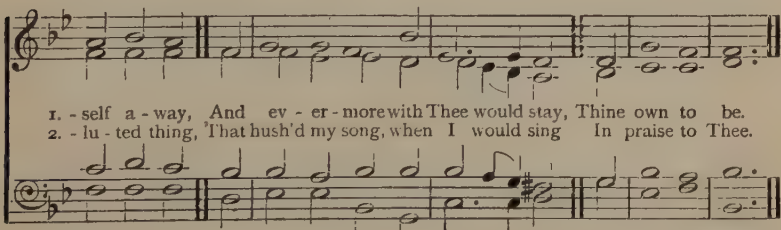
L. ANDREWES.

8.8.8.4.

J. DOWNING FARRER.



1. My God, my Sa - vour, here this day, To Thee I give my -
 2. Mine i - dols, one by one, I bring,— Yea, ev - 'ry vile pol -



1. - self a - way, And ev - er - more with Thee would stay, Thine own to be.
 2. - lu - ted thing, That hush'd my song, when I would sing In praise to Thee.

3. Each *doubtful* thing that kept me bound,
 Like grave-clothes fast'ning me around,
 And dead'ning ev'ry heav'nly sound,
 I yield to Thee.
4. My "will," that held unhinder'd sway
 O'er my whole being day by day,
 Gladly I now do give away
 In love to Thee.
5. My very body, spirit, soul,
 Take now, dear Lord, to Thy control,
 And in Thy service use the whole
 In work for Thee.
6. Come and *abide*, Thou Heavenly Guest ;
 Make Thou within my soul Thy rest,
 Then truly shall I know I'm blest
 In having Thee.
7. Roll in, Thou Wondrous Tide, roll in ;
 Sweep down the barriers of all sin,
 And call Thou forth fresh song within
 To welcome Thee.
8. Thou com'st, Thy still small voice I hear !
 An inward silence speaks Thee near,
 And all subdued, without a fear,
 I REST in Thee.

May also be sung to No. 352.

No. 478.

God is Love.

FRED A HANBURY ALLEN.

AMOUR. 8.7.8.7.

EDITH C. DODDRELL.

1. God is love! O soul, be-lieve it; Bask be-neath His love's warm rays,
2. God is love,—'tis not by ef-fort Thou wilt e'er that love re-turn;

1. Till thy life shall catch its glo-ry, And thou, too, with love shalt blaze.
2. 'Tis the con-sci-ousness He loves thee, This will cause thy heart to burn.

3. Suffer that His love should hold thee
As a captive evermore;
Then in ceaseless streams of blessing,
His great love shall through thee pour.

4. Love shall stamp thy every action,
Love shall utter every word,
And the souls who daily meet thee
Shall behold in thee thy Lord.

No. 479.

All for Jesus! all for Jesus!

1. ALL for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers;
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
2. Let my hands perform His bidding;
Let my feet run in His ways;
Let mine eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3. Worldlings prize their gems of beauty;
Cling to gilded toys of dust;
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure;
Only Jesus will I trust.
4. Since mine eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside—
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.

5. Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.

The above may also be sung to Nos. 159 & 207.

No. 480. Lo, a loving Friend is waiting.

J. M. WIGNER.

FESSUS. 8.5.8.3.

1. Lo, a lov-ing Friend is wait-ing, He is call-ing thee;
2. "On the cross for thee I suf-fer'd, Death I bore for thee;
3. "Long hast thou been Sa-tan's cap-tive, I will set thee free;

1. List - en to His voice so ten - der,—“Come to Me.”
 2. Canst thou still re - fuse My mer - cy?— Trust to Me.
 3. Then, re - joi - cing in thy free - dom,— Fol - low Me”

4. Many times has Jesus spoken,
 Now He speaks again;
 Shall thy Saviour's invitation Be in vain?
5. Soon that voice will cease its calling,
 Wilt thou still delay?
 Wait no longer, sin grows stronger, Yield to-day.
6. Saviour, I will wait no longer,
 Now to Thee I come;
 And when life's short voyage is over, Take me home.

No. 481.

“Almost persuaded.”

P. P. BLISS.

P.M.

P. P. BLISS.

Slowly and entreatingly.

1. “Al - most per - sua - ded,” now to be - lieve; “Al - most per - sua - ded”
 2. “Al - most per - sua - ded,” come, come to - day; “Al - most per - sua - ded,”
 3. “Al - most per - sua - ded,” har - vest is past! “Al - most per - sua - ded,”

1. Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say,—“Go, Spi - rit,
 2. turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 3. doom comes at last! “Al - most” can - not a - vail; “Al - most” is

1. go a - way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call.”
 2. ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear: O wan - d'r'er, come.
 3. but to fail; Sad, sad that bit - ter wail— “Al - most, but lost!”

No. 482. *Hungering for the Sacred Fire.*

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

MRS. H.

SOLO. *mp Andante.*

8 8.8.3., with Chorus.

MRS. HEATHCOTE.

1. Hun-g'ring for the sa - cred fire, Seek - ing Thee with strong de - sire,
 2. Nought have I to gain Thy fa-vour, Weak is e - ven strong en-dea-vour;
 3. And Thy voice my soul hath bid den, None from Thee hath e'er been driv-en;

1. For a pow'r to lift me high - er— Lord, I come!
 2. But Thy love does nev - er wa - ver— Lord, I come!
 3. To the side that once was riv - en, Lord, I come!

mf CHORUS. *cres.*
 All I have to Thee I'm bringing, On Thy al - tar all I'm leav-ing,

And from Thee I am re - ceiv - ing Of Thy pow'r.

4. In that love my need supplying,
 In Thy boundless grace relying,
 Thou art not my plea denying—
 Lord, I come!

5. Precious is the cleansing river,
 More than life art Thou the Giver;
 Filled am I, the glad receiver—
 Lord, I come!

No. 483. Thou art Enough for me.

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

COMMISSIONER OLIPHANT.

L.M., with Chorus.

R. SLATER.

Andante.

1. I kneel be - side Thy sa - cred Cross, And count for Thee my
2. My help - less soul, rest in thy God, And lean up - on His

1. life as dross; Oh, sat - is - fy my soul this hour With
2. faith - ful word; So in thy heart God thou shalt find, Each

f CHORUS.
1. Thy dear love, my heal - ing pow'r. } Thou art e - nough for
2. bat - tle fights of a soul re - sign'd. }

me,..... Thou art e - nough for me;..... Oh, pre - cious,

liv - ing, lov - ing Lord, Yes, Thou art e - nough for me.....

3. At times 'tis hard for flesh and blood
To say, "Thy will be done, my God;"
But if my grief means others' gain,
Oh, what to me are loss and pain?

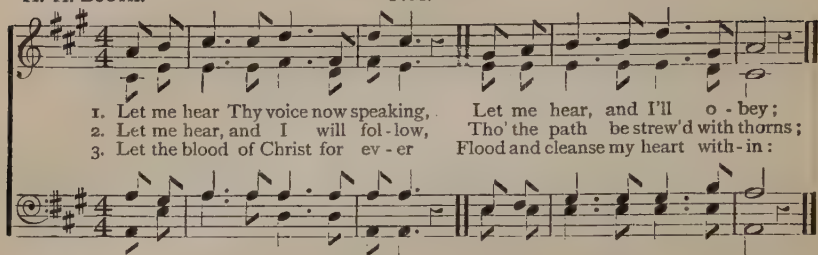
4. Through every fear my soul doth climb
Above the things of passing time;
And to my eyes the sight is given
Which makes my earth a present heaven,

No. 484. Speak, Saviour, Speak !

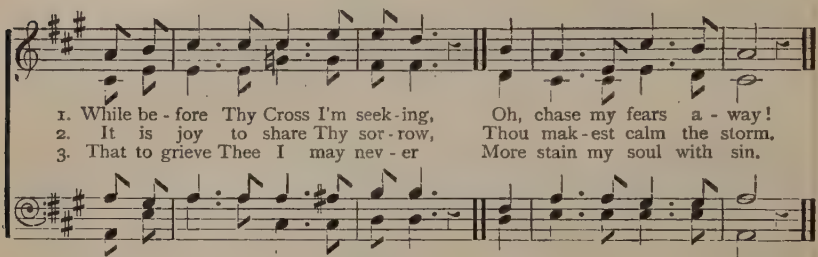
By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

H. H. BOOTH.

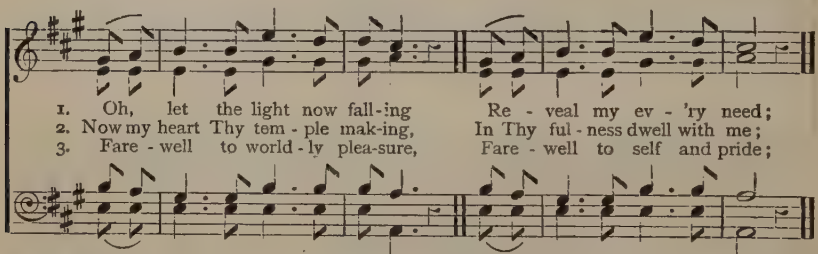
P.M.



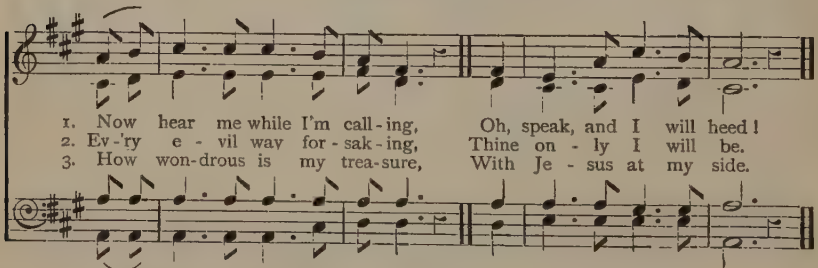
1. Let me hear Thy voice now speaking, Let me hear, and I'll o - bey;
 2. Let me hear, and I will fol-low, Tho' the path be strew'd with thorns;
 3. Let the blood of Christ for ev - er Flood and cleanse my heart with-in :



1. While be - fore Thy Cross I'm seek-ing, Oh, chase my fears a - way!
 2. It is joy to share Thy sor-row, Thou mak-est calm the storm,
 3. That to grieve Thee I may nev - er More stain my soul with sin.

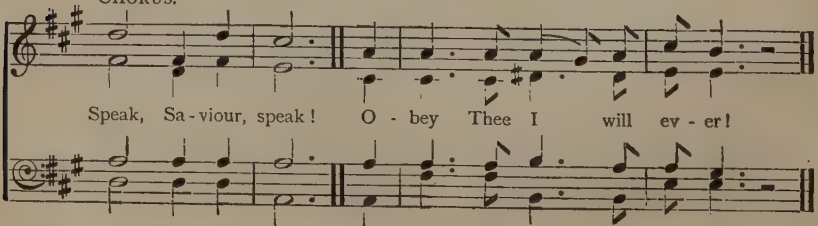


1. Oh, let the light now fall-ing Re - veal my ev - 'ry need;
 2. Now my heart Thy tem - ple mak-ing, In Thy ful - ness dwell with me;
 3. Fare - well to world - ly plea-sure, Fare - well to self and pride;

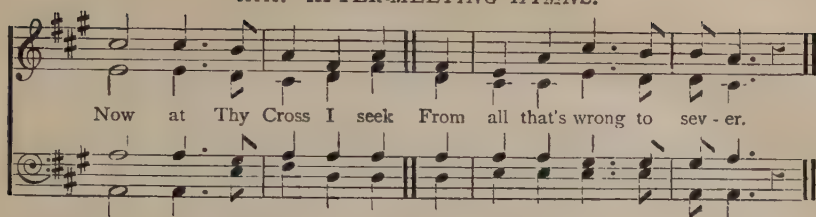


1. Now hear me while I'm call-ing, Oh, speak, and I will heed!
 2. Ev - ry e - vil way for - sak-ing, Thine on - ly I will be.
 3. How won-drous is my trea-sure, With Je - sus at my side.

CHORUS.



Speak, Sa-viour, speak ! O - bey Thee I will ev - er !



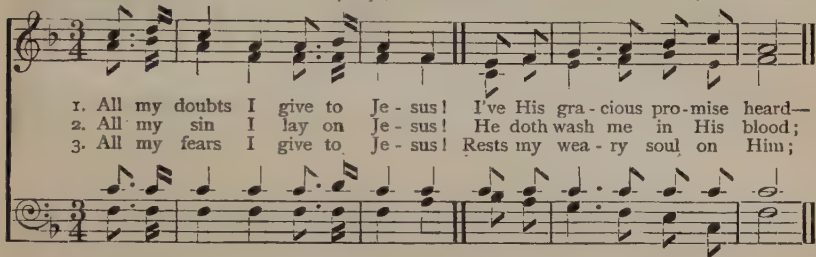
Now at Thy Cross I seek From all that's wrong to sev - er.

No. 485. All my Doubts I give to Jesus.

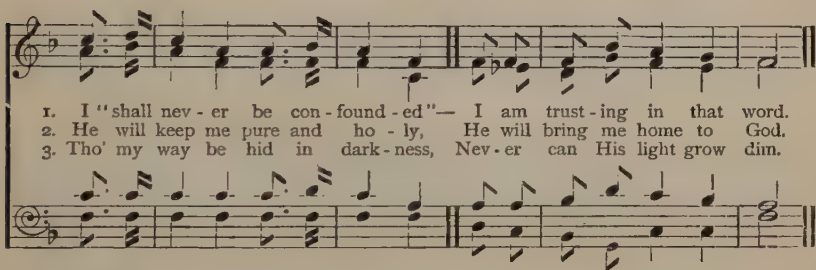
J. C. MORGAN.

8.7.8.7., with Chorus.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

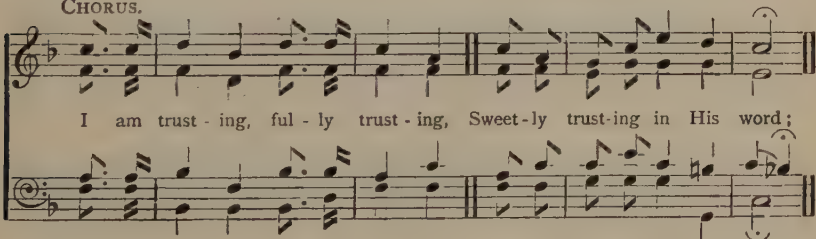


1. All my doubts I give to Je - sus! I've His gra - cious pro-mise heard—
2. All my sin I lay on Je - sus! He doth wash me in His blood;
3. All my fears I give to Je - sus! Rests my wea - ry soul on Him;

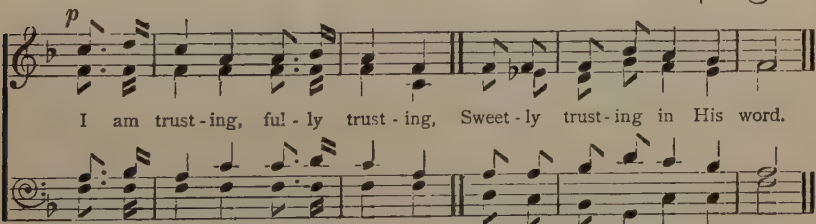


1. I "shall nev - er be con-found-ed"— I am trust-ing in that word.
2. He will keep me pure and ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.
3. Tho' my way be hid in dark-ness, Nev - er can His light grow dim.

CHORUS.



I am trust - ing, ful - ly trust - ing, Sweet - ly trust-ing in His word;



p I am trust-ing, ful - ly trust - ing, Sweet - ly trust-ing in His word.

4 All my joys I give to Jesus!
He is all I want of bliss;
He of all the worlds is Master—
He has all I need in this.

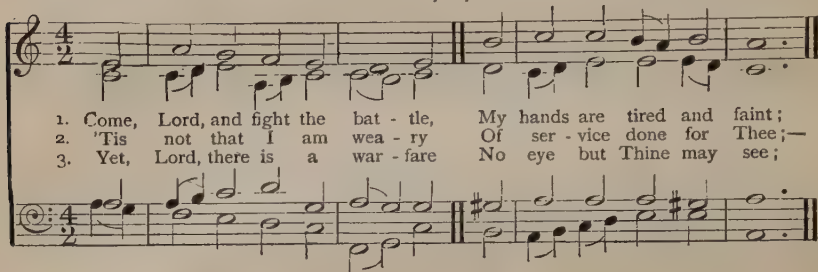
5 All I am I give to Jesus!
All my body, all my soul;
All I have, and all I hope for,
While eternal ages roll.

No. 486. Come, Lord, and Fight the Battle.

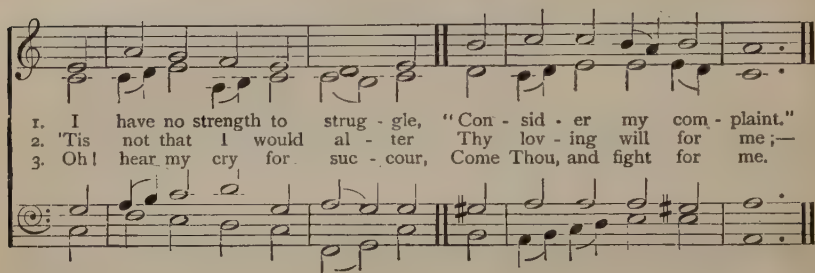
HETTY BOWMAN,

ST. ALBAN'S. 7.6.7.6. D.

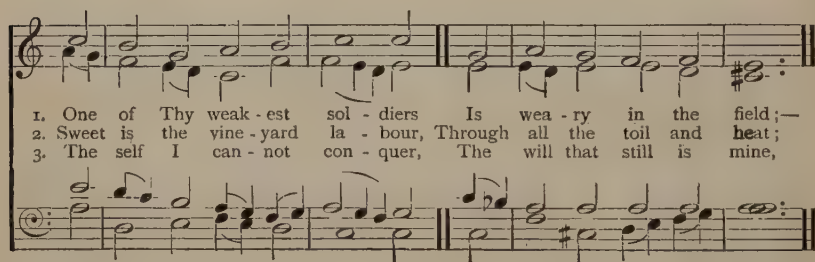
Lutheran Chorale.



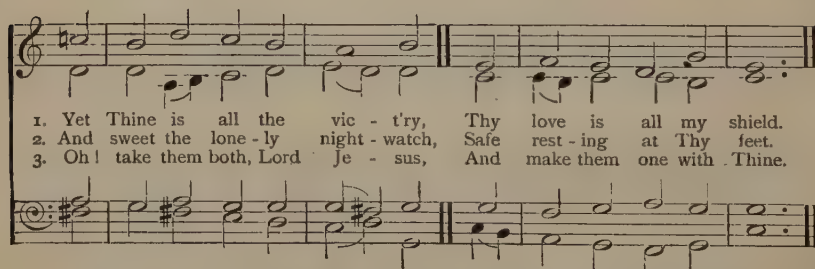
1. Come, Lord, and fight the bat - tle, My hands are tired and faint;
 2. 'Tis not that I am wea - ry Of ser - vice done for Thee;—
 3. Yet, Lord, there is a war - fare No eye but Thine may see;



1. I have no strength to strug - gle, "Con - sid - er my com - plaint."
 2. 'Tis not that I would al - ter Thy lov - ing will for me;—
 3. Oh! hear my cry for suc - cour, Come Thou, and fight for me.



1. One of Thy weak - est sol - diers Is wea - ry in the field;—
 2. Sweet is the vine - yard la - bour, Through all the toil and heat;
 3. The self I can - not con - quer, The will that still is mine,



1. Yet Thine is all the vic - t'ry, Thy love is all my shield.
 2. And sweet the lone - ly night - watch, Safe rest - ing at Thy feet.
 3. Oh! take them both, Lord Je - sus, And make them one with Thine.

4. Take them! I cannot yield them—
 I am not what I seemed:
 I have no power, Lord Jesus,
 To do what once I dreamed:
 The yearning of the earth-life
 Is stronger than my strength;
 When may the spell be broken,
 And freedom come at length?

5. Like dew on drooping blossoms,
 Like breath from holy place,
 Laden with health and healing,
 Come Thy deep words of grace:
 "Thy strength is all in leaning
 On One who fights for thee,
 Thine is the helpless clinging,
 And Mine the victory."

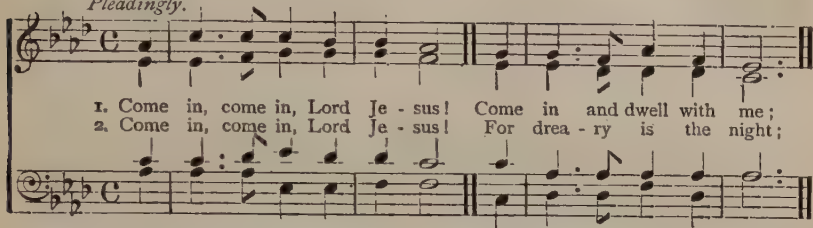
No. 487. Come in, Lord Jesus!

By permission.

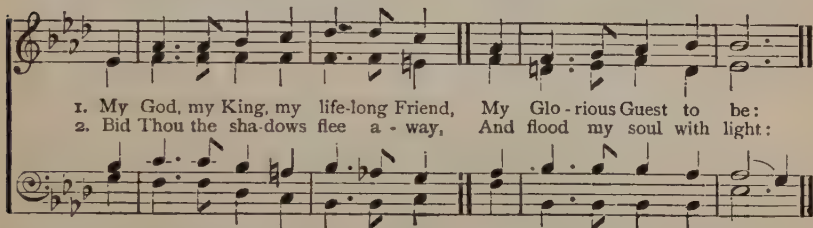
EDITH GILLING CHERRY.

P.M.


REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Pleadingly.


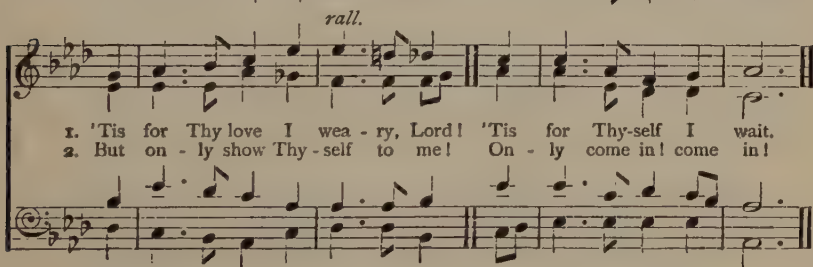
1. Come in, come in, Lord Je - sus! Come in and dwell with me;
2. Come in, come in, Lord Je - sus! For drea - ry is the night;



1. My God, my King, my life-long Friend, My Glo - rious Guest to be:
2. Bid Thou the sha-dows flee a - way, And flood my soul with light:



1. My heart is ve - ry lone - ly, Lord, My need is ve - ry great;
2. And let it show me what Thou wilt, Of emp - ti - ness and sin;



rall.
1. 'Tis for Thy love I wea - ry, Lord! 'Tis for Thy-self I wait.
2. But on - ly show Thy - self to me! On - ly come in! come in!

3. Come in, come in, Lord Jesus!
And dwell, and rule, and reign;
Yea, come in peace, my Lord, my King,
To Thine own house again:
Thou shalt bring with Thee what Thou wilt,
Take what Thou wilt away;
Only come Thou Thyself to me
And come, oh, come to stay,

4. Come in, come in, Lord Jesus!
I give the struggle o'er;
I hinder not Thine entering,
Nor fear Thy coming more:
I do but whisper through my tears—
"Thou knowest what hath been!"
Only forgive the long delay!
Only come in! come in!"

5. Come in, come in, Lord Jesus!
And leave me nevermore;
Thou hast the keys of all my heart;
Come in, and shut the door!
Yea, shut the door on what Thou wilt,
That fits not Thine abode;
And open it on all Thou wilt
That is of heaven and God.

6. Come in, come in, Lord Jesus!
So wonderful it seems [for me,
That Thou should'st think such thoughts
Beyond my faintest dreams: [things,
That Thou should'st choose the "foolish
The "weak things," and "the base";
And stoop to humbled, broken hearts,
To find Thy dwelling-place.

No. 488.

Lone and Weary.

ALLIE STARBRIGHT.

8.7.8.7., with Chorus.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Lone and wea-ry, sad and drea-ry, Lord, I would Thy call o - bey;
2. Thou, the Ho-ly, meek, and low-ly, Je-sus, un - to Thee I come;

1. Thee be - liev-ing, Christ re - ceiv-ing, I would come to Thee to - day.
2. Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er From Thy bless - ed keeping roam.

CHORUS.

I am com-ing, I am com-ing, Com-ing, Sa-viour, to be blest;

I am com-ing, I am com-ing, Com-ing, Lord, to Thee for rest!

3. Here abiding, in Thee hiding,
Seeks my weary soul to rest;
Till the dawning of the morning,
When I wake among the blest.

4. Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me,
Through life's dark and stormy way;
Turn my sadness into gladness,
Turn my darkness into day.

No. 489. Oh, when shall my Soul?

SALVATOR OMNIPOTENS. P.M.

Anon.

1. { Oh, when shall my soul find her rest, My strugglings and wrestlings be o'er, }
 { My heart by my Sa-viour pos-sess'd, }

XIII.—AFTER-MEETING HYMNS.

2nd time.

Be fear-ing and sin - ning, be fear-ing and sinning, and sin - ning no more?
 CHO. For He is al-migh - ty, for He is al - migh - ty, al - migh - ty to save.
 Yes,

2. Now search me and try me, O Lord;
 Now Jesus, give ear to my cry!
 See helpless I rest on Thy word—
 My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

3. My idols I cast at Thy feet;
 My all I return Thee, who gave:
 This moment the work is complete,
 For Thou art almighty to save.

4. O Saviour, Thy word I believe,
 Thy blood for my cleansing I see;
 And, asking in faith, I receive
 Salvation—full, present, and free.

5. O Lord, I shall now comprehend
 Thy mercy so high and so deep;
 And long shall my praises ascend—
 For Thou art almighty to keep.

No. 490. Lord, bring some Wanderers Home.

B. M. R.

C.M., with Chorus.

R. MANSELL RAMSEY.

1. Lord, bring some wan-d'ers home to-night— Some who have gone a - stray;

Oh, give them grace to come to-night, Let them no more de - lay!

CHORUS.

To - night, Lord! To - night, Lord! Bring wand'ers home to - night!

To - night, Lord! To - night, Lord! Bring wand'ers home to - night!

2. May none Thy mercy spurn to-night,
 Thy Holy Spirit grieve;
 May prodigals return to night;
 May sinners now believe.

3. Let none unblest depart to-night,
 Unsav'd and unforgiven;
 Over some yielding heart to night
 Let there be joy in heaven.

No. 491. There is a fountain filled with Blood.

W. COWPER.

C.M., with Chorus.

Joyful.

1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins ;
 CHO. I will be - lieve, I do be - lieve That Je - sus died for me ;

D.C. for Chorus.

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains.
 That on the cross He shed His blood, From sin to set me free.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day,
 And there have I, though vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.</p> <p>3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.</p> | <p>4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.</p> <p>5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 492. Oh, Wonderful Cleansing.

Very slow.

6.6.6.6.

1. Oh, won - der - ful cleans - ing, Oh, won - der - ful cleans - ing,

Oh, won - der - ful cleans - ing, That Je - sus gives to me.....

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Oh, wonderful keeping,
 Oh, wonderful keeping,
 Oh, wonderful keeping,
 That Jesus gives to me.</p> | <p>3. Oh, wonderful filling,
 Oh, wonderful filling,
 Oh, wonderful filling,
 That Jesus gives to me.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 493.

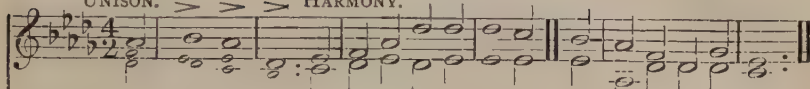
It shall be Now.

ANNIE W. MARSTON.
UNISON.

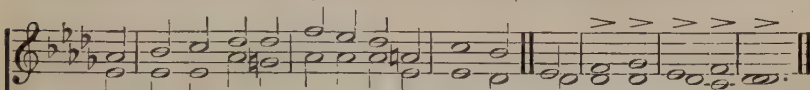
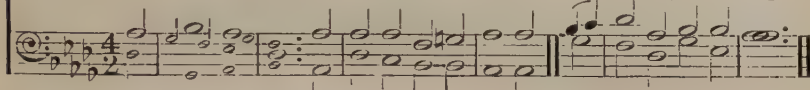
WHITCHESTER. 10.6.10.6.

DR. E. J. BELLERBY.

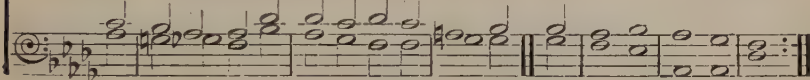
HARMONY.



1. It shall be now; Lord, from my heart I say it; No longer will I wait;
 2. It shall be now, that I will yield un-to Thee The last un-yielded thing;



1. No longer will I slight Thy love and patience, So wonder-ful-ly great.
 2. Here I renounce my right to self do-min-ion, And now I crown Thee King!



3. It shall be now, and Thou wilt gladly take me,
 In spite of all my sin;
 Now that Thou wilt unto Thyself receive me,
 And cleanse my heart within.
4. It shall be now, and here, my Lord and Master,
 That Thou shalt have Thy way;
 And Thou wilt set Thy seal, the bond confirming,
 Which I have signed to-day.

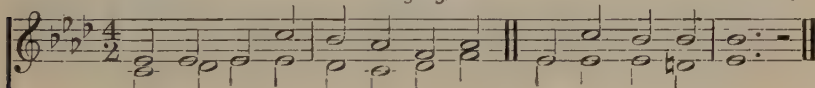
No. 494.

Come, thou Weary!

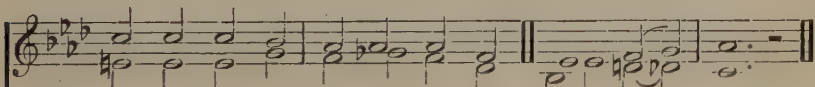
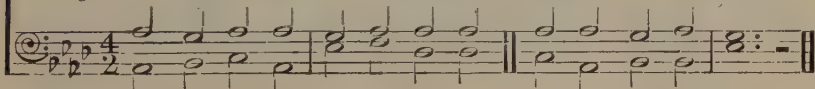
REV. S. C. MORGAN.

8.5.8.3.

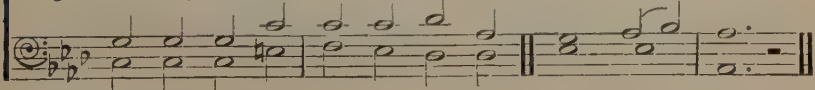
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Come, thou wea-ry! Je-sus calls thee To His wound-ed side;
 2. "Seek-ing Je-sus?" Je-sus seeks thee—Wants thee as thou art;
 3. If thou let Him, He will save thee—Make thee all His own:



1. "Come to Me," saith He, "and ev-er Safe a-bide."
 2. He is knock-ing, ev-er knock-ing At thy heart.
 3. Guide thee; keep thee; take thee, dy-ing, To His throne.



4. Wilt thou still refuse His offer?
 Wilt thou say Him nay?
 Wilt thou let Him, grieved, rejected,
 Go away?
5. Dost thou feel thy life is weary?
 Is thy soul distress?
 Take His offer, wait no longer:
 Be at rest!

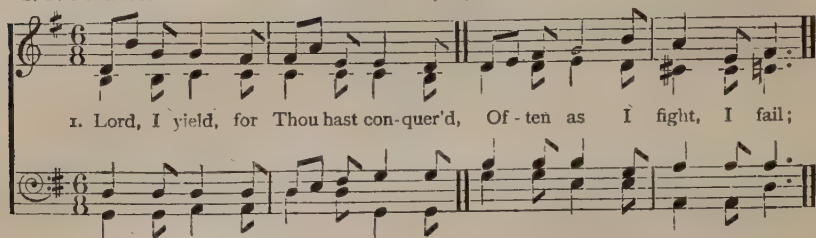
No. 495.

Lord, 3 Yield.

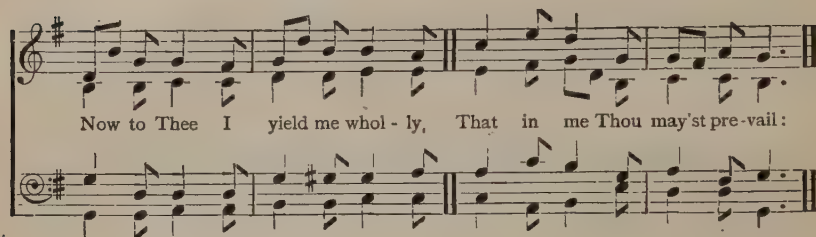
S. F. FORREST.

YIELDED. 8.7.8.7. D.

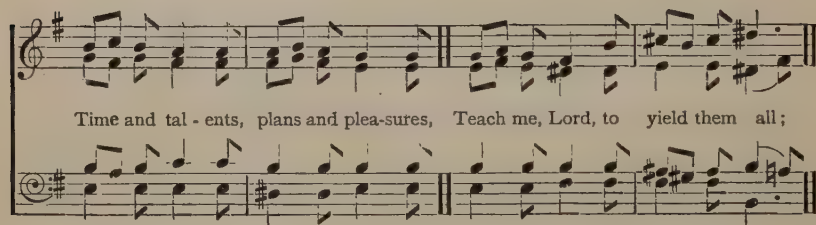
C. H. FORREST.



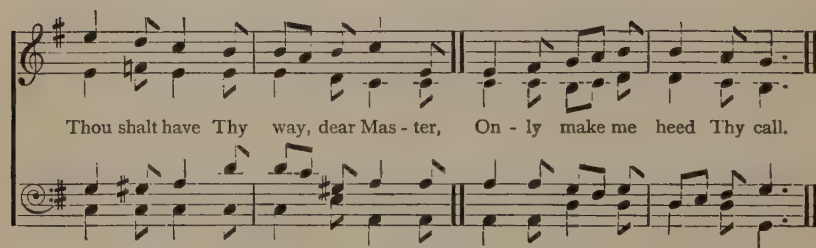
1. Lord, I yield, for Thou hast con-quer'd, Of-ten as I fight, I fail;



Now to Thee I yield me whol-ly, That in me Thou may'st pre-vail:



Time and tal-ents, plans and plea-sures, Teach me, Lord, to yield them all;



Thou shalt have Thy way, dear Mas-ter, On-ly make me heed Thy call.

2.

Lord, I claim Thy promised blessing,
 Fulness of Thy Spirit's power;
 Only for Thine own blest service,
 Lord, on me Thy Spirit shower:
 Fill me, Lord, with Thine own fulness,
 That I may a channel be;
 Ever passing on to others
 All that Thou dost give to me.

3.

Lord, I thank Thee for the greatness
 Of Thy love's unfailing spring;
 Let my heart be always singing
 Everywhere, for everything:
 Only for Thy glory living,
 Serving Thee in humblest ways;
 Keep me, Lord, Thy heart from grieving;
 Teach me, Lord, to live Thy praise.

PART XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.

No. 496.

Be Still!

REV. C. A. FOX.

CAREY. 8.8.8.8.8.

CAREY.

1. "Stand still and see!" yea, see, to - day, New won - ders of re -
 2. Here "com-mune with thine heart, be still!" Search all the se - cret

1. - deem - ing grace— The migh - ty Pot - ter moulds the clay
 2. stores of years, Till si - lence, now un - bear - a - ble,—

1. A - gain with - in this hal - lowed place, Till through the hu - man,
 2. Self, self - be - trayed with blind - ing tears— Then fall at Je - su's

1. the..... Di - vine Is seen once more to move and shine.
 2. feet,.... and say, Thou can'st, Thou shalt, cleanse all to - day!

3.

"Be still, and know that I am God!"

Peace, wounded conscience, heaving breast!

Christ's pierced hand bears alone the rod,

His cloud transfigures and brings rest.

Take, Lord, Thy power, reign, great I AM,

O'ershadowing Guest, all-conquering Lamb!

4.

Then in the hush of this fair Tent,

And solemn stillness of this hour,

Three thousand souls before Thee bent,

Break forth, O Holy Ghost, in power—

Sweep thro', thou Wind of God, sweep thro';

Once more cleanse, consecrate, renew!

No. 497. The ninety and nine.

MISS E. C. CLEPHANE.

P.M.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow and plaintive.

1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
 2. "Lord, Thou hast in fold Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not e-nough for
 3. But none of the ran-somed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters

1. fold; But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of
 2. Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer, "This of Mine Hath wan-der'd a - way from
 3. crossed, Nor how dark was the night which the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was

1. gold;— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare,— A - way from the
 2. Me; And al - though the road be rough and steep, I go to the
 3. lost; Out in the bleak de-sert He heard its cry,— All bleed-ing, and

1. ten - der Shep-herd's care A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
 2. de - sert to find My sheep, I go to the de - sert to find My sheep."
 3. help-less, and rea-dy to die, All bleed-ing, and helpless, and rea-dy to die.

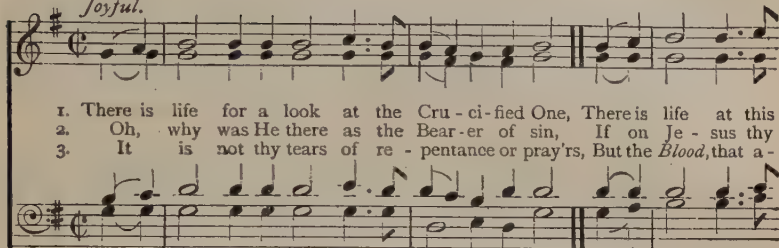
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
 That mark out the mountain's track?"
 "They were shed for one who had gone astray,
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
 "They're pierced to-night by many a thorn,
 They're pierced to-night by many a thorn."
5. And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,—
 "Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His Own."
 Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His Own!

No. 498. There is life for a look.

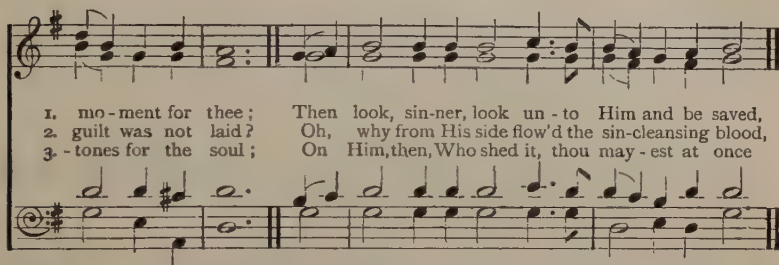
A. M. HULL.

P. M.

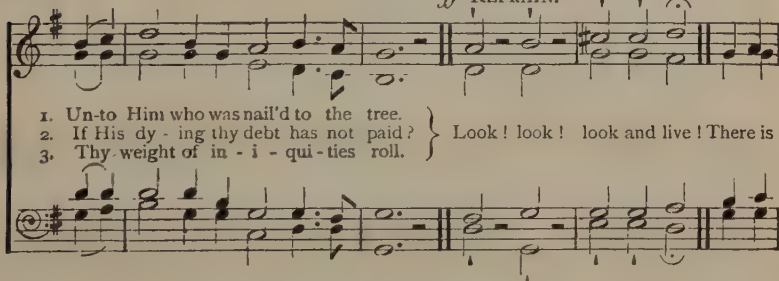
E. G. TAYLOR.

Joyful.


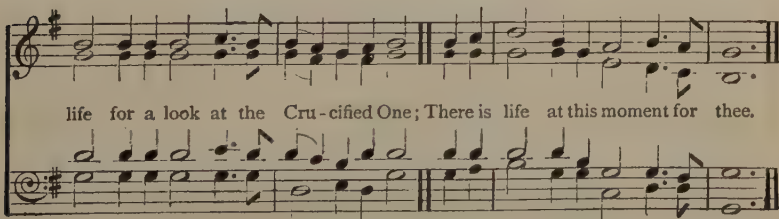
1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this
 2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear - er of sin, If on Je - sus thy
 3. It is not thy tears of re - pentance or pray'rs, But the *Blood*, that a -



1. mo - ment for thee ; Then look, sin - ner, look un - to Him and be saved,
 2. guilt was not laid ? Oh, why from His side flow'd the sin - cleansing blood,
 3. - tones for the soul ; On Him, then, Who shed it, thou may - est at once

ff REFRAIN.


1. Un - to Him who was nail'd to the tree.
 2. If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid ? } Look ! look ! look and live ! There is
 3. Thy weight of in - i - qui - ties roll. }



life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One ; There is life at this moment for thee.

4. Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
 There remaineth no more to be done ;
 That once in the end of the world He appeared,
 And completed the work He begun.
5. Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
 The life everlasting He gives ;
 And know with assurance, thou never canst die
 Since Jesus, thy Righteousness, lives,

No. 499.

Nothing to pay!

F. R. H.

P.M., with Refrain.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Nothing to pay! ah, nothing to pay! Nev-er a word of ex-cuse to say!
 2. Nothing to pay! the debt is so great, What will you do with the aw-ful weight?
 3. Nothing to pay! yes, nothing to pay! Je-sus has clear'd all the debt a-way,

1. Year af-ter year thou hast fill'd the score, Ow-ing thy Lord still more and more.
 2. How shall the way of es-cape be made? Nothing to pay! yet it must be paid!
 3. Blot-ted it out with His bleed-ing hand! Free and for-giv'n, and lov'd, you stand.

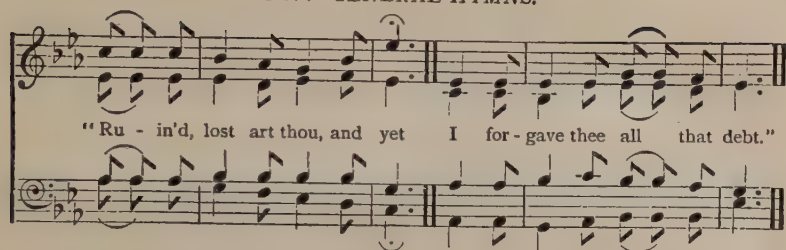
1. Hear the voice of Je-sus say, "Ver-i-ly, thou hast nothing to pay!
 2. Hear the voice of Je-sus say, "Ver-i-ly, thou hast nothing to pay!
 3. Hear the voice of Je-sus say, "Ver-i-ly, thou hast nothing to pay!

1. Ru-in'd, lost art thou, and yet I for-gave thee all that debt."
 2. All has been put to My ac-count, I have paid the full a-mount."
 3. Paid is the debt, and the debt-or free! Now I ask thee, Lov-est thou Me?"

REFRAIN.

No-thing, no-thing, no-thing to pay! Hear the voice of Je-sus say!

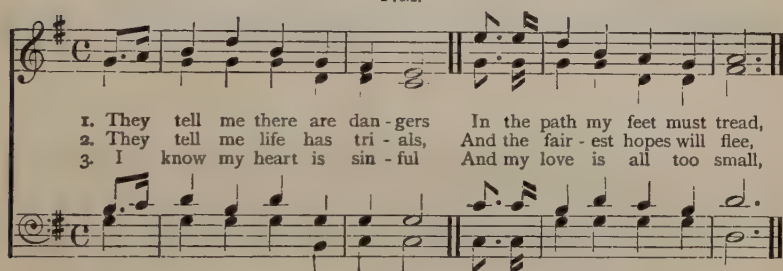
XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.



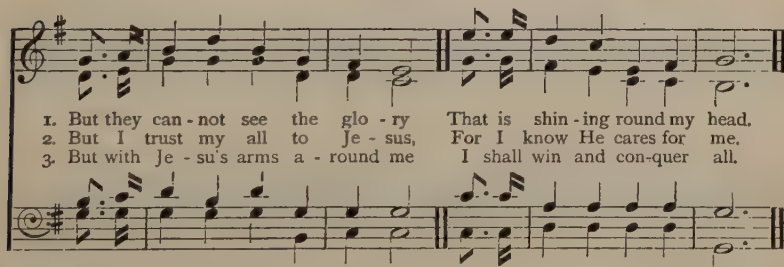
"Ru - in'd, lost art thou, and yet I for-gave thee all that debt."

No. 500. They tell me there are dangers.

P.M.

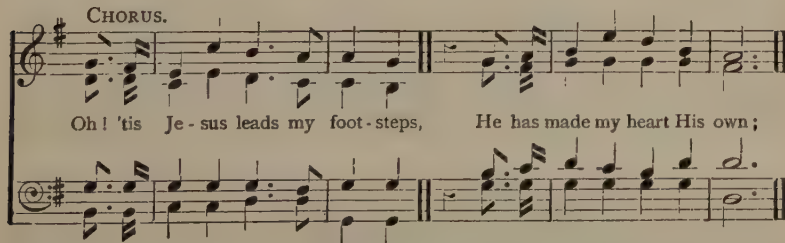


1. They tell me there are dan-gers In the path my feet must tread,
2. They tell me life has tri-als, And the fair-est hopes will flee,
3. I know my heart is sin-ful And my love is all too small,

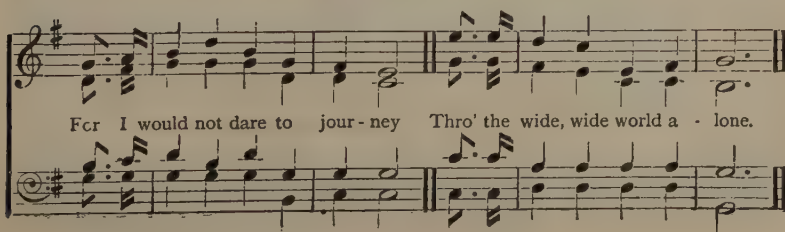


1. But they can-not see the glo-ry That is shin-ing round my head,
2. But I trust my all to Je-sus, For I know He cares for me,
3. But with Je-su's arms a-round me I shall win and con-quer all,

CHORUS.



Oh! 'tis Je-sus leads my foot-steps, He has made my heart His own;



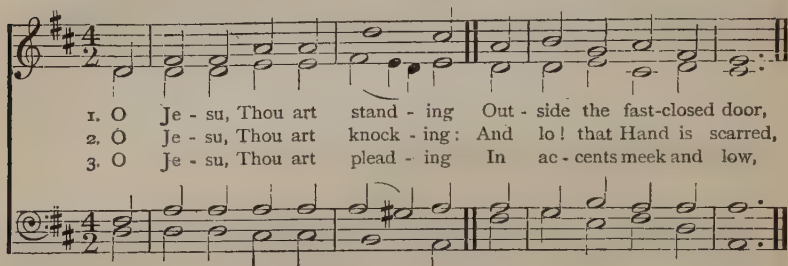
For I would not dare to jour-ney Thro' the wide, wide world a-lone.

No. 501. O Jesu, Thou art standing.

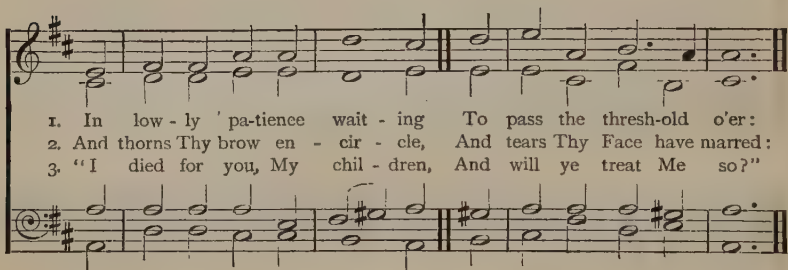
ST. CATHERINE. 7.6.7.6. D.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP W. HOW.

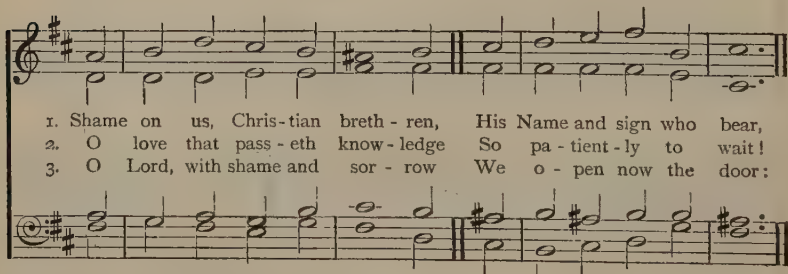
REV. DR. R. F. DALE.



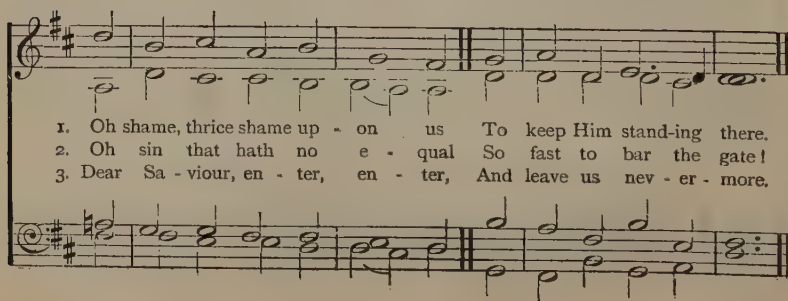
1. O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - su, Thou art knock - ing: And lo! that Hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - su, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,



1. In low - ly 'pa-tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
 2. And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy Face have marred:
 3. "I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"



1. Shame on us, Chris-tian breth - ren, His Name and sign who bear,
 2. O love that pass - eth know - ledge So pa - tient - ly to wait!
 3. O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:



1. Oh shame, thrice shame up - on us To keep Him stand-ing there.
 2. Oh sin that bath no e - qual So fast to bar the gate!
 3. Dear Sa - viour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

No. 502. O the deep, deep love of Jesus.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

EVENING BLESSING. 8.7.8.7. D.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



1. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Vast, un - meas - ured, boundless, free ;
2. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Spread His praise from shore to shore ;
3. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Love of ev - 'ry love the best ;



1. Roll - ing as a migh - ty o - cean In its ful - ness o - ver me.
2. How He lov - eth, ev - er lov - eth, Chang - eth nev - er, nev - er - more ;
3. 'Tis an o - cean vast of bless - ing, 'Tis a ha - ven sweet of rest.



1. Un - der - neath me, all a - round me, Is the cur - rent of Thy love ;
2. How He watch - es o'er His loved ones, Died to call them all His own ;
3. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, 'Tis a Heav'n of heav'ns to me ;



1. Lead - ing on - ward, lead - ing homeward, To my glo - rious rest a - bove.
2. How for them He in - ter - ced - eth, Watch - eth o'er them from the Throne.
3. And it lifts me up to glo - ry, For it lifts me up to Thee.



No. 503. Lead, Kindly Light.

CARD. J. H. NEWMAN.

LUX BENIGNA. 10.4.10.4.10.10.

REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, Kindly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not - ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me

1. on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
2. on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now

1. Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
2. Lead Thou me on: I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of

1. see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
2. fears,..... Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years.

3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 504.

The Love of Jesus.

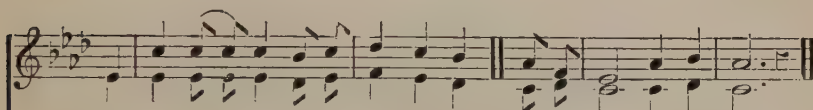
R. ALDRICH.

10.6.10.6., with Chorus.

THEO. E. PERKINS.



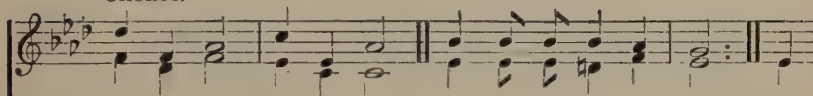
1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus!—Nev - er to fade or fall,
2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Fill'd with a ten - der love;
3. There is no eye like the eye of Je - sus, Pier - cing so far a - way;



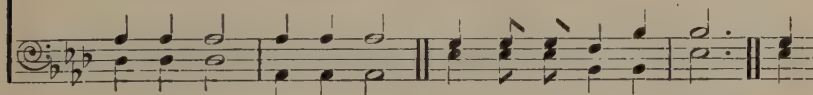
1. Till in - to the fold of the house of God He has ga - ther'd us all.
2. No throb nor throe that our hearts can know, But He feels it a - bove.
3. Ne'er out of the sight of its ten - der light Can the wan - der - er stray!



CHORUS.



Je - sus' love! pre - cious love! Bound - less, and pure, and free! Oh,



turn to that love, wea - ry wand'ring soul! Je - sus plead - eth for thee!



4. There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
Tender and sweet its chime—
Like musical ring of a flowing spring
In the bright summer-time.

5. Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus!
Then we shall never roam;
And we shall rest on His loving breast,
All the way to our heavenly home.

No. 505. They shall be Comforted.

Copyright.

E. E. HEWITT.

10. 10. 10. 10. 10., with Chorus.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

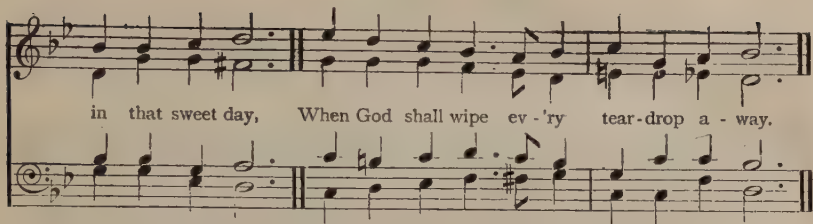
1. They shall be com-fort-ed; sor-row-ing heart, Soon ev-'ry cloud will for
 2. They shall be com-fort-ed; Je-sus says so, True and e-ter-nal His
 3. They shall be com-fort-ed; yea, e-ven here; Bless-ed the mourn-er whom
 4. They shall be com-fort-ed; rise, then, and shine— Shine in the beau-ty of

1. ev-er de-part: Joy, won-drous joy, in that beau-ti-ful day,
 2. pro-mise we know; Gen-tle His smile, and how ten-der His voice,
 3. Je-sus shall cheer: Sun-beams of glo-ry thro' time's fleet-ing show'rs,
 4. love so di-vine; Let o-thers find where the "still wa-ters" flow;

1. When God shall wipe ev-'ry tear-drop a-way, When God shall wipe ev-'ry
 2. Bid-ding His chil-dren in Him to re-joice, Bid-ding His chil-dren in
 3. Hea-ven a-round us—this Sa-viour is ours! Hea-ven a-round us—this
 4. They may be com-fort-ed— Je-sus says so; They may be com-fort-ed—

CHORUS. *mf* *p*
 1. tear-drop a-way.
 2. Him to re-joice.
 3. Sa-viour is ours! } Nev-er a sor-row, nev-er a fear,
 4. Je-sus says so. }

mf *p*
 Nev-er a sha-dow, nev-er a tear; They shall be com-fort-ed



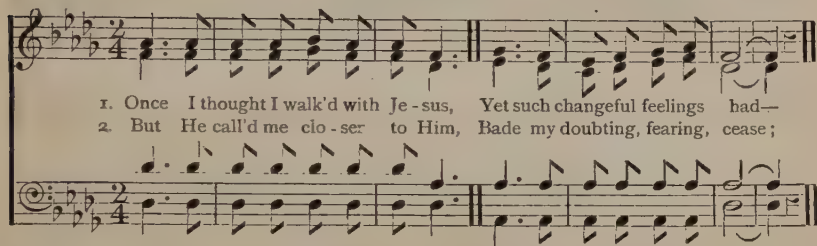
in that sweet day, When God shall wipe ev-'ry tear-drop a-way.

No. 506. Oh, the Peace the Saviour gives!

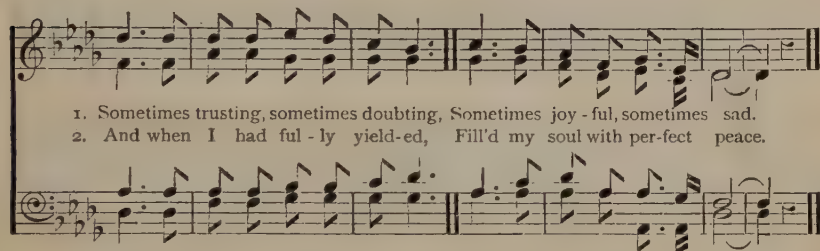
F. A. B.

8.7.8.7., with Chorus.

F. A. BLACKMER.

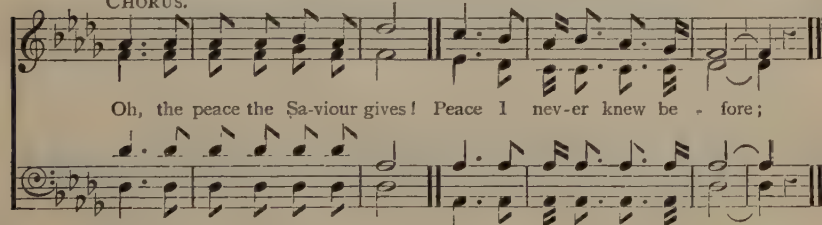


1. Once I thought I walk'd with Je-sus, Yet such changeful feelings had—
2. But He call'd me clo-ser to Him, Bade my doubting, fearing, cease;

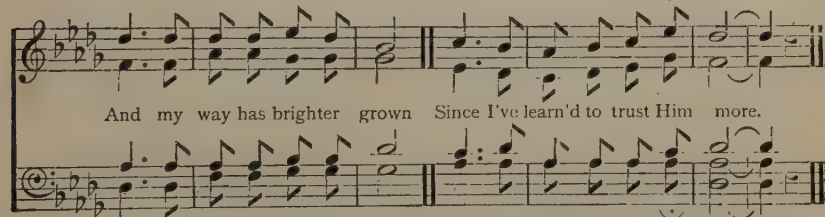


1. Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, Sometimes joy-ful, sometimes sad.
2. And when I had ful-ly yield-ed, Fill'd my soul with per-fect peace.

CHORUS.



Oh, the peace the Sa-viour gives! Peace I nev-er knew be-fore;



And my way has brighter grown Since I've learn'd to trust Him more.

3. Now I'm trusting every moment,
Nothing less can be enough;
And the Saviour bears me gently
O'er those places once so rough.

4. Day by day my soul He's keeping
By His wondrous power within;
And my heart is full of singing
To my Saviour from all sin.

No. 507. Think of Jesus, in the Morning.

MRS. L. SHOREY.

CONVENTION. 8.7.8.7. D.

G. E. MOSER.

1. Think of Je-sus, in the morn-ing, In the blush of sum-mer day;
2. Think of Je-sus, of His beau-ty, In the crowd-ed hours of day;

1. Or in "win-ter's chil-ly dawn-ing, When the skies are dull and grey:
2. In the bu-sy hours of du-ty, When you can-not kneel and pray:

1. Think of Him in cloud and sun-shine! Think of Him in storm and rain!
2. Just the thought that Je-sus loves you Will be cheer-ing to your heart;

1. All He sends us has its mis-sion, No-thing doth He send in vain.
2. And with whis-per'd words "I love Thee," Yours will be the bet-ter part.

3. Think of Jesus, when in sorrow,
Or if friendless, lone or sad;
He will bring a bright to-morrow,
He will cheer and make you glad:
Casting all your care upon Him,
This is what He bids you do;
Gladly take His yoke upon you,
You will find it easy too.

4. Courage, then, for Jesus loves you;
Place your hand in His to-day:
Courage! though He sometimes proves
By the trials of the way. [you
All will tend to make you stronger,
Make you firmer clasp His hand,
Till at last you joyful enter,
Welcomed, to the Glory-land.

No. 508.

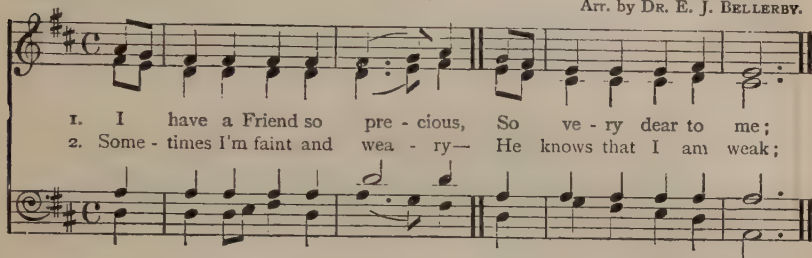
My Lord and I!

MRS. L. SHOREY.

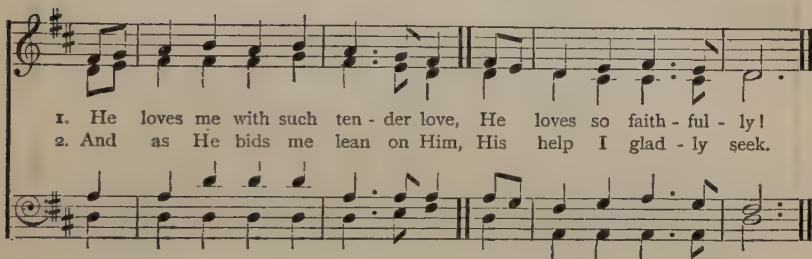
P.M.

Huguenot Melody.

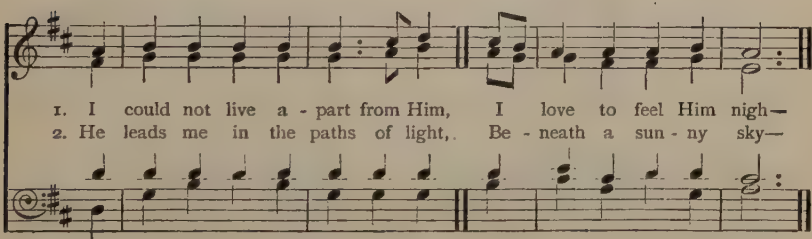
Arr. by DR. E. J. BELLERBY.



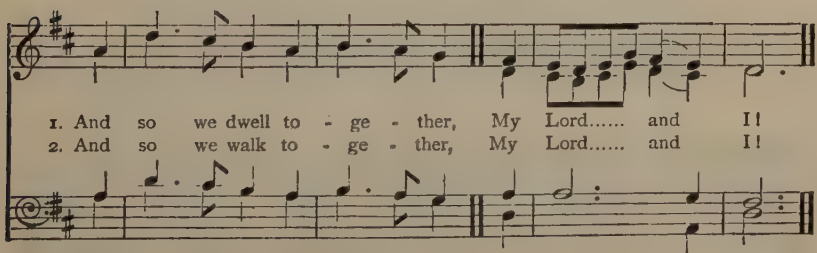
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ve - ry dear to me;
2. Some - times I'm faint and wea - ry— He knows that I am weak;



1. He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly!
2. And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek.



1. I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh—
2. He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky—



1. And so we dwell to - ge - ther, My Lord..... and I!
2. And so we walk to - ge - ther, My Lord..... and I!

3. He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go, and speak
The loving word for Him:
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And why He came to die—
And so we work together,
My Lord and I!

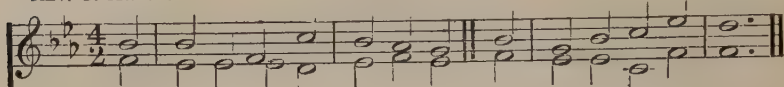
4. And when the journey's ended
In rest and peace at last,
When every thought of danger
And weariness is past,
In the Kingdom of the future,
In the Glory by-and-by—
We'll live and reign together,
My Lord and I!

No. 509. The Head that once was crowned.

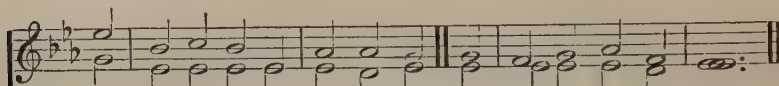
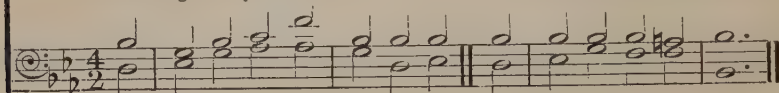
REV. T. KELLY.

ST. FULBERT. C.M.

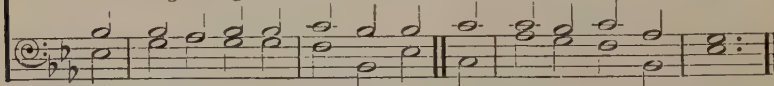
DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. The Head that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glo-ry now ;
2. The high-est place that heav'n af-fords Is His by sov-reign right :



1. A roy-al di-a-dem a-dorns The might-y Vic-tor's brow.
2. The King of kings, and Lord of lords, He reigns in glo-ry bright.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know :</p> <p>4. To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.</p> | <p>5. They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.</p> <p>6. The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 510. God moves in a mysterious way.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform :
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.</p> <p>2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.</p> <p>3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.</p> | <p>4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.</p> <p>5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.</p> <p>6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.</p> |
|--|---|

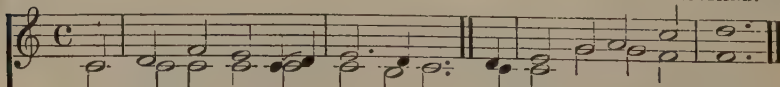
W. Cowper.

No. 511. I worship Thee, sweet will of God.

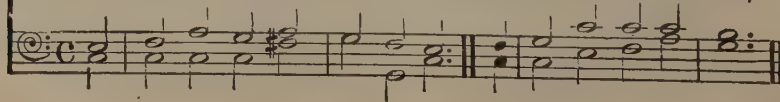
REV. DR. F. W. FABER.

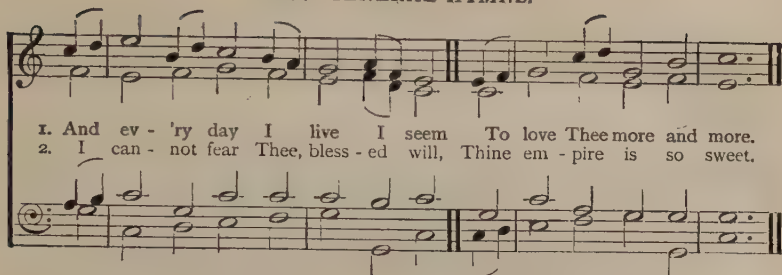
C.M.

REV. E. HUSBAND.



1. I wor-ship Thee, sweet will of God, And all Thy ways a - dore ;
2. I love to kiss each print where Thou Hast set Thine un - seen feet ;





1. And ev - 'ry day I live I seem To love Thee more and more.
2. I can - not fear Thee, bless - ed will, Thine em - pire is so sweet.

3. I have no cares, O blessed will,
For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4. When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee,

5. He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

6. Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet will.

No. 512. O blessed Saviour, is Thy love.

1. O BLESSED Saviour, is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, we give our thoughts, our hearts,
Our lives, our all, to Thee.
2. We love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself we see ;
We love Thee for that Cross of shame
Endured so patiently.

3. No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die ;
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain :
What love with Thine can vie ?
4. Make us like Thee in meekness, love,
And every beauteous grace ;
From glory unto glory changed,
Till we behold Thy face.

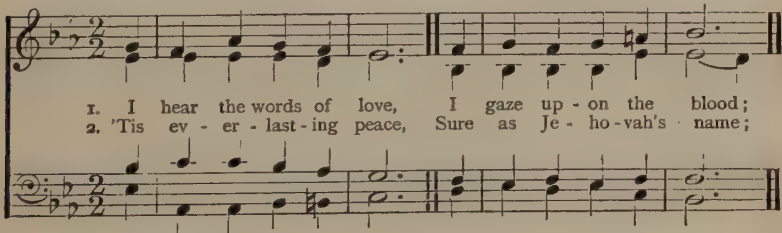
Stennett.

No. 513. 3 hear the words of love.

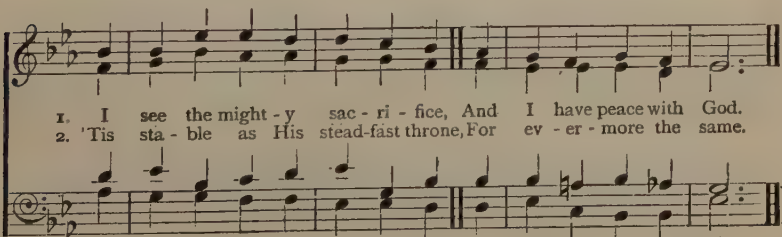
REV. DR. H. BONAR.

PAX DEI. S.M.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



1. I hear the words of love, I gaze up - on the blood ;
2. 'Tis ev - er - last - ing peace, Sure as Je - ho - vah's name ;



1. I see the might - y sac - ri - fice, And I have peace with God.
2. 'Tis sta - ble as His stead - fast throne, For ev - er - more the same.

3. The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood - seal'd friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4. I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die ;
His love, not mine, the resting - place
His truth, not mine, the tie.

No. 514. Souls of men! why will ye scatter?

REV. DR. F. W. FABER.

8.7.8.7. D.

REV. E. HUSBAND.

p *sf* *sf*

1. Souls of men! why will ye scat-ter, Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
2. It is God: His love looks mighty, But is might-ier than it seems:

f

1. Foolish hearts! why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?
2. 'Tis our Fa-ther: and His fond-ness Goes far out be-yond our dreams.

1. Was there ev-er kind-est shep-herd Half so gen-tle, half so sweet
2. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:

p

1. As the Saviour who would have us Come and gath-er round His Feet?
2. There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.

3. For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind:
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

4. Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,
And oh come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord,

No. 515.

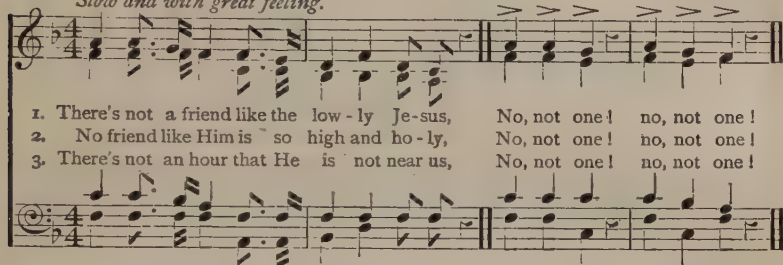
No, not one.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN.

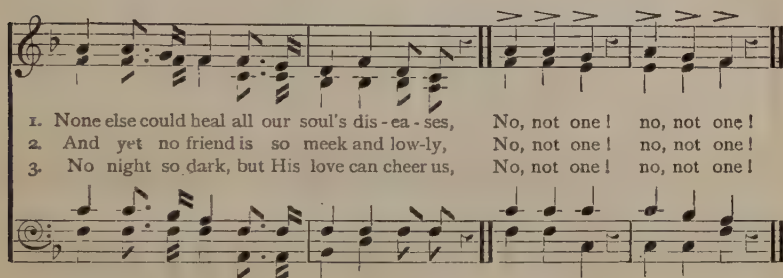
10.6. 10.6., with Refrain.

GEO. C. HOGG.

Slow and with great feeling.

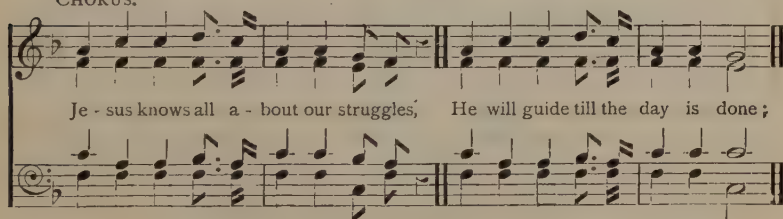


1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!

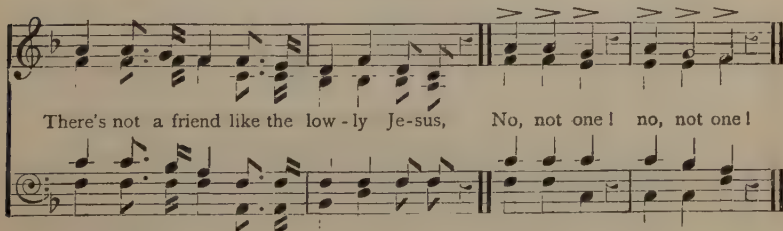


1. None else could heal all our soul's dis-ea-ses, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. No night so dark, but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.



Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;



There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

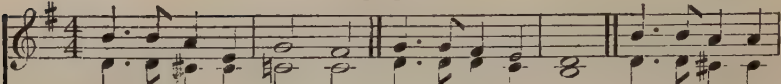
4. Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him?
 No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sinner find that He would not take him?
 No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?
 No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He refuse us a Home in Heaven?
 No, not one! no, not one!

No. 516.

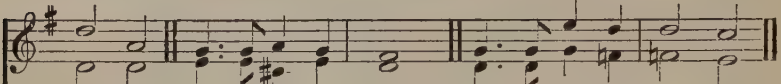
In the heart of Jesus.

6.5.6.5. D.

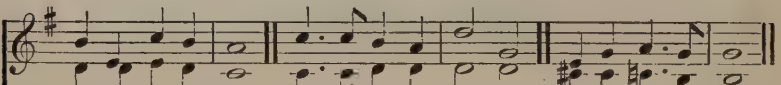
C. H. FORREST.



1. In the heart of Je - sus There is love for you, Love most pure and
 2. In the mind of Je - sus There is thought for you, Warm as sum-mer
 3. In the field of Je - sus There is work for you; Such as e - ven
 4. In the home of Je - sus There's a place for you; Glor-ious, bright, and



1. ten - der, Love most deep and true; Why should you be lone - ly,
 2. sun - shine, Sweet as morn-ing dew; Why should you be fear - ful,
 3. an - gels Might re-joice to do: Why stand i - dly sigh - ing
 4. joy - ous, Calm and peaceful too: Why then, like a wan - d'rer,



1. Why for friendship sigh, When the heart of Je - sus Has a full sup - ply?
 2. Why take anxious thought, Since the mind of Je - sus Cares for those He bought?
 3. For some life-work grand, While the field of Je - sus Seeks your reaping hand?
 4. Roam with wear-y pace, If the home of Je - sus Holds for you a place?


No. 517.

Not a disappointment!


Anon.

P. M.

H. GREEN.




1. He is not a dis-ap - pointment! Je - sus is far more to me




Than in all my glow-ing day-dreams I had fan-cied He could be;

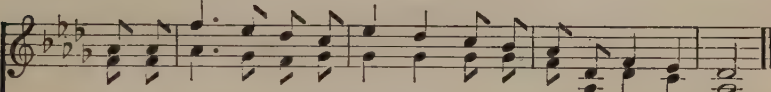
XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.



And, the more I get to know Him, so the more I find Him true,



And the more I long that oth - ers should be led to know Him too,



And the more I long that oth - ers should be led to know Him too.

2. He is not a disappointment ! He has saved my soul from sin :
All the guilt, and all the anguish, which oppressed my heart within,
He has banished by His presence, and His blessed kiss of peace
Has assured my heart for ever that His love will never cease.
3. He is not a disappointment ! He is coming by-and-by,
In my heart I have the witness that His coming draweth nigh.
All the scoffers may despise me, and no change around may see,
But He tells me He is coming, and that's quite enough for me.
4. He is not a disappointment ! He is all in all to me—
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer ; the unchanging Christ is He !
He has won my heart's affections, and He meets my every need ;
He is not a disappointment, for He satisfies indeed.

No. 518.

Chorus.

To be sung to above Tune.

LET me never disappoint Thee, through my wilfulness or fear,
Knowing, Lord, that Thou art planning how to make my way most clear ;
Then whatever Thou appointest, though my reasonings far above,
May I never be offended, resting in Thy mighty love,
May I never be offended, resting in Thy mighty love.

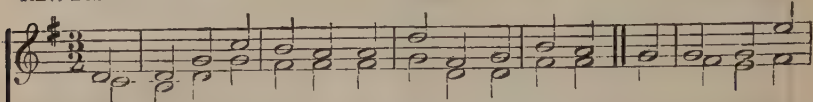
H. Green.

No. 519. Oh come to the Merciful Saviour.

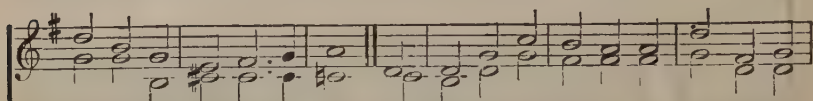
REV. DR. FABER.

12. 11. 12. 11.

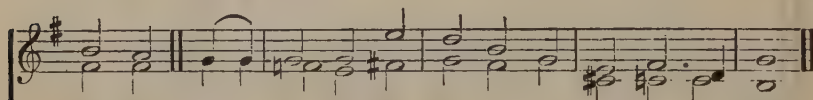
REV. E. HUSBAND.



1. Oh come to the mer-ci - ful Sa-viour who calls you, Oh come to the
2. Oh come then to Je - sus, whose arms are ex - tend - ed To fold His dear



1. Lord who for - gives and for - gets; Tho' dark be the for - tune on earth that be -
2. chil - dren in clos - est em - brace; Oh come, for your ex - ile will short - ly be



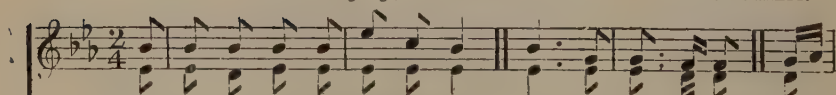
1. - falls you, There's a bright home a - bove where the sun nev - er sets.
2. end - ed, And Je - sus will show you His beau - ti - ful face.

3. Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
Oh, fear not, and doubt not! the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose blood you have spilt.
4. Then come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His name.

No. 520. Oh, 'tis Wonderful!

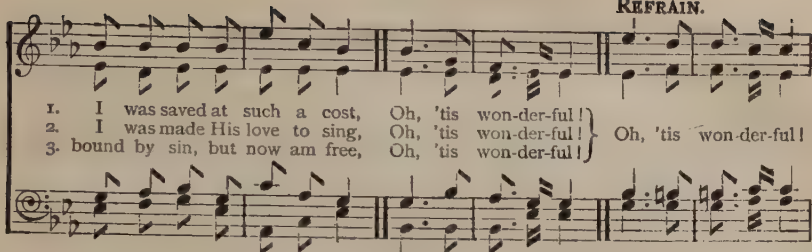
8. 5. 8. 5., with Refrain.

C. H. FORREST.

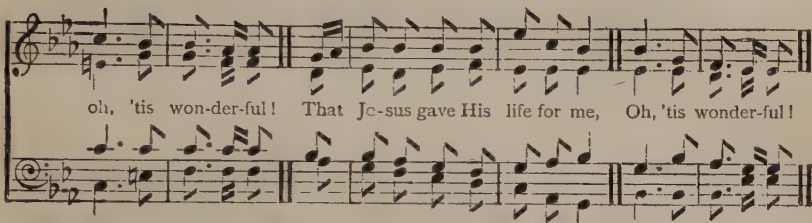


1. When I was far a - way and lost, Oh, 'tis won - der - ful! That
2. My guilt was all I had to bring, Oh, 'tis won - der - ful! Yet
3. Once I was blind, but now I see, Oh, 'tis won - der - ful! Was

REFRAIN.



1. I was saved at such a cost, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful!
 2. I was made His love to sing, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful!
 3. bound by sin, but now am free, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful!



Oh, 'tis won-der-ful! That Je-sus gave His life for me, Oh, 'tis won-der-ful!

4. This great salvation all may share,
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!
 Throughout the world the message bear,
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!

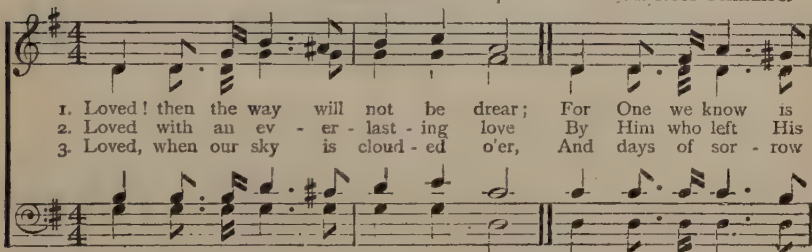
5. Come, sinner, now and seek His grace,
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!
 And find in Him a resting-place,
 Oh, 'tis wonderful!

No. 521.

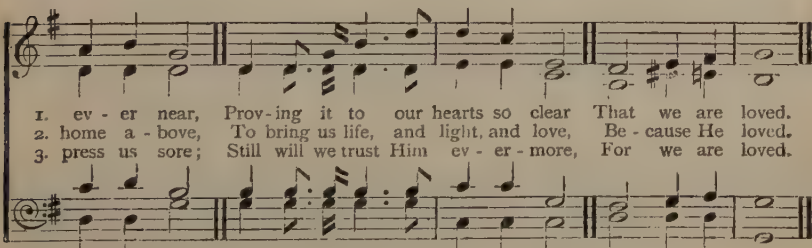
Loved!

MEMORIAL. 8.8.8.4.

H. ROSS PHILLIPS.



1. Loved! then the way will not be drear; For One we know is
 2. Loved with an ev - er - last - ing love By Him who left His
 3. Loved, when our sky is cloud - ed o'er, And days of sor - row



1. ev - er near, Prov-ing it to our hearts so clear That we are loved.
 2. home a - bove, To bring us life, and light, and love, Be - cause He loved.
 3. press us sore; Still will we trust Him ev - er - more, For we are loved.

4. Loved, when we leave our native soil,
 In heathen lands to live and toil;
 Under His shadow nought can foil—
 Still we are loved.

6. Loved in the past of yesterday,
 And all along our future way,
 And in the present of to-day—
 For ever loved.

5. Time, that affects all things below,
 Can never change the love He'll show;
 The heart of Christ with love will flow,
 And we are loved.

7. Loved when we sing the glad new song
 To Christ, for whom we've waited long,
 With all the happy, ransomed throng—
 For ever loved.

No. 522. 3 shall See them again.

REV. E. HUSBAND.

P.M.

REV. E. HUSBAND.

1. I shall see them a - gain in the light of the morn-ing,
2. I shall know them a - gain, though ten thou - sand sur - round them ;

1. When the night has pass'd by with its tears and its mourn-ing ;
2. I shall hear their dear voice 'midst the bless - ed ones round them ;

1. When the light of God's love is the sun ev - er
2. And the love that was theirs on the earth shall de -

1. shin - ing In the Land where the wea - ry ones rest.
2. -tect them, In the Land where the wea - ry ones rest.

3. Twas their lives in the past helped to fill me with gladness ;
And the future in heaven, the home within sadness ;
Where I see them to-day clad in bright robes of whiteness—
In the Land where the weary ones rest.
4. Would I wish for them back from their bright home in heaven ?
No ! in patience I'll wait till the vail shall be riven,
And the Saviour restores me the friends He has given—
In the Land where the weary ones rest.

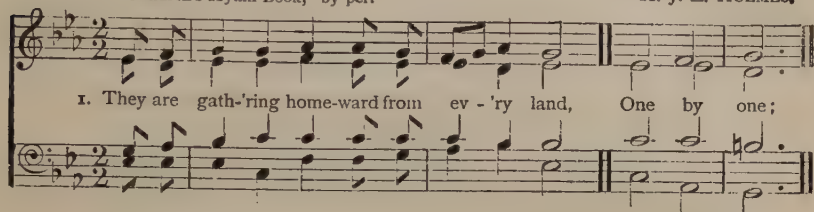
No. 523. They are Gathering Homeward.

MARY LESLIE.

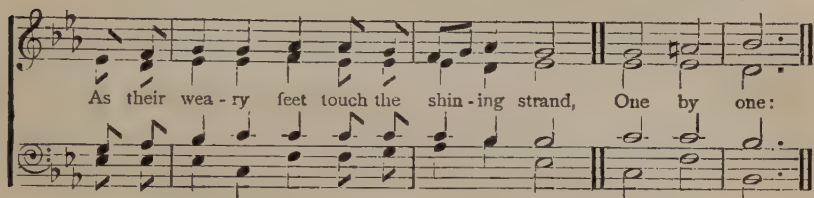
ONE BY ONE. P.M.

From "The Children's Hymn Book," by per.

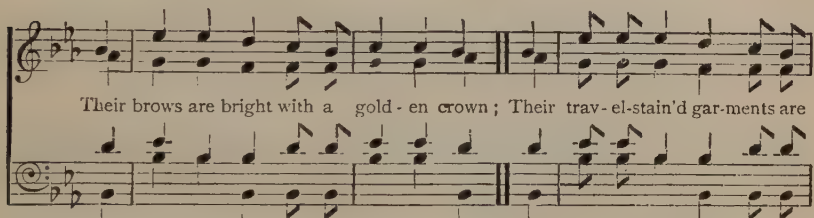
H. J. E. HOLMES.



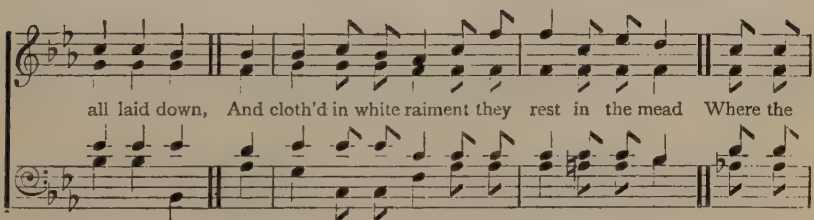
1. They are gath'-ring home-ward from ev - 'ry land, One by one;



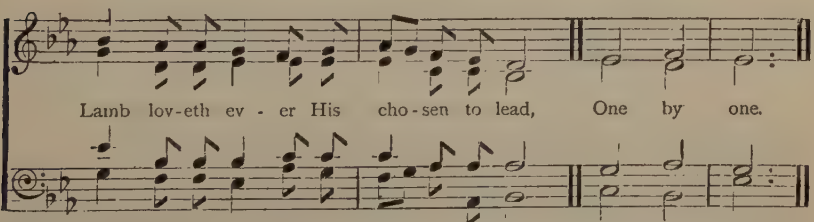
As their wea - ry feet touch the shin - ing strand, One by one:



Their brows are bright with a gold - en crown; Their trav - el-stain'd gar - ments are



all laid down, And cloth'd in white raiment they rest in the mead Where the



Lamb lov - eth ev - er His cho - sen to lead, One by one.

2.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
 One by one;
 We lift up our voices tremblingly,
 One by one;
 The ways of the river are dark and cold,
 We know not the spot where our feet may hold;
 O Thou who didst pass through at eventide,
 Be Thou our strength, and Thy light our Guide,
 One by one.

3.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread,
 One by one;
 On Thee let us lean each drooping head,
 One by one;
 Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
 We shall cast our cares and fears to the wind;
 Saviour, Redeemer, with Thee full in view,
 Trustfully, peacefully, shall we pass through,
 One by one.

No. 524.

Jesus is Passing by.

REV. JAMES STEPHENS.

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

J. S. MITCHELL.

Slowly.

1. Je - sus is pass - ing by, Why tar - riest thou? Haste thee, lift
2. Je - sus is call - ing thee, Call - ing to - day; Rise and draw

Earnestly.

1. up thy cry, He hear - eth now: Call while He is so near,
2. near to Him, Turn not a - way: Let Him not call in vain,

dim.

1. Plead while He waits to hear; He wait - eth now, He wait - eth now.
2. Lest He call not a - gain, Turn not a - way, Turn not a - way.

3. Jesus waits patiently,
Hast thou no plea?
Lo! the great God of all
Waiteth for thee!
Bids thee fall near His feet—
Fall at the mercy-seat;
God waits for thee,
God waits for thee.

4. He holds in pierced hand
Thy pardon free;
Purchased on Calvary's Cross,
Purchased for thee:
Take it, and freed from sin,
New life in Him begin:
He died for thee,
He died for thee.

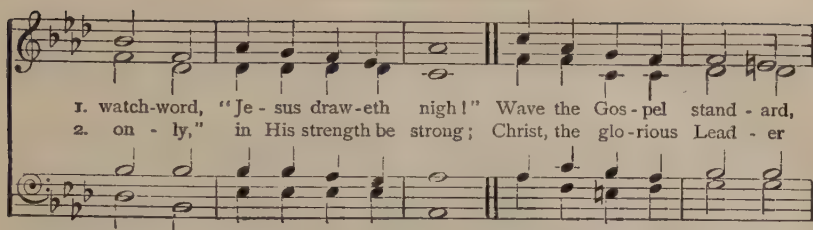
No. 525. Forward, Christian, Forward!

S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

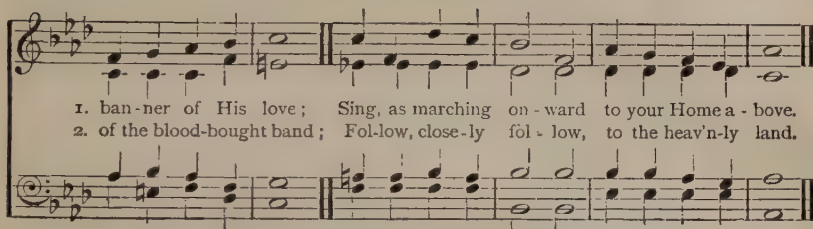
EVENTIDE. II. II. II. II.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. Forward, Christian, for - ward! spread a - broad the cry; Shout a - loud the
2. Forward, Christian, for - ward! Christ thy life, thy song; Trust in "Je - sus



1. watch-word, "Je - sus draw-eth nigh!" Wave the Gos - pel stand - ard,
2. on - ly," in His strength be strong; Christ, the glo - rious Lead - er



1. ban - ner of His love; Sing, as marching on - ward to your Home a - bove,
2. of the blood-bought band; Fol - low, close - ly fol - low, to the heav'n - ly land.

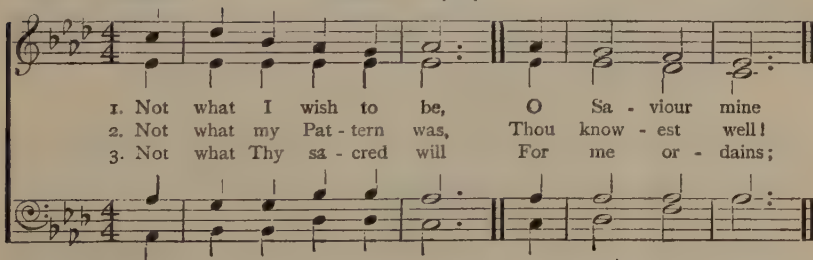
3. Sound your Hallelujahs, praise to Jesus bring;
Magnify His glories, of His coming sing;
Sing amidst the conflict, shout the battle-cry:—
"Jesus Christ is coming; on to victory!"
4. Haste, thou glorious morning! welcome, shadeless day!
Chasing with thy sunlight all our tears away;
Haste, O wondrous moment, when 'midst radiant skies
Sleeping saints and living at His word arise.

No. 526. According to His Mercy.

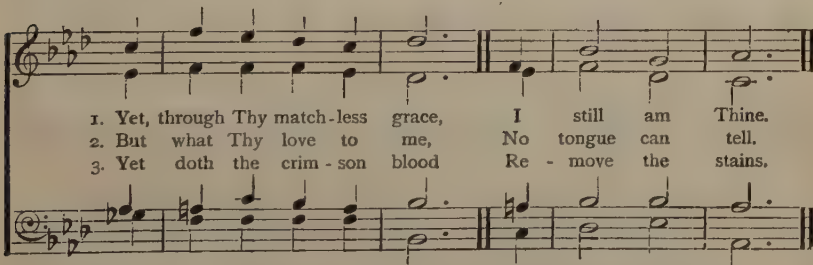
LUCY A. BENNETT.

MERCY. 6.4.6.4.

CHAS. H. FORREST.



1. Not what I wish to be, O Sa - viour mine
2. Not what my Pat - tern was, Thou know - est well!
3. Not what Thy sa - cred will For me or - dains;



1. Yet, through Thy match - less grace, I still am Thine.
2. But what Thy love to me, No tongue can tell.
3. Yet doth the crim - son blood Re - move the stains.

4. Not yet Thy will is done,
How far I fail!
But precious is the Name
Which doth prevail.

5. Not what one fairer day
I hope to be;
But Jesus is the same—
Mine only plea.

No. 527.

Jesus, my Saviour.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

O QUANTA QUALIA. 10. 10. 10. 10.

From LA FEUILLÉE.

1. Je - sus, my Sa - viour, to Thee I would flee, Whi - ther for
2. Je - sus, my Sa - viour, to Thee do I flee, Whi - ther for

1. rest could I go but to Thee? Dri - ven and tossed like a
2. rest could I go but to Thee? Prai - sing my Fa - ther for

1. wreck on the wave, Je - sus, my Sa - viour, Thou on - ly canst save.
2. all He has given, On - ward I march to my man - sion in heaven.

3. Friend of the friendless, I come to be blest,
Joy of the joyless, in Thee I find rest;
Jesus who died upon Calvary's Cross,
Mine is the blessing, but Thine was the loss.
4. Trusting Thee fully, Lord, lest I should fail,
Counting on Thee for the power to prevail;
Learning of Thee every step of the way,
Singing of Thee as I journey each day.

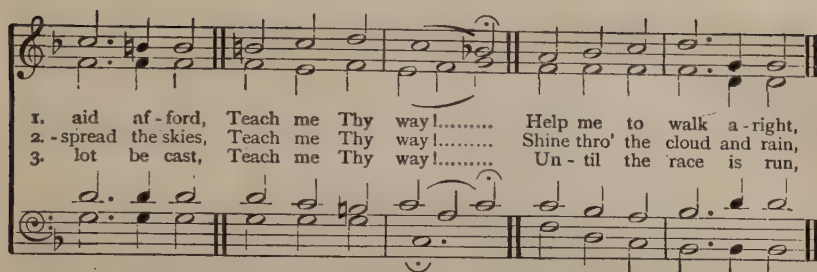
No. 528. Teach me Thy way, O Lord!

B. M. R.

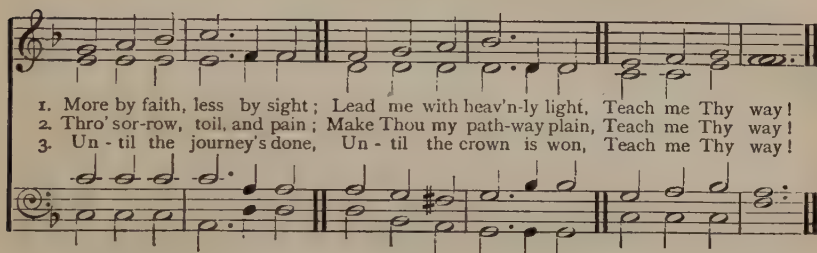
6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

B. MANSELL RAMSEY.

1. Teach me Thy way, O Lord! Teach me Thy way! Thy gra - cious
2. When doubts and fears a - rise, Teach me Thy way! When storms o'er -
3. Long as my life shall last, Teach me Thy way! Wher - e'er my



1. aid af-ford, Teach me Thy way!..... Help me to walk a-right,
 2. -spread the skies, Teach me Thy way!..... Shine thro' the cloud and rain,
 3. lot be cast, Teach me Thy way!..... Un-til the race is run,



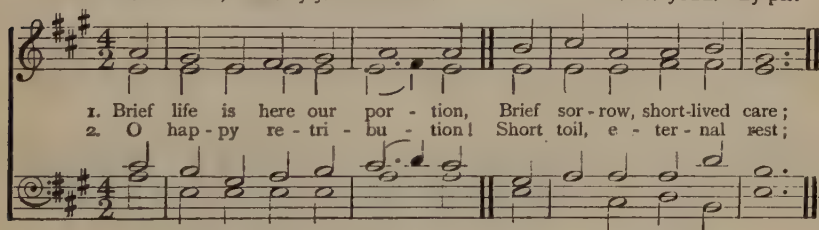
1. More by faith, less by sight; Lead me with heav'n-ly light, Teach me Thy way!
 2. Thro' sor-row, toil, and pain; Make Thou my path-way plain, Teach me Thy way!
 3. Un-til the journey's done, Un-til the crown is won, Teach me Thy way!

No. 529. Brief life is here our portion.

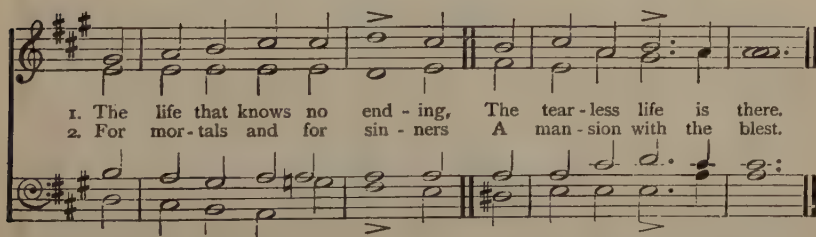
PISA. 7.6.7.6.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, trans. by J. M. NEALE.

W. H. JUDE. By per.



1. Brief life is here our por-tion, Brief sor-row, short-lived care;
 2. O hap-py re-tri-bu-tion! Short toil, e-ter-nal rest;



1. The life that knows no end-ing, The tear-less life is there.
 2. For mor-tals and for sin-ners A man-sion with the blest.

3. And peace, for war is over;
 And rest, for toil is past;
 And goal of finished striving,
 And anchorage at last.
4. For He whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known,
 And they who see and know Him
 Shall have Him for their own.

5. Yea, God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
 We then shall see for ever,
 And worship face to face.
6. Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

No. 530. I need a Hand to lead me.

REV. E. HUSBAND.

II. IO. II. IO., with Refrain.

REV. E. HUSBAND.

1. I need a Hand to lead me thro' the dark - ness, For I am
 2. I need a Friend that reads my heart's deep se - crets, That knows my
 3. I need a place where such as I find wel - come, Where sin - ners

1. weak and helpless as a child; And if a - lone I have to take my
 2. sins, yethow I yearn for good How soon I fall, how ea - si - ly I'm
 3. poor as I can en - ter in; Where stands the Foun-tain of the Love of

1. jour - ney, My feet must stum - ble on the moun - tains wild.
 2. tempt - ed, And yet that longs for Thee the most, O God!
 3. Je - sus, To cleanse me from the pow'r and guilt of sin.

'Tis all well! 'Tis all well! The Hand shall lead me thro' the darkness!

'Tis all well! 'Tis all well! I'll praise our God in songs of glad-ness!

4. I need a Home where change can never enter;
 I need a Land where weary souls can rest;
 Where I shall meet the friends that went before me,
 And death ne'er enter in its kingdom blest.
5. Where can I find a friend that never changes?
 A perfect peace all free from earthly leav'n?
 They both are one!—beyond the stars' sweet shining!
 There is no Friend but God, no Home but Heav'n!

No. 531. I was wandering and weary.

REV. DR. FABER.

7-7-7-7-7-7., with Refrain.

M. W. STUBBS.

From "Songs of Joy," by per.

UNISON OR SOLO.



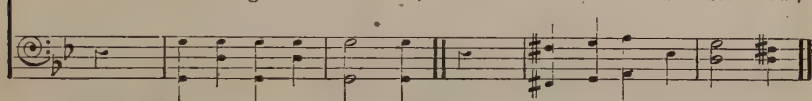
1. I was wan-der-ing and wea-ry When my Sa-viour came un-to me;

2. At first I would not heark-en, And put off till the mor-row;

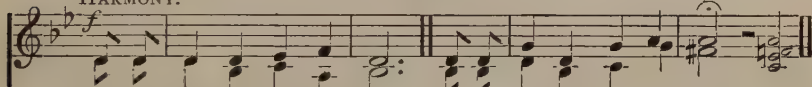
ACCOMP. *pizz.*

1. For the ways of sin grew drea-ry, And the world had ceased to woo me:

2. But life be-gan to dark-en, And I was sick with sor-row;

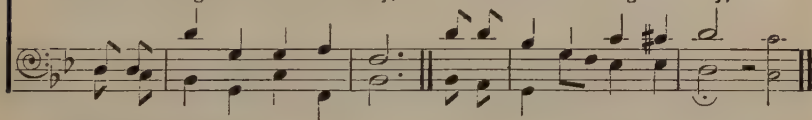


HARMONY.



1. And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a-long His way,

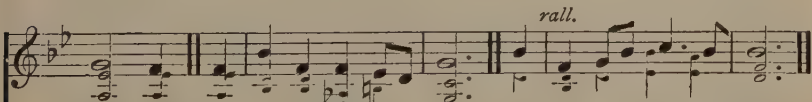
2. And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a-long His way,



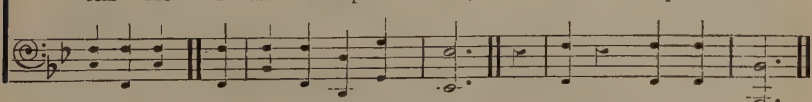
REFRAIN. UNISON.



"O sil-ly souls, come near Me, My sheep should nev-er



fear Me— I am the Shep-herd True, I am the Shep-herd True!"



3. At last I stopp'd to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,—

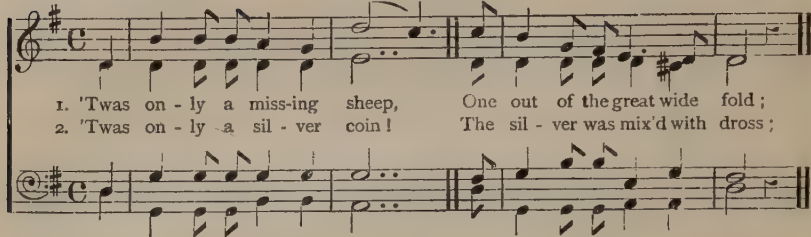
4. I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,—

No. 532. 'Twas only a missing sheep.

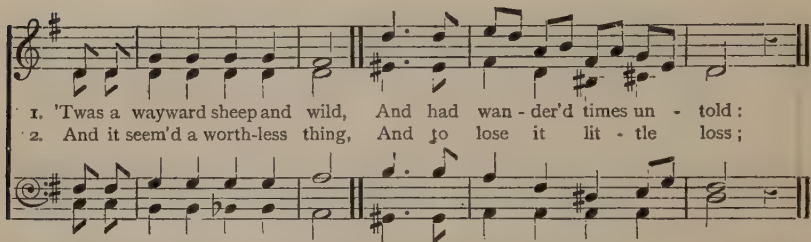
REV. E. HUSBAND.

P.M., with Refrain.

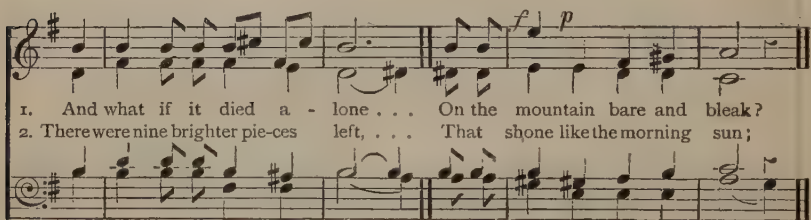
REV. E. HUSBAND.



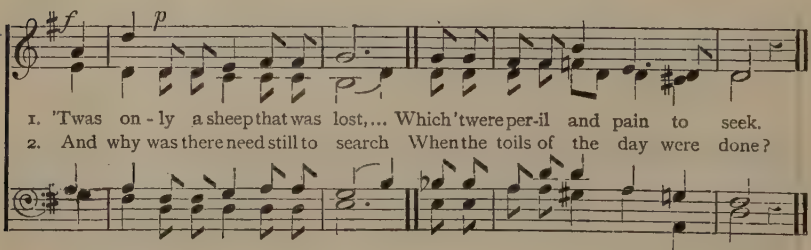
1. 'Twas on - ly a miss - ing sheep, One out of the great wide fold ;
2. 'Twas on - ly a sil - ver coin ! The sil - ver was mix'd with dross ;



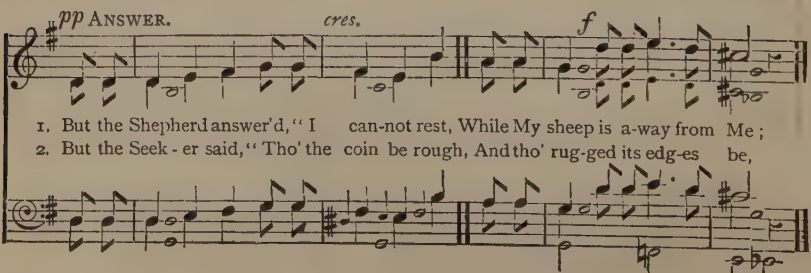
1. 'Twas a wayward sheep and wild, And had wan - der'd times un - told ;
2. And it seem'd a worth - less thing, And to lose it lit - tle loss ;



1. And what if it died a - lone . . . On the mountain bare and bleak ?
2. There were nine brighter pie - ces left, . . . That shone like the morning sun ;



1. 'Twas on - ly a sheep that was lost, . . . Which 'twere per - il and pain to seek.
2. And why was there need still to search When the toils of the day were done ?



pp ANSWER. *cres.* *f*
1. But the Shepherd answer'd, " I can - not rest, While My sheep is a - way from Me ;
2. But the Seek - er said, " Tho' the coin be rough, And tho' rug - ged its edg - es be,

dim.

1. I'll call till it comes, and I'll bring it home, For I bought it on Cal - va - ry!"
 2. It bears My im - age,—I can - not rest Till my lost sil - ver piece I see!"

3. 'Twas only a prodigal son!
 A wanderer far away;
 'Twas a sinner poor through sin,
 Getting poorer every day.
 And what if he had no friend?
 And what if he had to roam?
 Would such a wild prodigal son
 Be a loss to his Father's home?

Answer.

"But though all condemn thee," the Father said,
 "Yet not I, for I came to save:
 I came to redeem thee from all thy sins,
 And to rescue thee from the grave."

4. The message in Heaven was told;
 'Mid music of Angels' choirs,
 That a son was born anew
 By the Pentecostal Fires:
 The fatted calf was killed,
 The best of the robes was given,
 The lost one was rescued again,
 As a child of the Kingdom of Heav'n.

Chorus.

Oh, rejoice! rejoice! for the dead one lives,
 And the sound of a welcome blest
 Is the foretaste sweet of the Angel-Land
 And the calm of the Endless Rest.

No. 533. O God, our help in ages past.

DR. I. WATTS.

ST. ANN. C.M.

DR. W. CROFT.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.</p> <p>3. Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame;
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same:</p> <p>4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone:
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.</p> | <p>5. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downwards by the flood,
 And lost in following years.</p> <p>6. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.</p> <p>7. O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.</p> |
|--|---|

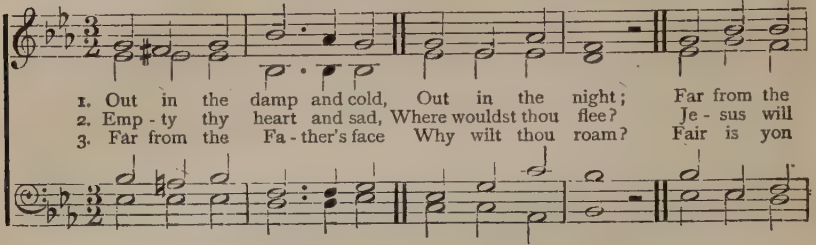
No. 534. Out in the Damp and Cold.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

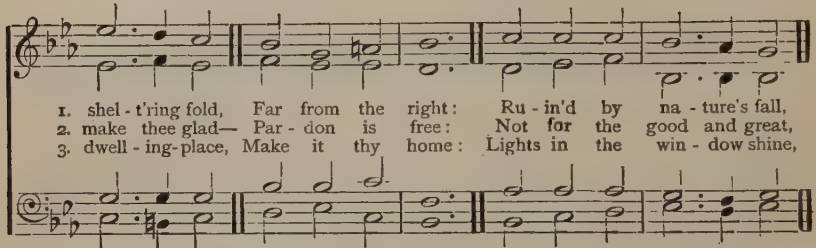
CARTON. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

A. J. FOXWELL.

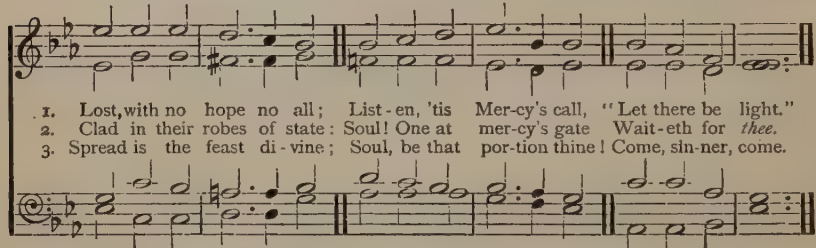
Composed expressly for this Work.



1. Out in the damp and cold, Out in the night; Far from the
 2. Emp-ty thy heart and sad, Where wouldst thou flee? Je-sus will
 3. Far from the Fa-ther's face Why wilt thou roam? Fair is yon



1. shel-t'ring fold, Far from the right: Ru-in'd by na-ture's fall,
 2. make thee glad—Par-don is free: Not for the good and great,
 3. dwell-ing-place, Make it thy home: Lights in the win-dow shine,



1. Lost, with no hope no all; List-en, 'tis Mer-cy's call, "Let there be light."
 2. Clad in their robes of state: Soul! One at mer-cy's gate Wait-eth for thee.
 3. Spread is the feast di-vine; Soul, be that por-tion thine! Come, sin-ner, come.

4. Though not a heart beside
 Cared for thy pain;
 Though not a human guide,
 Earth should retain:
 Love that is tried and strong,
 Love that has waited long,
 Borne on the wings of song,
 Calleth again.

5. Turn not the Lord away,
 Kingly the Guest!
 Think not, "Some other day";
 Come and be blest:
 Haste to the pierced side,
 Bathe in the crimson tide,
 Trust in the Crucified;
 Here, here is rest!

No. 535. Though Gloomy grows the Night.

1. THOUGH gloomy grows the night,
 God is for me!
 He leads, all must be right,
 God is for me!
 Lonely my path may be;
 Teach me Thy way to see,
 Then shall I sing of Thee,
 God is for me!

2. Though heart or flesh may fail,
 God is for me!
 By Him I shall prevail,
 God is for me!
 Held by His loving arm,
 I fear not Hell's alarm,
 To me can come no harm;
 God is for me!

3. In Christ, that blessed One,
 God is for me!
 The everlasting Son,
 God is for me!
 Led by His pierced hand
 Along this weary land
 Up to the golden strand:
 God is for me!

4. And when amid the throng,
 God is for me!
 I sing heaven's thrilling song,
 God is for me!
 As in Thy light I shine,
 The joy, the rapture, mine,
 The glory shall be Thine:
 God is for me!

S. Trevor Francis.

No. 536.

A Little Sanctuary.

E. MAY GRIMES.

ELLERS. 10. 10. 10. 10.

DR. E. J. HOPKINS.

By per. S.A.G.M., Hymn Series, No. 6.

By per. from "Book of Praise."

1. "A lit - tle Sanc - tua - ry" art Thou to me, O Je - sus,
 2. "A lit - tle Sanc - tua - ry" art Thou to me! My heart is
 3. "A lit - tle Sanc - tua - ry" art Thou to me! No fa - bled

1. best be - lov'd! I live with Thee: My heart has found its
 2. still'd be - neath love's ca - no - py; The "Ho - li - est of
 3. shrine, but deep re - al - i - ty! Thou saidst it should be

1. ev - er - last - ing home, Its sure a - bid - ing place where'er I roam.
 2. All 'is op - en'd wide, And I may en - ter and be sat - is - fied.
 3. so when at Thy call I rose and fol - low'd glad - ly, leav - ing all.

4.
 "A little Sanctuary" art Thou to me!
 All joyfully I pitch my tent with Thee;
 Or ready still to journey at Thy word— [Lord.
 "In Thee" I "live and move," most blessed

5.
 "A little Sanctuary" art Thou to me!
 I always am "at home" on land or sea;
 Alone, yet never lonely now, I prove
 The "Hundredfold," Lord Jesus, in Thy love.

No. 537.

Commit thy Soul to Me.

1. COMMIT thy soul to Me, the Faithful One;
 Roll on Me now the burden of thy care;
 Thou hast found pardon through My dying Son;
 Now shall thy soul find peace and freedom there.
2. I know Thee, Lord, whom I have trusted now;
 And am persuaded Thou canst keep the whole;
 I have committed; Thou hast heard my vow;
 Thou dost accept: O keep my trusting soul!
3. Kept by the power of God! upon my heart
 Inscribed henceforth shall be this golden word,
 Which means that Christ and I shall never part;
 Kept to salvation by the mighty Lord.
4. The Lord thy Keeper then! 'tis writ for thee
 By night and day—wayworn and feeble sheep,
 Without, within, He shall thy Guardian be
 And e'en to endless ages He shall keep.

Rev. Dr. Elder Cumming.

No. 538.

Moment by Moment.

10. 10. 10. 10., with Refrain.

By permission of Messrs. MORGAN & SCOTT.

D. W. WHITTLE.

MARY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Dy-ing with Je-sus, by death reck-on'd mine; Liv-ing with Je-sus a
 2. Nev-er a bat-tle with wrong for the right, Nev-er a con-test that
 3. Nev-er a tri-al that He is not there, Nev-er a bur-den that

1. new life di-vine; Look-ing to Je-sus till glo-ry doth shine,
 2. He doth not fight; Lift-ing a-bove us His ban-ner so white,
 3. He doth not bear; Nev-er a sor-row that He doth not share,

CHORUS.

1. Mo-ment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
 2. Mo-ment by mo-ment I'm kept in His sight.
 3. Mo-ment by mo-ment I'm un-der His care. } Mo-ment by mo-ment I'm

kept in His love, Moment by moment I've life from a-bove; Looking to

rit.

Je-sus till glo-ry doth shine; Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

4. Never a heartache, and never a groan,
 Never a teardrop, and never a moan;
 Never a danger but there on the throne
 Moment by moment He thinks of His own,

5. Never a weakness that He doth not feel,
 Never a sickness that He cannot heal;
 Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
 Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

No. 539.

"Jehovah Tsidkenu."

REV. R. M. MCCHEYNE.

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

ALFRED HOLLINS, by per.

i. I once was a stran - ger To grace and to God;

I knew not my dan - ger And felt not my load:

Though friends spoke in rap - ture Of Christ on the tree,

Verses 1, 2, and 3.

"Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" Was no - thing to me,

Last two lines of Verse 4 only.

"Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" Is all things to me.

2.

Like tears from the daughters
Of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters
Went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins
Had nailed to the tree
"Jehovah Tsidkenu"—
'Twas nothing to me,

3.

When free grace awoke me,
By light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me,
I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety,
In self could I see;
"Jehovah Tsidkenu"
My Saviour must be.

4.

My terrors all vanished
Before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished,
With boldness I came
To drink at the fountain,
Life-giving and free:
"Jehovah Tsidkenu"
Is all things to me.

No. 540. Grace there is my every Debt to Pay.

A CHORUS.

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

H. H. B.

9.9.9.4.

HERBERT H. BOOTH.

mp *cras.*

Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my

wash my ev - 'ry sin a - way, Pow'r to keep me spot - less
ev - 'ry sin a - way, Pow'r to keep me spot - less

f

day by day, In Christ for me.....

No. 541. Could I tell it.

INA DULCY OGDON.

II. II. II. II., with Refrain.


P. P. BILHORN, by per.

1. If I could on - ly tell Him as I know Him, My Re - deem - er who has

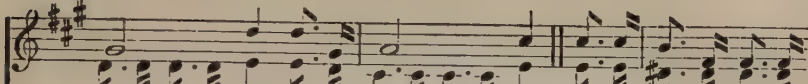
bright-en'd all my way; If I could tell how pre - cious is His

XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.


CHORUS.




pre - sence, I am sure that you would make Him yours to - day, Could I



tell..... it, Could I tell..... it, How the sun-shine of His
it, yes I would, it as I should,



pre-sence lights my way; I would tell..... it, I would
you, yes, I would,



tell..... it, And I'm sure that you would make Him yours to - day.
you if I could,

2. If I could only tell you how He loves you,
And if we could through the lonely Garden go;
If I could tell His dying pain and pardon,
You would worship at His wounded feet, I know.
3. If I could tell how sweet will be His welcome
In that home whose matchless beauty ne'er was told;
Thy Father's mansions stand by living waters,
And the trees of healing shade the streets of gold.
4. But I can never tell Him as I know Him—
Human tongue can never tell all love divine;
I only can entreat you to accept Him;
You can know Him only when you make Him thine,

No. 542.

Love Divine.

P.M.

J. W. MACGILL, by per. from "Consecrated Melodies."

GEORGE NAEGELL.

Moderato. *mf*

1. Love di - vine — a theme for prais - ing ! Love di - vine — oh, how a -
 2. Love di - vine sal - va - tion gave us, Sent us Christ to seek and

p *mf*

1. - maz - ing † Cross of Je - sus there I see, Cross of Je - sus
 2. save us — Cast a - way on ru - in's shore, Cast a - way on

f *mf* *dim.* *p*

1. there I see — Love di - vine, love di - vine in vic - to - ry !
 2. ru - in's shore, Sav - ing now, sav - ing now and ev - er - more.

3. Love divine, it draws me to Him ;
 Here I kneel and humbly sue Him,
 Sue Him for a pardon free,
 Sue Him for a pardon free ;
 Gentle Christ, gentle Christ, I come to Thee !

4. I have found what I was craving,
 And go forth the lost one saving—
 Pointing to the Crucified,
 Pointing to the Crucified—
 To the Cross, to the Cross where Jesus died.

No. 543. A few more years shall roll.

REV. DR. H. BONAR.

CHALVEY. D.S.M.

REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with

XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.

CHORUS.

cres.

those that rest A-sleep with-in the tomb: Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My

dim.

soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way!

2. A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
3. A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4. A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
5. 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live; who lives
That we with Him may reign.

No. 544. The risen Saviour stands.

REV. JOHN P. HOBSON.

THELE. 6.6.6.6.

REV. JOHN P. HOBSON.

1. The ris-en Sa-viour stands With wound-ed brow and hands,
2. Thy ques-tion, Sa-viour dear, Falls on my list-'ning ear,

1. In lov-ing tone de-mands; O tell Me, dost thou love?
2. And makes me ask in fear Lord Je-sus, do I love?

3. I think upon the scorn
Which Thou for me hast borne,
And sigh, when weak and worn,
Lord Jesus, do I love?

4. My faith, O Lord, is weak,
Yet lowly and meek,
This answer would I speak,
Thou knowest that I love,

No. 545. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended.

REV. J. ELLERTON.

ST. CLEMENTS, 9.8.9.8.

REV. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

1. The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness
 2. We thank Thee that Thy Church, un - sleep - ing, While earth rolls
 3. As o'er each con - ti - nent and is - land The dawn leads

1. falls at Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn - ing
 2. on - ward in - to light, Through all the world her
 3. on an - oth - er day, The voice of prayer is

1. hymns as - cend - ed, Thy praise shall sanc - ti - fy our rest.
 2. watch is keep - ing, And rests not now by day or night.
 3. nev - er si - lent, Nor dies the strain of praise a - way.

4. The sun that bids us rest is waking
 Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making
 Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
5. So be it, Lord; Thy Throne shall never,
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
 Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
 'Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

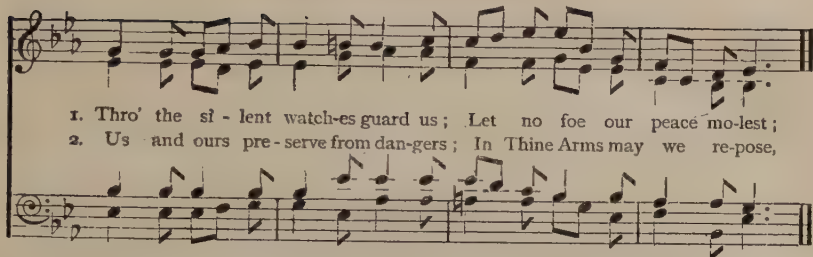
No. 546. Through the day Thy love.

REV. T. KELLY.

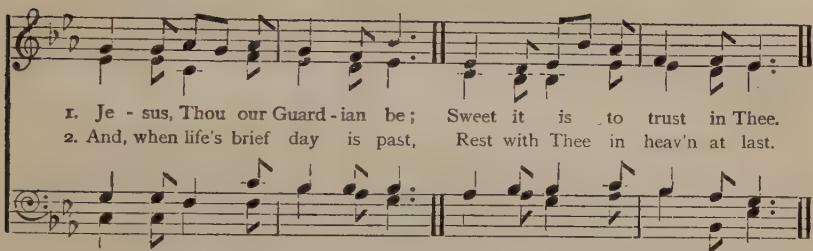
EVENSONG. 8.7.8.7.7.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest;
 2. Pil-grims here on earth and strangers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,



1. Thro' the si - lent watch-es guard us ; Let no foe our peace mo-lest ;
2. Us - and ours pre - serve from dan-gers ; In Thine Arms may we re-pose,



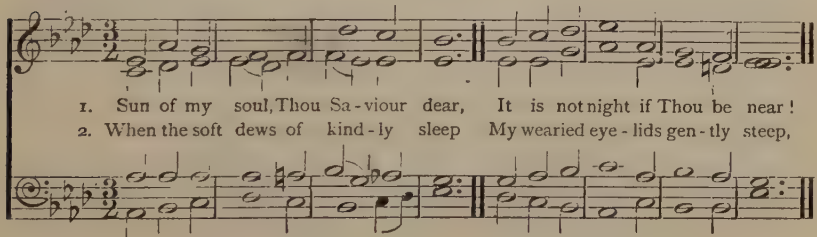
1. Je - sus, Thou our Guard - ian be ; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
2. And, when life's brief day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

No. 547. Sun of my soul.

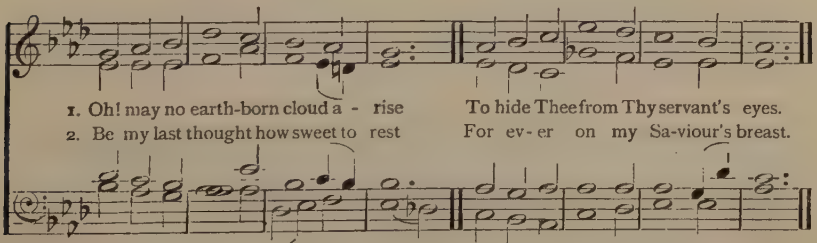
REV. J. KEBLE.

L.M.

SIR H. S. OAKELEY.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa-viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near !
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,



1. Oh! may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
2. Be my last thought how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sa-viour's breast.

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

5. Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

4. If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

6. Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above !

No. 548. **Alt even ere the sun was set.**

REV. H. TWELLS.

ANGELUS. L.M.

G. JOSEPH.

1. At e - ven ere the sun was set, The sick, 'O Lord, a - round Thee lay;
 2. Once more 'tis e - ven - tide, and we Oppressed with va - rious ills draw near;
 3. O Sa - viour Christ, our woes dis - pel; For some are sick, and some are sad,

1. Oh, in what di - vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a - way!
 2. What if Thy form we can - not see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
 3. And some have nev - er loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had;

4. And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not free;
 And some have friends who give them pain,
 Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;
5. And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin;
 And they who fain would serve Thee best
 Are conscious most of wrong within.
6. O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hide;
7. Thy touch has still its ancient power;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.

No. 549. **Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts.**

1. JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
 Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of men,
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good;
 To them that find Thee, All in All.
3. We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
4. Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see;
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
5. O Jesus, ever with us stay;
 Make all our moments calm and bright;
 Chase the dark night of sin away;
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. *Bernard of Clairvaux (tr.).*

No. 550. **Our day of praise is done.**

S.M.

REV. T. R. H. STURGES.

1. Our day of praise is done, The ev - 'ning sha-dows fall,
 2. A lit - tle while, and then Shall come the glo - rious end;

1. But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light - nest all.
2. And songs of an - gels and of men In per - fect praise shall blend.

No. 551. Glory to Thee, my God.

T. KEN.

HURSLEY. L.M.

P. RITTER.

1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the
2. For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ills that
3. Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as

1. bless - ings of..... the light; Keep me, O keep me,
2. I this day... have done! That with the world, my -
3. lit - tle as..... my bed! Teach me to die, that

1. King of kings, Be-neath Thine own... Al - might - y wings!
2. - self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. so I may Rise glo - rious at..... the judg - ment day.

4. If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

5. Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep that shall no more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

No. 552.

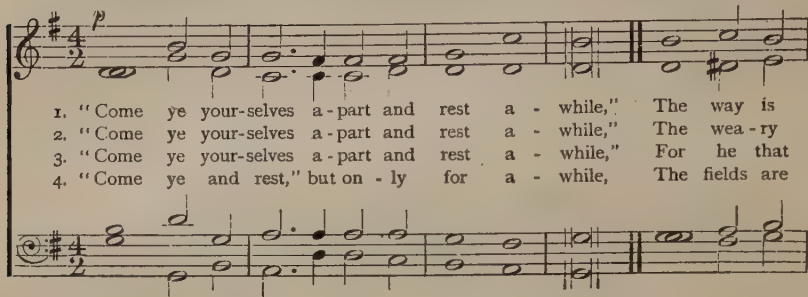
"Come ye yourselves."

A COMMUNION HYMN.

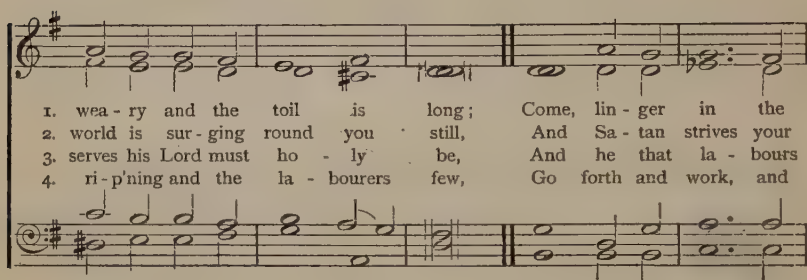
MARY B. WHITING.

IO. IO. IO. IO. IO.

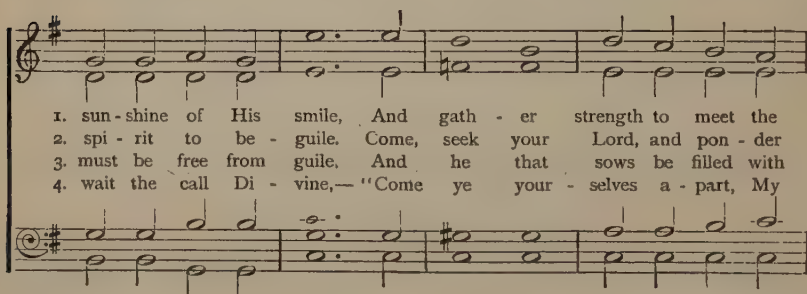
JOHN E. GAUL.



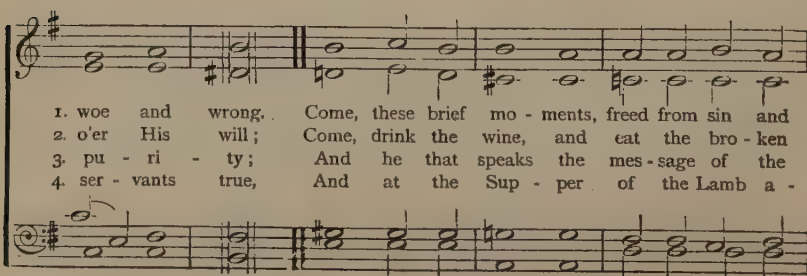
1. "Come ye your-selves a-part and rest a - while," The way is
 2. "Come ye your-selves a-part and rest a - while," The wea-ry
 3. "Come ye your-selves a-part and rest a - while," For he that
 4. "Come ye and rest," but on - ly for a - while, The fields are



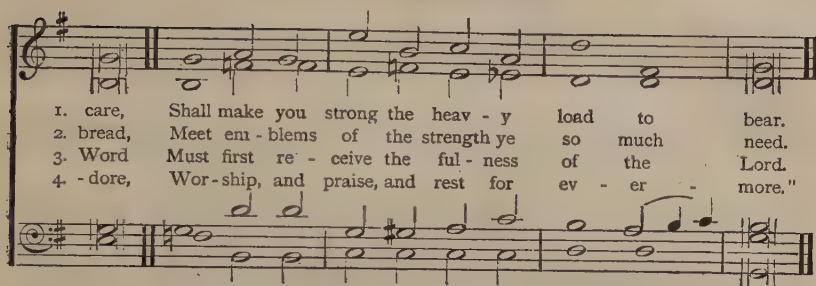
1. wea-ry and the toil is long; Come, lin-ger in the
 2. world is sur-ging round you still, And Sa-tan strives your
 3. serves his Lord must ho-ly be, And he that la-bours
 4. ri-p'ning and the la-bourers few, Go forth and work, and



1. sun-shine of His smile, And gath-er strength to meet the
 2. spi-rit to be-guile. Come, seek your Lord, and pon-der
 3. must be free from guile. And he that sows be filled with
 4. wait the call Di-vine,— "Come ye your-selves a-part, My



1. woe and wrong. Come, these brief mo-ments, freed from sin and
 2. o'er His will; Come, drink the wine, and eat the bro-ken
 3. pu-ri-ty; And he that speaks the mes-sage of the
 4. ser-vants true, And at the Sup-per of the Lamb a-



1. care, Shall make you strong the heav - y load to bear.
 2. bread, Meet en - blems of the strength ye so much need.
 3. Word Must first re - ceive the ful - ness of the Lord.
 4. -dore, Wor - ship, and praise, and rest for ev - er more."

No. 553.

"Till He come!"

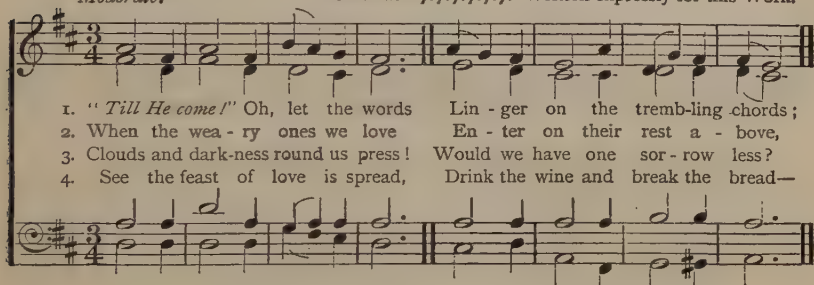
A COMMUNION HYMN.

The RIGHT REV. BISHOP BICKERSTETH.

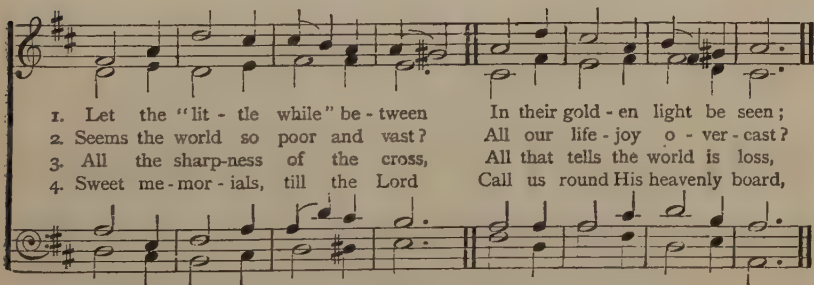
A. J. FOXWELL.

Moderato.

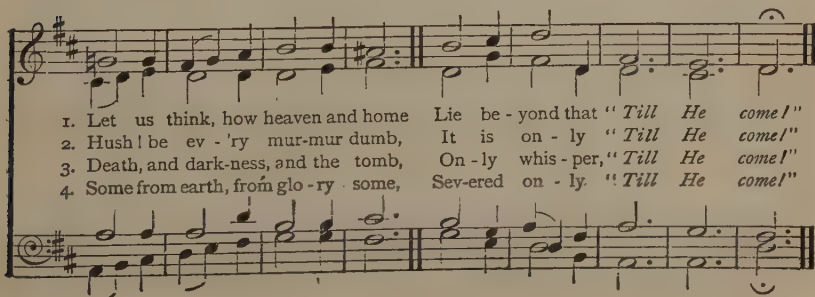
PATIENCE. 7.7.7.7.7. Written expressly for this Work.



1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin - ger on the tremb - ling chords;
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
 3. Clouds and dark - ness round us press! Would we have one sor - row less?
 4. See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and break the bread—



1. Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
 2. Seems the world so poor and vast? All our life - joy o - ver - cast?
 3. All the sharp - ness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,
 4. Sweet me - mor - ials, till the Lord Call us round His heavenly board,



1. Let us think, how heaven and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come!"
 2. Hush! be ev - 'ry mur - mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"
 3. Death, and dark - ness, and the tomb, On - ly whis - per, "Till He come!"
 4. Some from earth, from glo - ry some, Sev - ered on - ly. "Till He come!"

No. 554.

The King of love.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7.8.7.

REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My ran-som'd soul He lead-eth.

1. I no-thing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ev-er.
2. And, where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.

3. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5. Thou spread'st a Table in my sight;
Thy Unction grace bestoweth;
And oh! what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth!

6. And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

No. 555.

My Jesus, I love Thee.

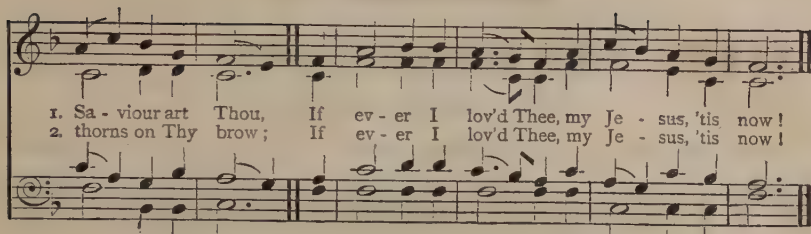
II. II. II. II.

REV. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And pur-chas'd my

1. plea-sures of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my
2. par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the

XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.



1. Sa - viour art Thou, If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now !
 2. thorns on Thy brow ; If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now !

3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath ;
 And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
 " If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now ! "
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight
 I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright ;
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
 " If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now ! "

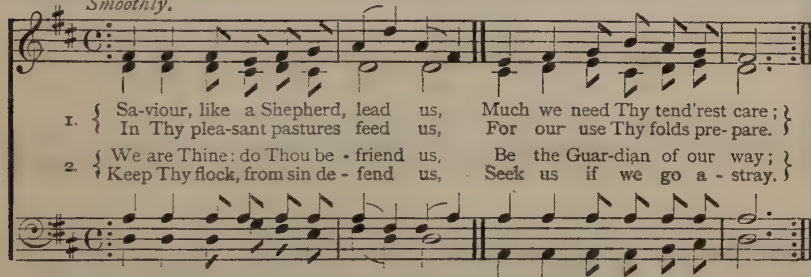
No. 556. Saviour, like a Shepherd, lead us.

D. THRUPP.

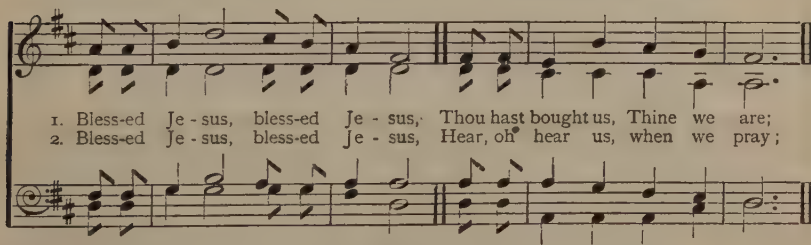
8.7.8.7. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.

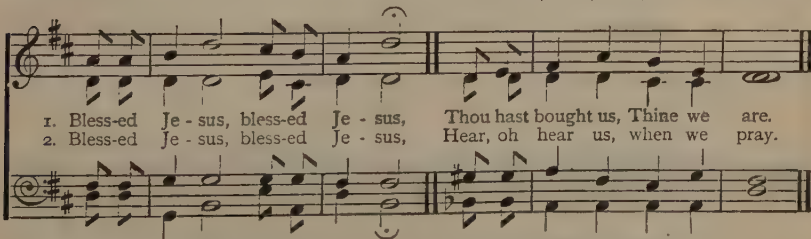
Smoothly.



1. { Sa-viour, like a Shepherd, lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care ; }
 { In Thy plea-sant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare. }
 2. { We are Thine: do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guar-dian of our way ; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us if we go a - stray. }



1. Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are ;
 2. Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh hear us, when we pray ;



1. Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 2. Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
 Let us early turn to Thee.

4. Early let us seek Thy favour,
 Early let us do Thy will ;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

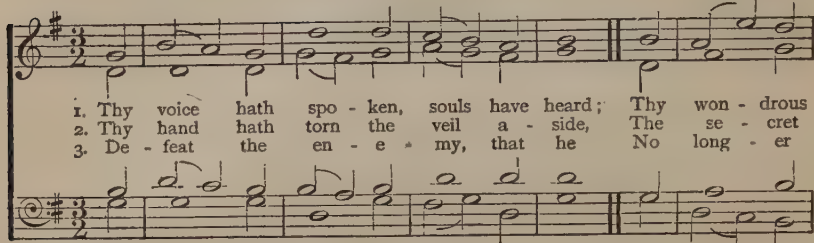
No. 557. Thy voice hath spoken.

(A CLOSING HYMN.)

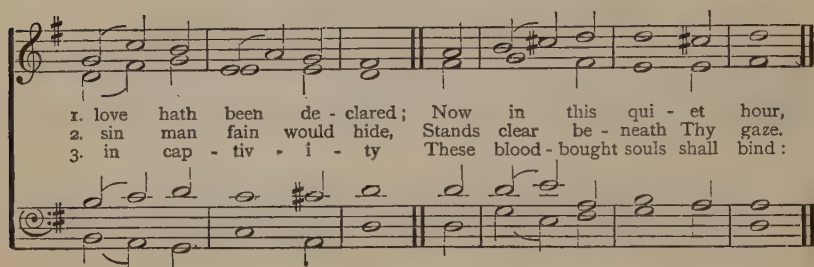
MARY E. MAXWELL.

PEMBROKE. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

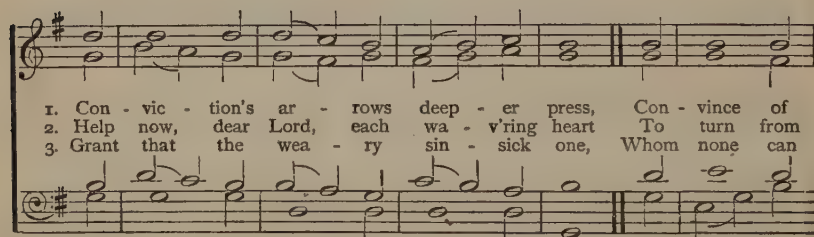
J. FOSTER.



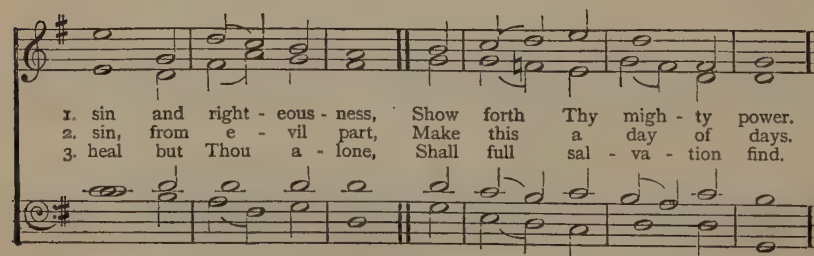
1. Thy voice hath spo - ken, souls have heard; Thy won - drous
 2. Thy hand hath torn the veil a - side, The se - cret
 3. De - feat the en - e - my, that he No long - er



1. love hath been de - clared; Now in this qui - et hour,
 2. sin man fain would hide, Stands clear be - neath Thy gaze.
 3. in cap - tiv - i - ty These blood - bought souls shall bind :



1. Con - vic - tion's ar - rows deep - er press, Con - vince of
 2. Help now, dear Lord, each wa - v'ring heart To turn from
 3. Grant that the wea - ry sin - sick one, Whom none can



1. sin and right - eous - ness, Show forth Thy migh - ty power.
 2. sin, from e - vil part, Make this a day of days.
 3. heal but Thou a - lone, Shall full sal - va - tion find.

4. Bid chains be broken, fetters yield,
 Let wounds incurable be healed,
 Set longing captives free :
 Hearts long defiled cleanse thro' and thro',
 Deep in the inward part make true,
 In love and purity.

5. Speak now, O Lord, Thy strong "I will,"
 The waves of doubt and sorrow still,
 And bid the struggling cease,
 That yielded lives possessed by Thee
 Henceforth Thy witnesses shall be,
 Kept in Thy perfect peace.

No. 558.

What think ye?

(FOR AN OPENING MEETING.)

LUCY A. BENNETT.

SAWLEY, C.M.

J. WALCH.

1. What think ye? Has the Liv - ing Head His pre - sence e'er de - nied?
 2. What think ye? That He will not do As He hath ev - er done?
 3. What think ye? That He will not stand A - mid the sha - dows dim

Org.

1. What think ye? Shall the feast be spread, And not the Host pre - side?
 2. Our First, our Last, our Cen - tre too, Blest Fa - ther, Spi - rit, Son.
 3. To wel - come with ex - tend - ed Hand All who keep tryst with Him?

Org.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4. Away with all unworthy thoughts!
 Prepare the way! Prepare!
 Jehovah Shammah thou hast sought?
 Be glad. The Lord is there.</p> <p>5. Seek audience with the Lord of Love,
 Expect His face to see,
 And this in very truth shall prove
 A Peniel to thee.</p> <p>6. Let Faith extend her mantle wide,
 Enlarging her request,
 So shall His heart be satisfied
 Who loves to give the best.</p> | <p>7. Forecast His blessed work of grace,
 Make straight His paths! Prepare!
 Low in the very dust thy place,
 We reach high blessing there.</p> <p>8. What think ye? Lord, our thoughts would be
 Lofty and just and true:—
 Expectant, as we wait to see
 Thy wonders, old and new.</p> <p>9. Thyself all loyal hearts confess
 Incomparably dear;
 Yet closer to each other press
 Because to Thee so near.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 559. As helpless as a child who clings.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. As helpless as a child who clings
 Fast to his father's arm,
 And casts his weakness on the strength
 That keeps him safe from harm;</p> <p>2. So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
 And thus I every hour
 Would link my earthly feebleness
 To Thine almighty power.</p> <p>3. As trustful as a child who looks
 Up in his mother's face,
 And all his little griefs and fears
 Forgets in her embrace;</p> | <p>4. So I, to Thee, my Saviour, look,
 And in Thy face divine
 Can read the love that will sustain
 As weak a faith as mine.</p> <p>5. As loving as a child who sits
 Close by his parent's knee,
 And knows no want while he can have
 That sweet society;</p> <p>6. So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
 Would all its love outpour,
 And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
 To love Thee more and more.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. J. D. Burns.

No. 560.

Jesus is Calling.

B. M. R.

12.10.12.10.

B. M. RAMSEY.

With feeling.

1. Je - sus is call - ing in ac - cents of ten - der - ness, Je - sus is
 2. Take to the Sa - viour thy sor - row and self - ish - ness, Break from the
 3. O Thou who know - est our wants and in - fir - mi - ties, Thou who hast

1. call - ing, my bro - ther, to thee, Just as of old, by the
 2. fet - ters of sin, and be free; Je - sus has pro - mis'd thee
 3. pro - mis'd our Help - er to be, Grant us Thy grace, that with

rall.
 1. wa - ters of Ga - li - lee, Fell from His lips the command, "Follow Me."
 2. strength as thou needest it, If thou o - bey the command, "Follow Me."
 3. heart-searching ear-nest-ness We may re-spond to the call, "Follow Me."

No. 561.

Is it Nothing to you?

MRS. E. T. E. POOLE.

P.M.

H. GREEN.

Andante.

1. Is it no-thing to you that a Sa-viour has died? Is it no-thing
 2. Have you thought of His sor-row, so sad and so sore? Is it no-thing

rit.
 1. to you—no-thing to you? Can you care-less-ly glance at your
 2. to you—no-thing to you? The stripes for your sins that He

XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.

1. Lord cru - ci - fied? Is it no-thing to you— no-thing to you?
 2. will-ing - ly bore? Is it no-thing to you— no-thing to you?

1. Can you gaze on the dy-ing One sad and for-lorn; On the brow of the
 2. Have you griev'd in the shame that He stoop'd to en-dure; Have you long'd for the

1. Roy-al One crown-ed with thorn; On the hands that are nail-mark'd and
 2. par-don He died to se- cure; And the man-sion pre-par'd for the

1. feet that are torn? Is it no-thing to you— no-thing to you?
 2. blood-wash'd and pure? Is it no-thing to you— no-thing to you?

3. Is it nothing to you that time fleeth so fast?
 Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
 Is it nothing to you that a life-mile is passed?
 Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
 Is it nothing to you that eternity nears;
 That nought lies before you but trembling and tears;
 And the day of dread judgment when Jesus appears?
 Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
4. The Redeemer now calls, will you still turn away?
 Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
 There is danger in doubting and death in delay;
 Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
 Oh, then flee to the Cross and respond to His call;
 He will save from the sins that now chain and enthrall;
 He will welcome you gladly and pardon you all;
 Is this nothing to you—nothing to you?

No. 562. Oh, the Love that sought me!

A. J. GORDON.

P.M.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wea - ry and sick with sin,
 2. He wash'd the bleed - ing sin - wounds, And pour'd in oil and wine;
 3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed;

1. And on His shoul - ders brought me Back to His fold a - gain;
 2. He whis - per'd to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;"
 3. A mock - ing crown so thorn - y Was placed up - on His head:

1. While an - gels in His presence sang, Un - til the courts of hea - ven rang.
 2. I nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
 3. I wonder'd what He saw in me To suf - fer such deep a - go - ny.

CHORUS.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

brought me to the fold, Won - drous grace that brought me to the fold!

4. I'm sitting in His presence,
 The sunshine of His face,
 While with adoring wonder
 His blessings I retrace.
 It seems as if eternal days
 Are far too short to sound His praise.

5. So while the hours are passing,
 All now is perfect rest;
 I'm waiting for the morning,
 The brightest and the best,
 When He will call us to His side,
 To be with Him, His spotless Bride.

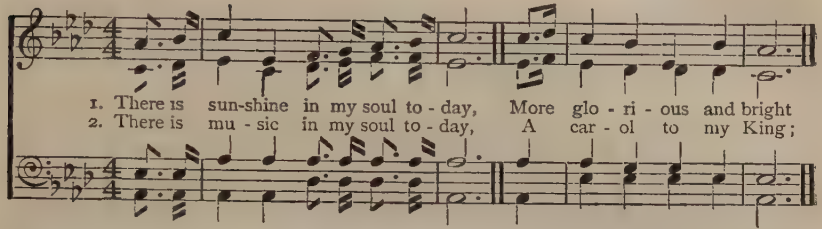
No. 563.

Sunshine in the Soul.

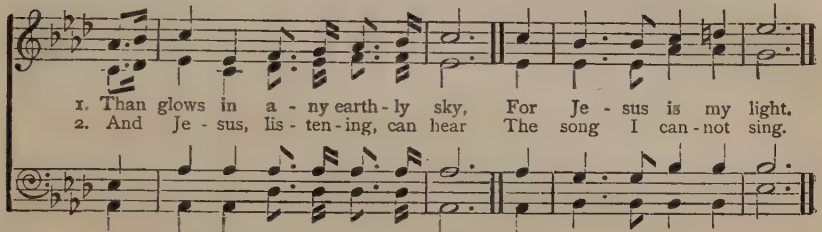
E. E. HEWITT.

P.M.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

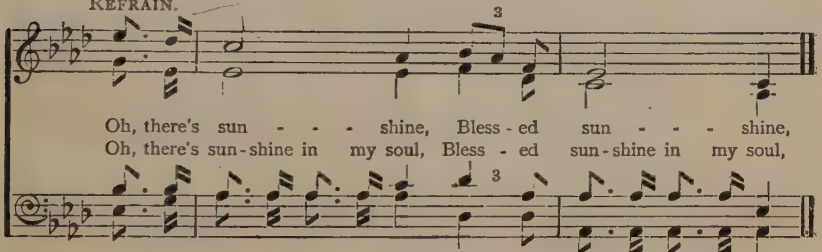


1. There is sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There is mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King;

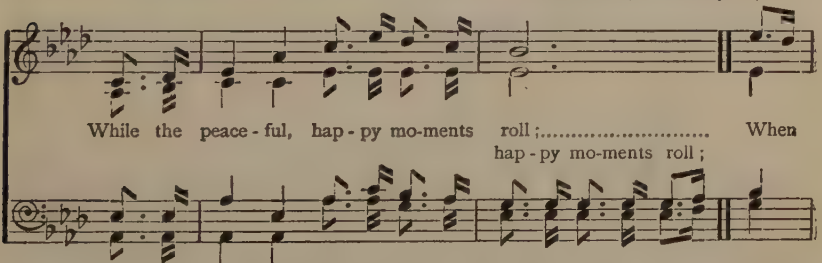


1. Than glows in a-ny earth-ly sky. For Je-sus is my light.
2. And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The song I can-not sing.

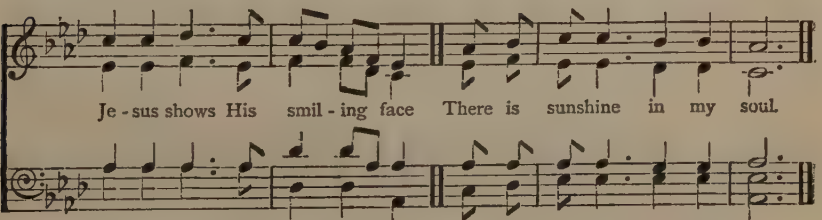
REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - shine,
Oh, there's sun-shine in my soul, Bless-ed sun-shine in my soul,



While the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;..... When
hap-py mo-ments roll;



Je-sus shows His smil-ing face There is sunshine in my soul

3. There is springtime in my soul to-day,
For when the Lord is near
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.

4. There is gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys "laid up" above.

No. 564.

God be with you!

REV. DR. J. E. RANKIN.*

P.M.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain! By His counsels, guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain! 'Neath His wings pro-tection

1. -hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you—
 2. hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you—

CHORUS.
 1. God be with you till we meet a - gain! } Till we meet,..... till we
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain! } Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;..... Till we
 meet a - gain, till we meet;

meet,..... till we meet,
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain! God be with you till we meet a - gain!

3. God be with you till we meet again!
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His arms unfailing round you—
 God be with you till we meet again!

4. God be with you till we meet again!
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threatening wave before you:
 God be with you till we meet again!

* As originally composed, by special request of the Author.

8.8.8.7., with Refrain.

G. F. ROOT.

1. Ten-der-ly guide us, O Shepherd of love, To the green pas-tures and
2. What tho' the hea-vens with clouds be o'er-cast? Fear-ful the tem-pest, and
3. O-ver our weak-ness Thy strength has been cast; Keep us in meek-ness, Thine

1. wa - ters a - bove, Guard-ing us ev - er by night and by - day,
2. hit - ter the blast? Still with the light of Thy Word on the way,
3. own till the last; Then, safe - ly fold - ed, with joy we shall say,

1. Nev - er from Thee would we stray. }
2. Nev - er from Thee would we stray. } Nev - er !.....
3. Nev - er from Thee would we stray. } Nev - er, oh nev - er, for

nev - er!..... Nev - er! oh, nev - er! for Thou art the way!
Thou art the way!

Nev - er!..... nev - er!..... Nev - er from Thee would we stray!
Nev - er, oh, nev - er from Thee would we stray!

No. 566. ☉ Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head.

MRS. COUSIN.

C.M. Six lines.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow.

1. O Christ, what bur-dens bow'd Thy head ! Our load was laid on Thee ;
2. Death and the curse were in our cup— O Christ, 'twas full for Thee !

1. Thou stood-est in the sin-ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me.
2. But Thou hast drain'd the last dark drop— 'Tis emp-ty now for me.

1. A Vic-tim led, Thy blood was shed ; Now there's no load for me.
2. That bit-ter cup—love drank it up ; Now bless-ings' draught for me.

3. Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee !
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God ;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed ;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4. The tempest's awful voice was heard,
O Christ, it broke on Thee !
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me,
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred ;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5. Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee !
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake ;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make ;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6. For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee ;
Thou'rt risen : my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me !

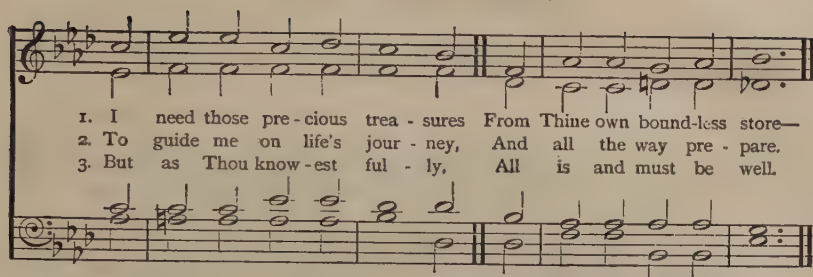
No. 567. 3 need Thee, blessed Jesus.

V. M. HEMSLEY.

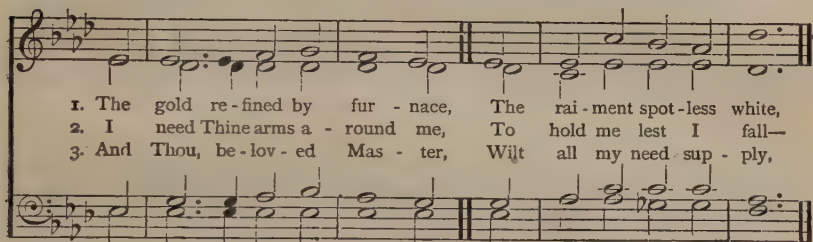
NEED. 7.6.7.6. D.

VIOLET M. HEMSLEY.

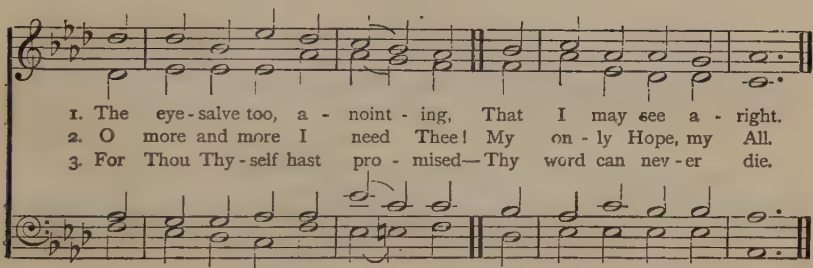
1. I need Thee, bless-ed Je-sus, For I am ve-ry poor ;
2. I need Thee, lov-ing Shep-herd, I need Thy con-stant care,
3. How much I need Thee, Sa-viour, No words of mine can tell,



1. I need those pre-cious trea-sures From Thine own bound-less store—
 2. To guide me on life's jour-ney, And all the way pre-pare.
 3. But as Thou know-est ful-ly, All is and must be well.



1. The gold re-fined by fur-nace, The rai-ment spot-less white,
 2. I need Thine arms a-round me, To hold me lest I fall—
 3. And Thou, be-lov-ed Mas-ter, Wilt all my need sup-ply,



1. The eye-salve too, a-noint-ing, That I may see a-right.
 2. O more and more I need Thee! My on-ly Hope, my All.
 3. For Thou Thy-self hast pro-mised—Thy word can nev-er die,

No. 568. 3 need Thee, precious Jesus!

1. I NEED Thee, precious Jesus!
 For I am full of sin;
 My soul is dark and guilty,
 My heart is dead within:
 I need the cleansing fountain,
 Where I can always flee:
 The blood of Christ most precious,
 The sinner's perfect plea.
2. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 For I am very poor;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store:
 I need the love of Jesus,
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.
3. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 I need a friend like Thee;
 A friend to soothe and comfort,
 A friend to care for me:

- I need the heart of Jesus,
 To feel each anxious care,
 To bear my every burden,
 And all my sorrow share.
4. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 I need Thee day by day,
 To fill me with Thy fulness,
 To lead me on my way;
 I need Thy Holy Spirit,
 To teach me what I am—
 To show me more of Jesus,
 To point me to the Lamb.
5. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 And hope to see Thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on Thy throne;
 There, with Thy blood-bought people,
 My joy shall ever be
 To praise Thee, precious Jesus!
 To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

Rev. F. Whitfield.

No. 569.

Is it there?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright. 8.7.8.7., with Refrain.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the book which Thou art keep - ing, In Thy book of life so fair,
 2. Light - er far the dai - ly tri - als That my wea - ry heart must bear,
 3. Tho' I oft have fail'd in du - ty, Yet my faith still clings to Thee;

1. Tell me, O my Sa - viour, tell me, Is my name re - cord - ed there?
 2. Light - er far my toil and la - bour, If I knew my name was there.
 3. When Thou mak - est up Thy jew - els, Will my name re - member'd be?

REFRAIN.

1, 2, 3. Is it there? Is it there In Thy Book of Life so fair?
 4, 5. Yes, 'tis there, Yes, 'tis there, In Thy Book of Life so fair;
 Is it there? Is it there? In Thy Book

1, 2, 3. Tell me, O my Sa - viour, tell me, Is my name re - cord - ed there?
 4, 5. I be - lieve, O bless - ed Sa - viour, That my name is writ - ten there.
 Tell me, O my Is my name

4. Let me hear Thy loving Spirit
 Softly whisper, "All is well";
 That my name in light is shining,
 Where I soon with Thee shall dwell.

5. When from earth my thoughts are roaming,
 To the heav'nly mansions fair,
 Let me feel the sweet assurance
 That my humble name is there.

No. 570.

Jesus saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

7.6.7.6.7.7.6.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

1. Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

1. Bear the news to ev - 'ry land; Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
2. Sing, ye is - lands of the sea! E - cho back, ye o - cean caves!

1. On - ward! 'tis our Lord's com-mand— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

3. Sing above the battle's strife,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
By His death and endless life,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves—
Sing, in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

4. Give the winds a mighty voice,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves!
This our song of victory:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

No. 571. Who can the strength afford?

REV. HENRY MOULE.

DAY OF PRAISE. S.M.

DR. CHARLES STEGGALL.
By per. from "Book of Praise."

1. Who can the strength af - ford The help - less soul to aid?
 2. My soul on Him re - lies, In Him my spi - rit lives;
 3. My heart is fixed a - bove, In Him I rest se - cure;

1. 'Tis He a - lone, th' Al-migh - ty Lord, By whom the heav'ns were made.
 2. He hears His ser - vant when he cries, And time - ly suc - cour gives.
 3. My pil - grim feet shall ne'er re - move; His guid - ing care is sure.

4. His never-slumbering eye
 My onward course attends;
 His powerful presence, always nigh,
 From all my foes defends.

5. He saves my soul from doubt,
 From terror, grief, and sin;
 His love preserves my going out
 And hails my entering in!

No. 572. Not in the deep contrition.

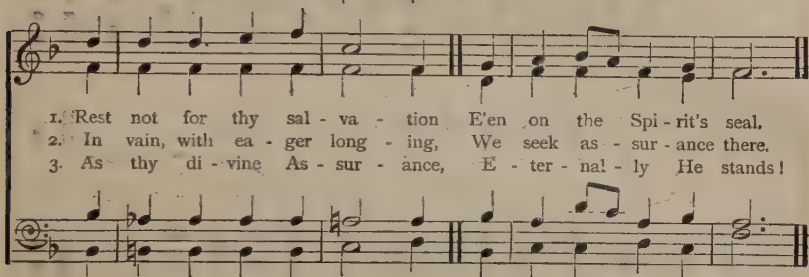
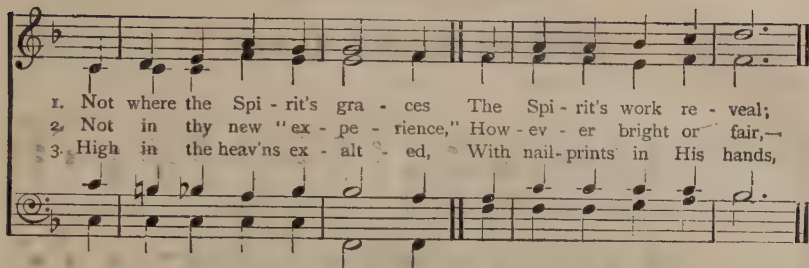
LUCY A. BENNETT.

GOLDEN CITY. 7.6.7.6. D.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. Not in the deep con - tri - tion Of thy re - pent - ant soul;
 2. Not in the changed af - fec - tions Of thy re - gen 'rate heart;
 3. Up - lift thine eyes to Je - sus, When wea - ry in the quest!

1. Not in thy tear - ful plead - ing—"Lord Je - sus, make me whole."
 2. Not in the hap - piest "feel - ings" Which ho - liest thoughts im - part;
 3. Up - lift thine eyes to Je - sus, And faith shall be at rest.



4. The very crown of glory,
 Which wreathes His kingly brow,
 Declares thy guilt atoned for,
 And peace thy portion now.
 Thy sins are gone for ever,
 "He liveth who was dead,"—
 That Blessèd One, our "Surety,"
 Who suffered in our stead.

5. Peace to each troubled conscience!
 Redemption's work is done!
 Jehovah gave "assurance"
 By raising up His Son!
 Now, free from condemnation,
 Free from the law's great claim,
 Give glory everlasting
 To His beloved Name!

No. 573. teach me what it meaneth.

1. O TEACH me what it meaneth—
 That Cross uplifted high,
 With One—the Man of Sorrows—
 Condemned to bleed and die!
 O teach me what it cost Thee
 To make a sinner whole;
 And teach me, Saviour, teach me
 The value of a soul!

2. O teach me what it meaneth—
 That sacred crimson tide—
 The blood and water flowing
 From Thine own wounded side.
 Teach me that if none other
 Had sinned, but I alone,
 Yet still, Thy Blood, O Jesus,
 Thine only, must atone.

3. O teach me what it meaneth—
 Thy love beyond compare,
 The love that reacheth deeper
 Than depths of self-despair!
 Yea, teach me, till there gloweth
 In this cold heart of mine
 Some feeble, pale reflection
 Of that pure love of Thine.

4. O teach me what it meaneth,
 For I am full of sin;
 And grace alone can reach me,
 And love alone can win.
 O teach me, for I need Thee—
 I have no hope beside,—
 The chief of all the sinners
 For whom the Saviour died!

5. O teach me what it meaneth,
 The "rest" which Thou dost give
 To all the "heavy-laden"
 Who look to Thee and live.
 Because I am a rebel
 Thy pardon I receive:
 Because Thou dost command me,
 I can, I do believe!

6. O infinite Redeemer!
 I bring no other plea,
 Because Thou dost invite me
 I cast myself on Thee.
 Because Thou dost accept me
 I love and I adore;
 Because Thy love constraineth,
 I'll praise Thee evermore!

Lucy A. Bennett

No. 574. "Home! Light! Home!"

MRS. ANNA SHIPTON (altered).

P.M.

1. "Home! Light! Home!" The light of a cloud-less day; It breaks o'er the

ci - ty whose Build - er is God, and nev - er shall fade a - way: Nor

sun, nor moon, nor stars, o'er the man-sion of rest may reign, For the

Lamb is the Light of that gold - en land—the Light is the Lamb once slain.

2. "Home! Light! Home!" with the Friend that can never change,
'Midst the boundless stores of a Saviour's love unfettered and free to range;
They wait for Him there on high, who watched for Him here before;
And the song of praise on their joyful lips shall falter in death no more.
3. "Home! Light! Home!" A home 'mid the ransomed band;
Drinking of fountains that never fail, led by a Saviour's hand;
Never to hunger or thirst, never to faint or fear;
Only to live in the light of His smile who guided their footsteps here.
4. "Home! Light! Home!" Do you look to a Father's home?
Do you point to the light that has gladdened *your* path, and cry to the wanderer "Come"?
Do you dwell on a Saviour's truth? Do you yearn o'er the blind man's night?
Go, seek ye the souls that are sinking in death, and tell them of Home and Light!

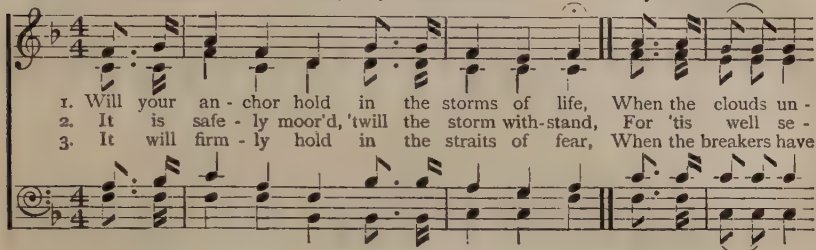
No. 575.

We have an Anchor.

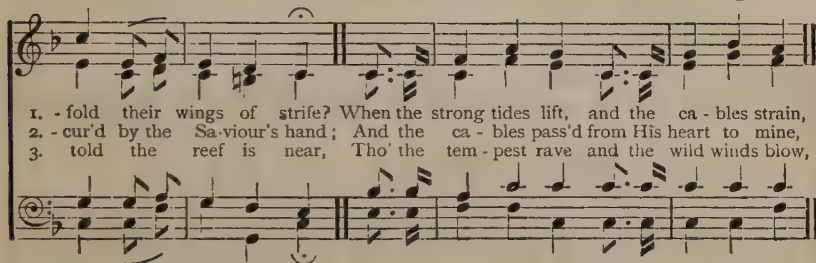
PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

10. 9. 10. 9., with Refrain.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

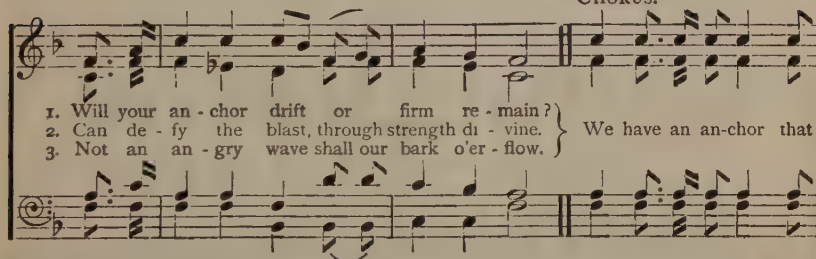


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un -
 2. It is safe - ly moor'd, 'twill the storm with-stand, For 'tis well se -
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have

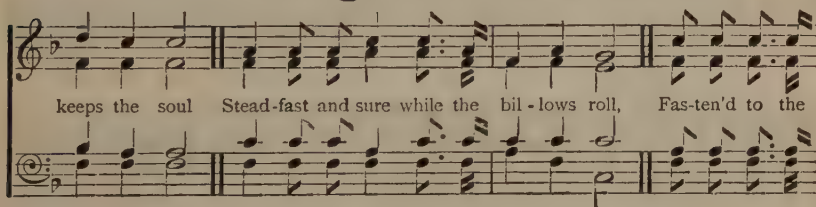


1. - fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
 2. - cur'd by the Sa-viour's hand; And the ca - bles pass'd from His heart to mine,
 3. told the reef is near, Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow,

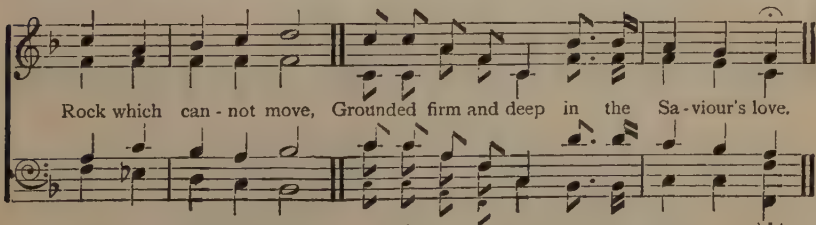
CHORUS.



1. Will your an - chor drift or firm re - main?
 2. Can de - fy the blast, through strength di - vine.
 3. Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow. } We have an an-chor that



keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fas-ten'd to the



Rock which can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sa - viour's love.

4.

It will surely hold in the floods of death,
 When the waters cold chill our latest breath;
 On the rising tide it can never fail,
 While our hopes abide within the veil.

5.

When our eyes behold, through the glaring
 The city of gold, our harbour bright, [night,
 We shall anchor fast by the heavenly shore,
 With the storms all past for evermore.

No. 576. When the Clouds are Black.

J. J. BLUNDELL.

ST. ANDREW'S, CHELTENHAM. 8.7.8.7. D.

M. L. STOCKS.

1. When the clouds are black a - round you, When the storm-y winds do blow,
2. For in due time, if ye faint not, Ye shall reap what now ye sow;

1. Let this bless-ed pro-mise cheer you: "In the cloud I set My bow."
2. Sheaves of gold-en grain bear wit-ness, In the cloud was set the bow:

1. When dis - couragements dis - heart-en, When the heart is faint and low,
2. If life's bat-tle press-es sore - ly, Fierce and pow'r-ful be the foe,

1. Lis - ten! wea-ry, drooping spi - rit: "In this cloud I set My bow."
2. Heark-en to His voice still say-ing, "In the cloud I set My bow."

3. For in faith's whole armour clothéd,
Victory's certain—this we know;
We shall prove through fiercest conflict
In the cloud was set the bow:
When we come to death's dark valley,
Through in triumph we shall go;
For He says, who never leaves us:
"In this cloud I set My bow."

4. Blesséd promise! sure and precious,
Lighting darkness, conquering foe;
Praise we Thee, that not in sunshine,
But in cloud is set the bow:
Then as round His throne we gather,
All life's mysteries we shall know;
Comprehend why in the darkness
Of the cloud He set His bow.

No. 577. It is Well with my Soul!

P. M., with Refrain.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

By per. The John Church Company.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend-eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come; Let this blest as -

1. sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot Thou hast taught me to say,
2. - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,

REFRAIN.

1. "It is well, it is well with my soul!" } It is well.....
2. And hath shed His own blood for my soul. } It is

..... with my soul!..... It is well, it is well with my soul!
well with my soul!

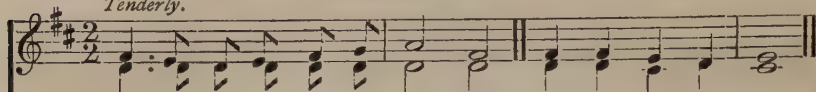
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His Cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
4. For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;—
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

No. 578. Precious, Precious Blood of Jesus.

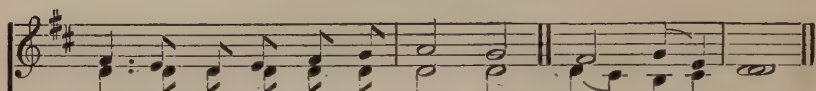
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
Tenderly.

8.5.8.3., with Refrain.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

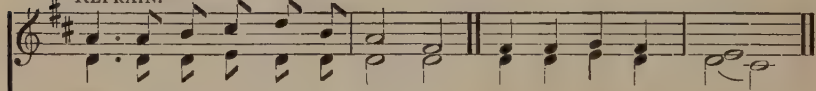


1. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry;
 2. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Let it make thee whole;
 3. Though thy sins are red like crim - son, Deep in scar - let glow,

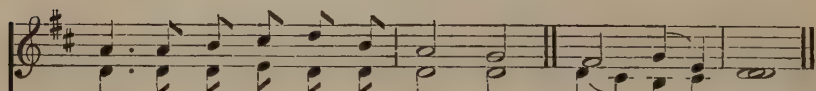


1. Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for thee!
 2. Let it flow in migh - ty cleans - ing O'er thy soul.
 3. Je - su's pre - cious blood shall wash thee White as snow.

REFRAIN.



Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free;



Oh, be - lieve it; oh, re - ceive it, 'Tis for thee.

4. Precious blood that hath redeemed us!
 All the price is paid!
 Perfect pardon now is offered,
 Peace is made.

5. Now the holiest with boldness
 We may enter in;
 For the open fountain cleanseth
 From all sin.

6. Precious blood, by this we conquer
 In the fiercest fight,
 Sin and Satan overcoming
 By its might.

7. Precious blood whose full atonement
 Makes us nigh to God!
 Precious blood, our way of glory,
 Praise and laud.

No. 579.

The knows it All.

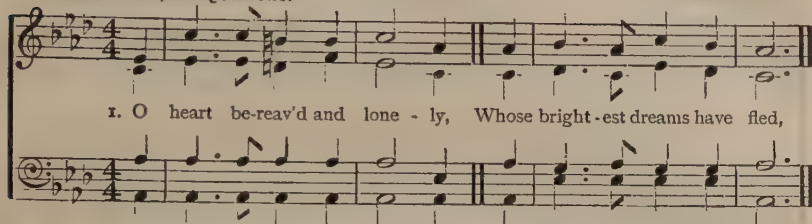
FANNY J. CROSBY.

SOLO, DUET, OR QUARTET.

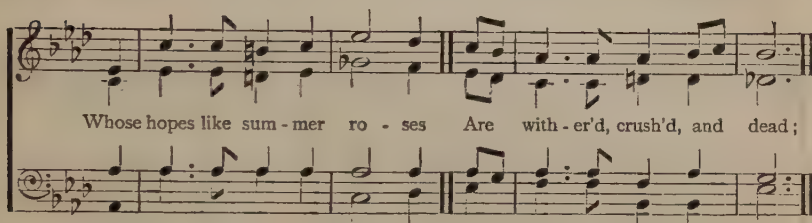
7.6.7.6. D.

Copyright.

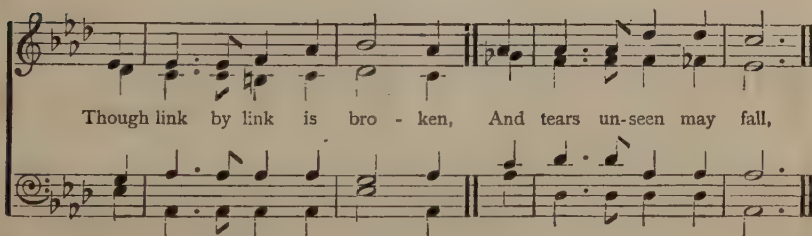
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



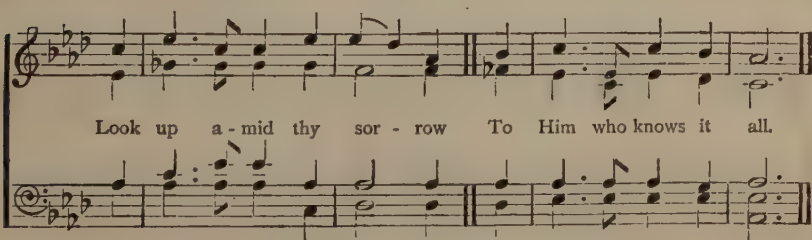
1. O heart be-reav'd and lone - ly, Whose bright - est dreams have fled,



Whose hopes like sum - mer ro - ses Are with - er'd, crush'd, and dead ;



Though link by link is bro - ken, And tears un - seen may fall,



Look up a - mid thy sor - row To Him who knows it all.

2.

O cling to thy Redeemer,
Thy Saviour, Brother, Friend ;
Believe and trust His promise
To keep thee to the end :
O watch and wait with patience,
But question not His will ;
His arms of love and mercy
Are round about thee still.

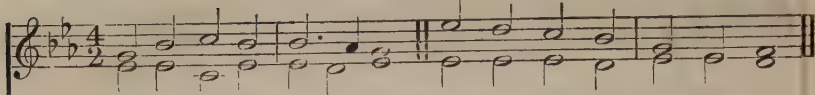
3.

Look up, the clouds are breaking,
The storm will soon be o'er ;
And thou shalt reach the haven
Where sorrows come no more.
Look up, be not discouraged ;
Trust on, whate'er befall ;
Remember, O remember,
Thy Saviour knows it all.

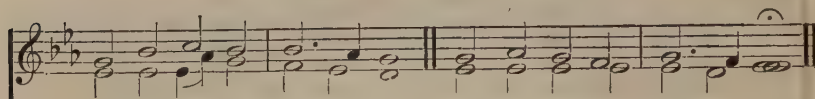
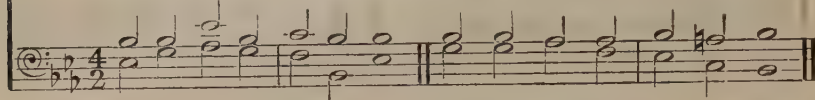
No. 580. Jesu, Lover of my soul.

REV. C. WESLEY.

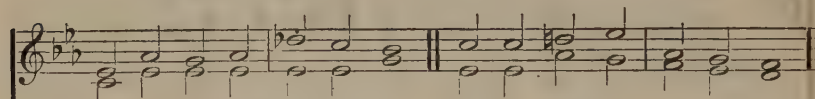
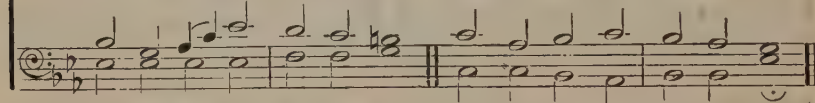
HOLLINGSIDE. 7.7.7.7. D. REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



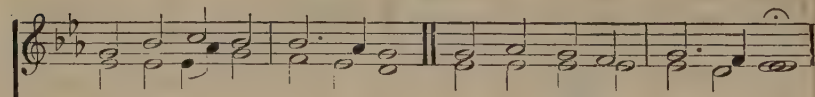
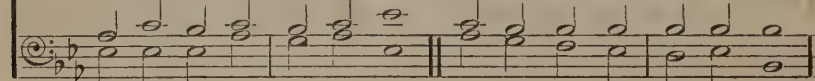
1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. O - ther re - fuge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;



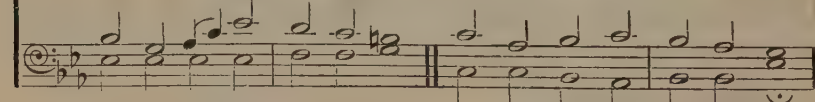
1. While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
2. Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;



1. Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
2. All my trust on Thee is stay'd; All my help from Thee I bring;



1. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
2. Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.



3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found;
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

No. 581. God loved the world of sinners lost.

MRS. STOCKTON.
Moderato.

C. M., with Refrain.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall ;
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God ;
3. Love brings the glo - rious ful - ness in, And to His saints makes known

1. Sal - va - tion full, at. high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
2. Re - demp - tiōn by His death I find, And cleans - ing through the blood.
3. The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.

REFRAIN. *Slow.*

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won - drous love ! The love of God to me ;

It brought my Sa - viour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4. Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.</p> | <p>5. Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing ;
And triumph in their every hour,
Through Christ, the Lord, our King.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 582. Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

A. M. TOPLADY.

PETRA. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

R. REDHEAD.

Quietly.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bour of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;

1. Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy ri - ven side which flowed,
2. Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,

1. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
2. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 583. One there is above all others.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

THIRSK. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

A. J. FOXWELL.

Specially composed for this work.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers Well de - serves the name of Friend :
2. Which of all our friends to save us, Could, or would have shed his blood ?

XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.

1. His is love be - yond a bro - ther's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end :
 2. But the Sa - viour died to have us Re - con - ciled in Him to God :

1. They who once His kind - ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love.
 2. This was boundless love in - deed ! Je - sus is a Friend in need.

3. When He lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was His name ;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same :
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

4. O for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas ! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above :
 But, when home our souls are brought,
 We shall love Thee as we ought.

No. 584. Art thou weary, art thou languid ?

STEPHANOS. 8.5.8.3. REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, tr. J. M. NEALE. By per. from "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
Smoothly.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress ?
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my guide ?
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns ?

1. "Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest !"
 2. "In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side !"
 3. "Yea, a crown, in ve - ry sure - ty, But of thorns !"

4. If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here ?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
 Many a tear !"
 5. If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last ?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
 Jordan past !"

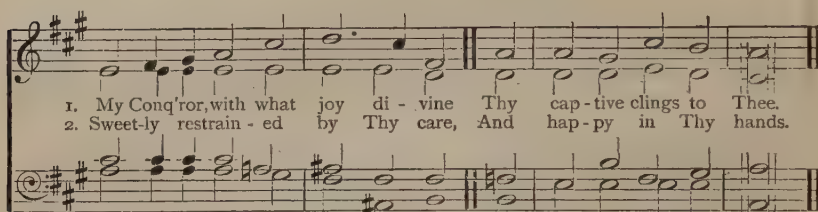
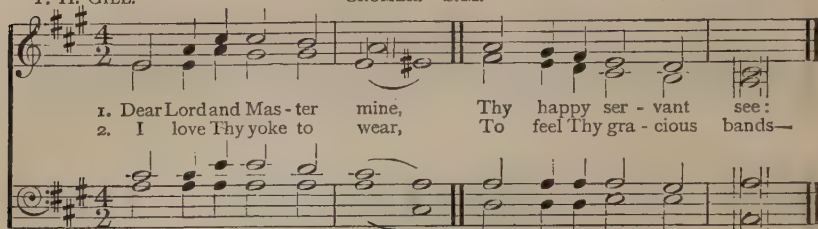
6. If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay ?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away !"
 7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless ?
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, 'Yes !'"

No. 585. Dear Lord and Master mine.

T. H. GILL.

CROMER. S.M.

ARTHUR PAGE.



3. No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind:
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

4. I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

5. The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

6. Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true:
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

No. 586. Not all the blood of beasts.

1. NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4. My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

5. Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. I. Watts.

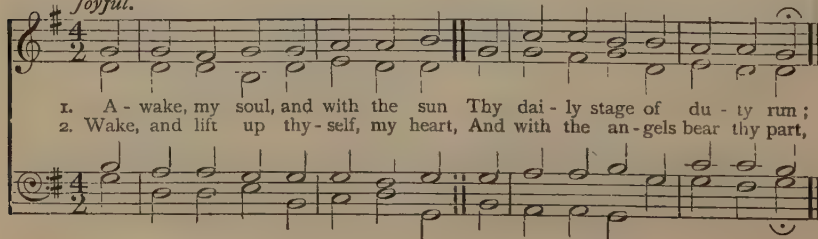
No. 587.

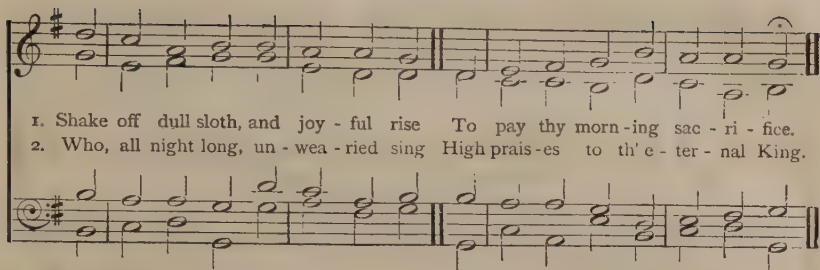
Awake, my soul.

J. KENT.

TALLIS' CANON. L.M.

T. TALLIS.

Joyful.



1. Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
2. Who, all night long, un - wea - ried sing High prais - es to th' e - ter - nal King.

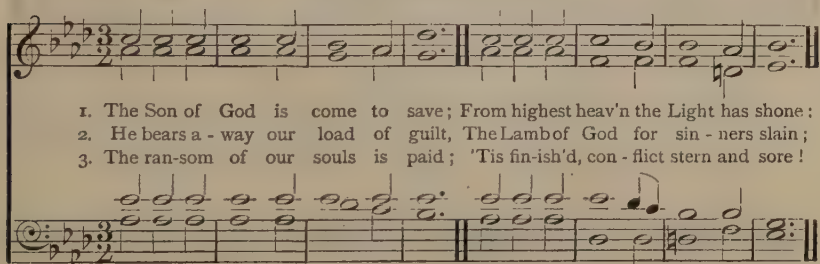
3. May I, like them, in God delight ;
Have all day long my God in sight !
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,
And celebrate His glories still.
4. Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
5. Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
6. Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

No. 588. The Son of God is come to save.

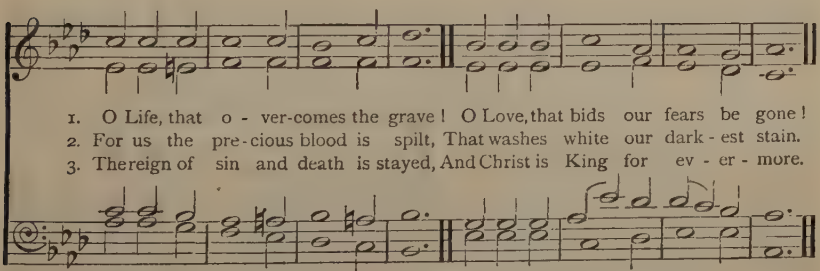
W. J. GOVAN.

PENTECOST. L.M.

REV. W. BOYD.



1. The Son of God is come to save ; From highest heav'n the Light has shone :
2. He bears a - way our load of guilt, The Lamb of God for sin - ners slain ;
3. The ran - som of our souls is paid ; 'Tis fin - ish'd, con - flict stern and sore !



1. O Life, that o - ver - comes the grave ! O Love, that bids our fears be gone !
2. For us the pre - cious blood is spilt, That washes white our dark - est stain.
3. Thereign of sin and death is stayed, And Christ is King for ev - er - more.

4. O Life, that overcomes the grave !
O Love, that bids our fears be gone !
The Son of God is come to save ;
Thro' deepest dark the Light has shone.
5. His grace and love are still the same,
Victorious on the Father's throne ;
And every soul that pleads His name,
He gladly welcomes as His own,
6. None other hope or help have we,
Behold, we come with all our sin ;
O Christ ! from darkening skies we flee,
Thy wounded hand will take us in.
7. O Love, that bids our fears be gone !
O Life, that overcomes the grave !
Within our hearts the Light has shone ;
The Son of God is come to save !

No. 589. There's Peace that passes Telling.

7-7-7-7., with Chorus.

J. W. MAC GILL.

By per. from "Consecrated Melodies."

Highland.

Arr. by C. W. & E. M.

Slowly, and with feeling.

1. There's peace that pass - es tell - ing, When Christ has found a dwell - ing
2. There's joy be - yond all dream - ing, When Christ's kind eyes are gleam - ing

CHO.—There's hope, and peace, and joy now, There's hope, and peace, and joy now,

D. C. for Chorus.

1. In hearts where love is swell - ing, The Christ who *died* for thee.
2. With love up - on thee beam - ing, The Christ who *rose* for thee.

There's hope, and peace, and joy now, In Christ, who died for thee.

3. There's hope, all else excelling,
When Christ, all sin expelling,
Has closed thy mad rebelling,
The Christ who *reigns* for thee.

4. There's bliss beyond all measure,
When Christ His ransomed treasure
Shall call to glory's pleasure,
The Christ who *welcomes* thee.

No. 590.

Only Trust Him.

REV. J. H. S.

C.M., with Refrain.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

Joyfully.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op - press'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord;
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;

1. And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
2. Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - eth white as snow.

f CHORUS.

1st time.	2nd time.
On-ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now ; He will save you, He will save you,	He will save you now.

3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest ;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4. Come then, and join the holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 591. When this Passing World is Done.

REV. R. M. MCCHEYNE.

DEBTOR. 7-7-7-7-7-7.

G. A. DAVIES.

1. When this pass - ing world is done, When has sunk yon glo - rious sun,
2. When I stand be - fore the throne Dress'd in beau ty not my own,
3. E'en on earth, as through a glass, Dark - ly, let Thy glo - ry pass ;

1. When we stand with Christ on high, Look - ing o'er life's his - to - ry ;
2. When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with un - sin - ning heart ;
3. Make for - give-ness feel so sweet ; Make Thy Spi-rit's help so meet :

1. Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know— Not till then—how much I owe.
2. Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know— Not till then—how much I owe.
3. E'en on earth, Lord, make me know Something of how much I owe.

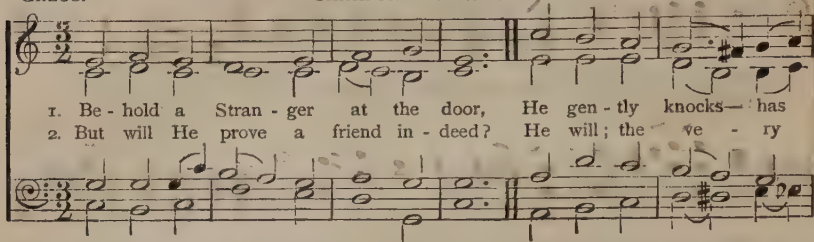
May also be sung to No. 582.

No. 592. Behold a Stranger at the Door.

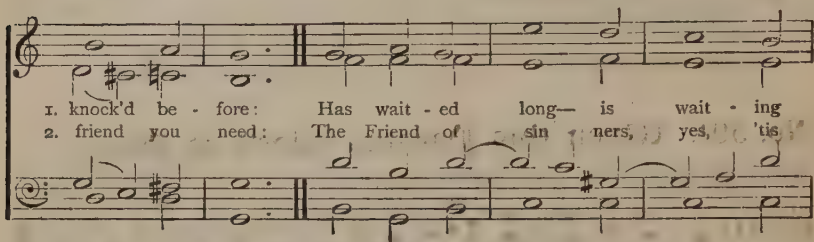
GREGG.

CAHIR ABBEY. L.M.

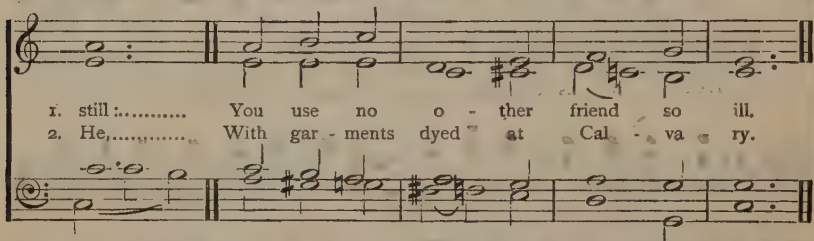
REV. G. C. GRUBE.



1. Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door, He gen - tly knocks— has
2. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will; the ve - ry



1. knock'd be - fore: Has wait - ed long— is wait - ing
2. friend you need: The Friend of sin - ners, yes, 'tis



1. still..... You use no o - ther friend so ill.
2. He..... With gar - ments dyed at Cal - va - ry.

3. O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

4. Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart, and ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door, denied, you'll stand:

5. Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

6. Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace,
O may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door each willing mind,
And be His empire all mankind.

No. 593. They Crucified Him.

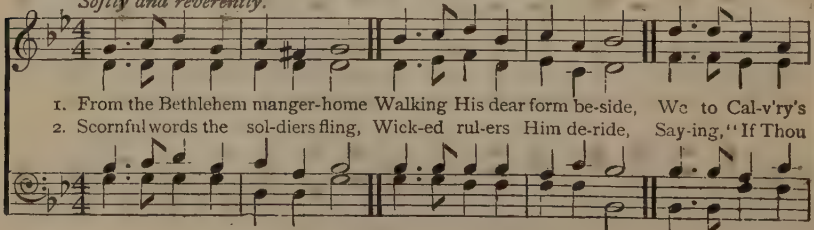
P.M.

By permission of The John Church Company.

MRS. M. B. SLADE (ver. 4, L. A. B.).

GEO. F. ROOT.

Softly and reverently.



1. From the Bethlehem manger-home Walking His dear form be-side, We to Cal-v'ry's
2. Scornful words the sol-diers fling, Wick-ed rul-ers Him de-ride, Say-ing, "If Thou

XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.

CHORUS.

1. mount have come, Where our Lord was cru - ci - fied. Sweet tones of love come down the
 2. be the King, Save Thyself, Thou Cru-ci - fied." Sweet words of love come down the

1. a - ges through! "Fa - ther, for - give! they know not what they do."
 2. a - ges through! "Fa - ther, for - give! they know not what they do."

3. Wondrous love for sinful men,
 Of the Sinless One that died!
 May we wound Thee not again,
 Thou, O Christ, the Crucified!
 Sweet words of love, etc.

4. Keep us by Thy mighty hand
 Till we cross the swelling tide;
 Till we reach the golden land
 Whose fair King was crucified.
 Sweet tones of love, etc.

No. 594.

Look to Jesus.

CANON W. HAY AITKEN.
Grave.

CAPERNAUM. 7.7.7.7.

R. REDHEAD.

1. Look, to Je - sus, and be saved, See Him hang-ing on the tree;
 2. Look, till thou canst see thy sin In His bo - dy cru - ci - fied;
 3. Look, and see the judg-ment fall On that guilt-less, guilt-bow'd head;

1. Guil-ty art thou and en-slav'd, But He bears thy guilt for thee.
 2. All the lusts that lurk'd with - in, All thy wil - ful - ness and pride.
 3. He is made our sin: for all One hath died, and all are dead.

4. Look to Jesus, look and live,
 He has died thy death for thee;
 Look, and trust, and love, and give
 All thou art His prize to be.

5. Look with awe, till wondering love
 Melts thy heart and dims thine eyes,
 And, with prostrate saints above,
 Rapt in praise thy spirit lies.

No. 595. Are you Washed in the Blood?

REV. E. A. H.

P.M.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Sa-viour's side? Are you wash'd in the

1. blood of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you
2. blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru-ci-fied? Are you

CHORUS.

1. wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? } Are you wash'd..... in the blood—
2. wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? } Are you wash'd in the blood—

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?..... Are your gar-ments spotless?
of the Lamb?

Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white—
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean;
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

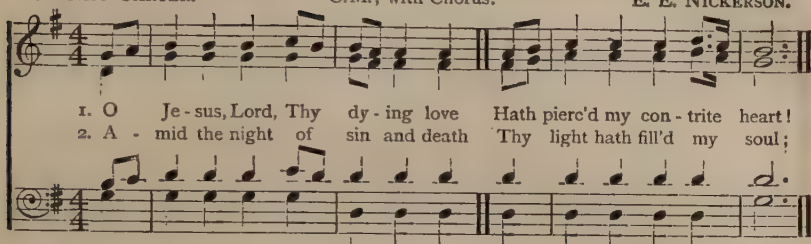
No. 596.

At the Cross!

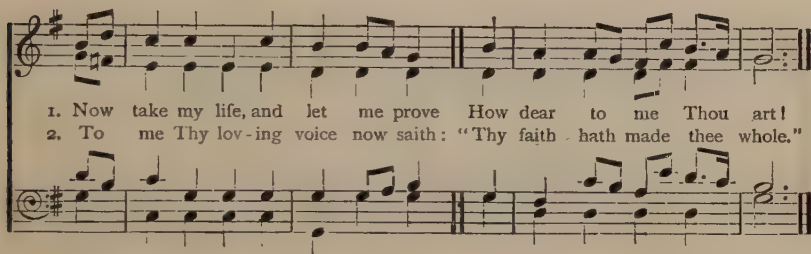
R. KELSO CARTER.

C.M., with Chorus.

E. E. NICKERSON.

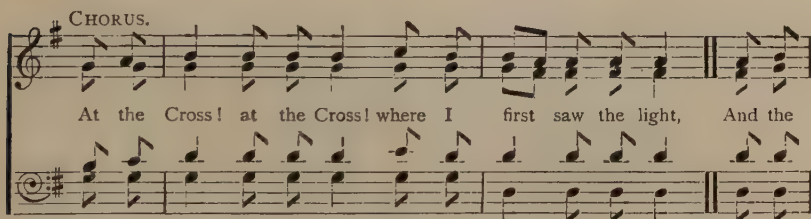


1. O Je-sus, Lord, Thy dy-ing love Hath pier'd my con-trite heart!
2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath fill'd my soul;

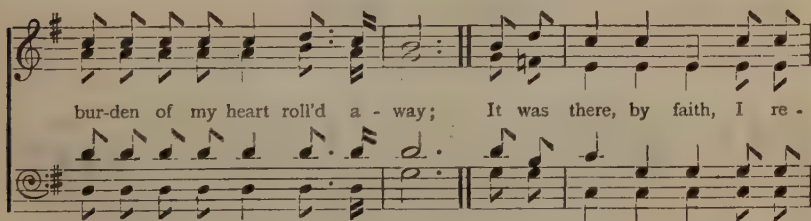


1. Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me Thou art!
2. To me Thy lov-ing voice now saith: "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

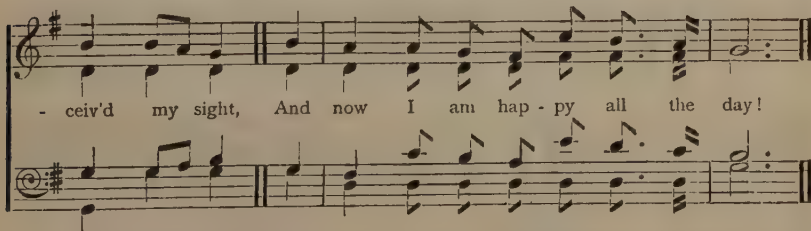
CHORUS.



At the Cross! at the Cross! where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart roll'd a - way; It was there, by faith, I re -



- ceiv'd my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!

3. I kiss Thy feet, I clasp Thy hand,
I touch Thy bleeding side;
Oh, let me here for ever stand,
Where Thou wast crucified.

4. My Lord, my Light, my Strength, my All,
I count my gain but loss!
For ever let Thy love enchain,
And keep me at the Cross!

No. 597.

We may not Climb.

J. G. WHITTIER.

EAGLEY, C.M.

J. WALCH.

1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down ;
2. But to the con - trite spi - rit yet A pres - ent help is He ;

1. In vain we search the low - est deeps For Him who fills heav'n's throne.
2. And faith has yet its O - li - vet, And love its Ga - li - lee.

3. The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4. Through Him the first fond prayers are
Our lips of childhood frame ; [said,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

5. O Lord and Saviour of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
And form our lives by Thine.

6. We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

No. 598.

Never Alone.

P.M.

E. E. HEWITT.

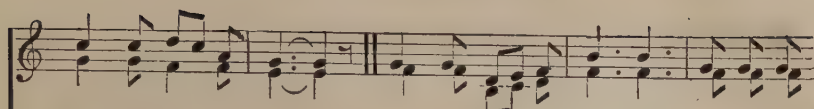
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C. F. O. (arr. by W. J. K.).

1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Bless-ed gold-en ray, Like a star of

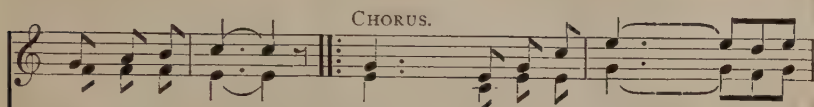
glo - ry, Light-ing up my way! Through the clouds of mid - night,

XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.

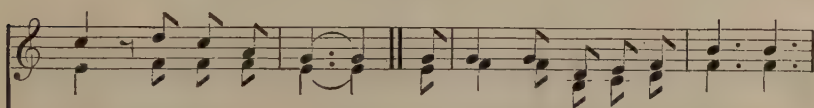


This bright pro-mise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee, Nev-er will

CHORUS.

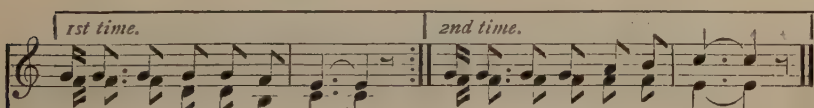


leave thee a - lone." No, nev-er a - lone,.....
Nev-er a-lone, nev-er a-lone,



No, nev-er a - lone; He pro-mis'd nev-er to leave me,

1st time. *2nd time.*



Nev-er to leave me a - lone. Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

2. Roses fade around me,
Lilies bloom and die,
Earthly sunbeams vanish—
Radiant still the sky!
Jesus, Rose of Sharon,
Blooming for His own,
Jesus, heaven's sunshine,
Never will leave me alone.

3. Steps unseen before me,
Hidden dangers near;
Nearer still my Saviour,
Whispering, "Be of cheer;"
Joys, like birds of spring-time,
To my heart have flown,
Singing all so sweetly,
"He will not leave me alone."

No. 599.

The Homeland.

REV. H. R. HAWES.

P.M.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.
(By permission of Messrs. Boosey & Co.)

mf

1. The Home-land! the Home-land! The land of the free - born, There's
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair, — There's

p

1. no night in the Home-land, But aye the fade-less morn; I'm sigh-ing for the
2. no sin in the Home-land, And no temp-ta - tion there; The voi - ces of the

cres. *f* *dim.*

1. Homeland, My heart is ach-ing here, There's no pain in the Home-land, To
2. Homeland Are ring-ing in my ears, And when I think of the Home-land, My

D.C. for Ver. 2. VERSE 3. *p*

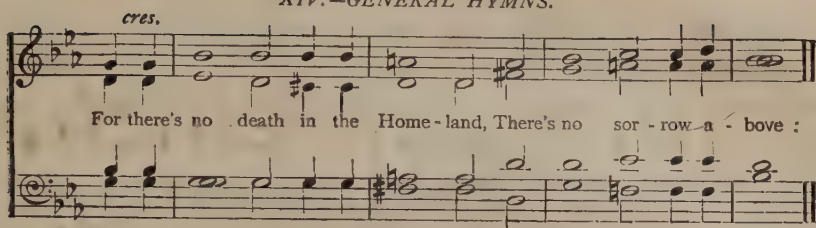
1. which I'm drawing near,
2. eyes gush out with tears. 3. For those I love in the Homeland Are call-ing me a -

cres. *dim.*

- - way, To the rest and peace of the Homeland, And the life be-yond de - cay.

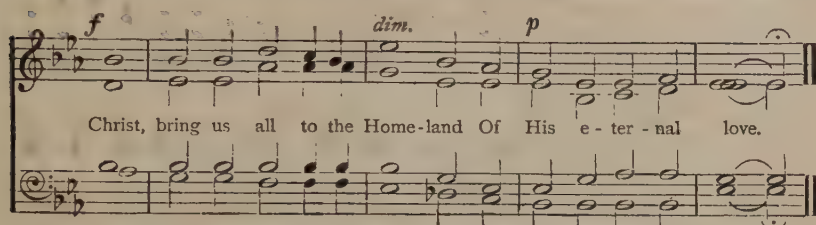
XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.

cres.



For there's no death in the Home-land, There's no sor-row-a-bove :

f *dim.* *p*



Christ, bring us all to the Home-land Of His e-ter-nal love.

No. 600. Pass me not, O Gentle Saviour.

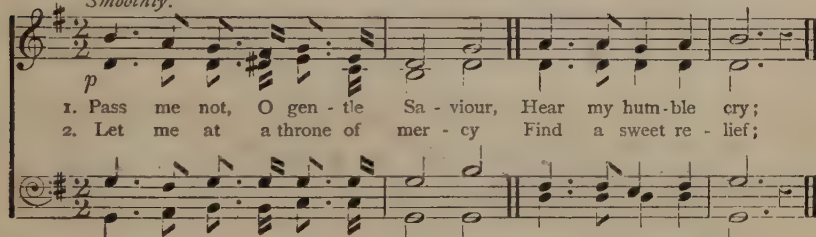
FANNY J. CROSBY.

8.5.8.5., with Chorus.

W. H. DOANE.

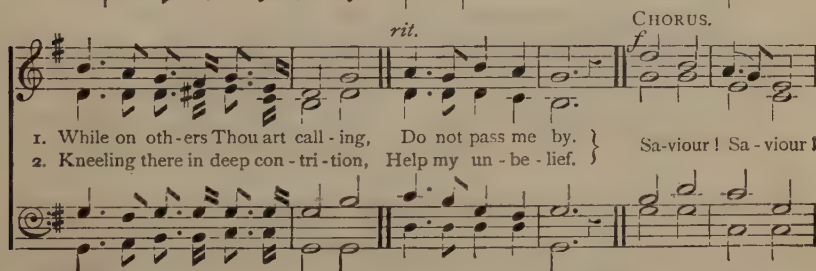
Smoothly.

p



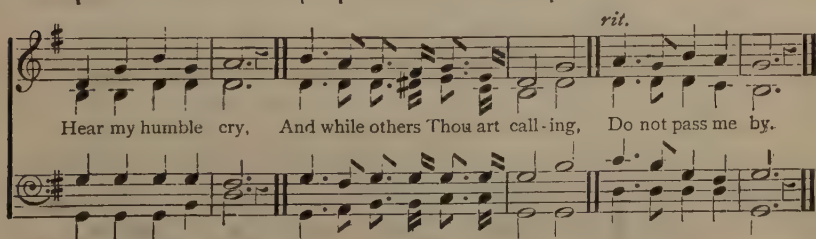
1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sa-viour, Hear my hum-ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;

rit. *f* CHORUS.



1. While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by. } Sa-viour! Sa-viour!
2. Kneeling there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. }

rit.



Hear my humble cry, And while others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

3. Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4. Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

No. 601.

Oh, how He Loves!

MARIANNE NUNN.

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

H. P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all o thers, Oh, how He loves! His is love be - yond a brother's,
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think oh, think, how much we owe Him,

1. Oh, how He loves! Earth - ly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the
2. Oh, how He loves! With His pre - cious blood He bought us, In the wil - der -

1. next day grieve us; But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us: Oh, how He loves!
2. - ness He sought us, To His fold He safe - ly brought us; Oh, how He loves!

3. Blessèd Jesus! would you know Him—
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow:
Oh, how He loves!

4. All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you:
Oh, how He loves!

No. 602.

Let me Love Thee.

8.7.8.7. D., with Chorus.

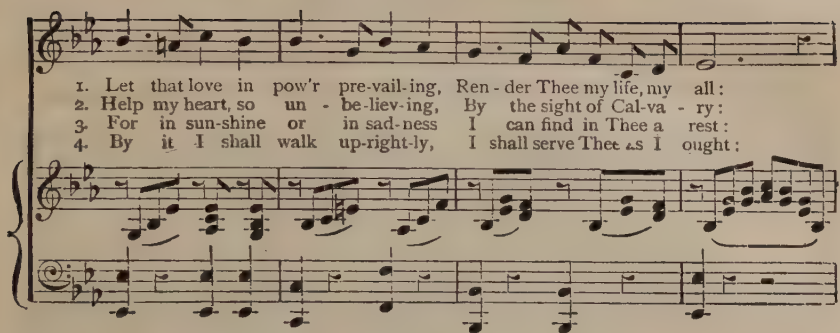
H. H. BOOTH. By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

H. H. B.

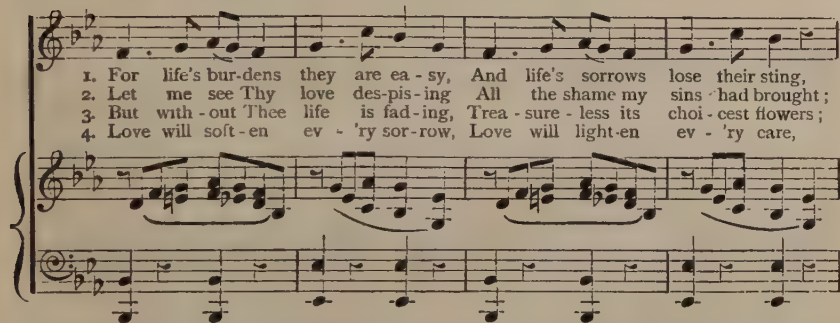
Andante con espress.

1. Let me love Thee, Thou art claiming - Ev - 'ry feel - ing of my soul;
2. Let me love Thee, come re - veal - ing All Thy love has done for me;
3. Let me love Thee, I am gladdest When I'm lov - ing Thee, the best;
4. Let me love Thee, love is migh - ty, Sway - ing realms of deed and thought;

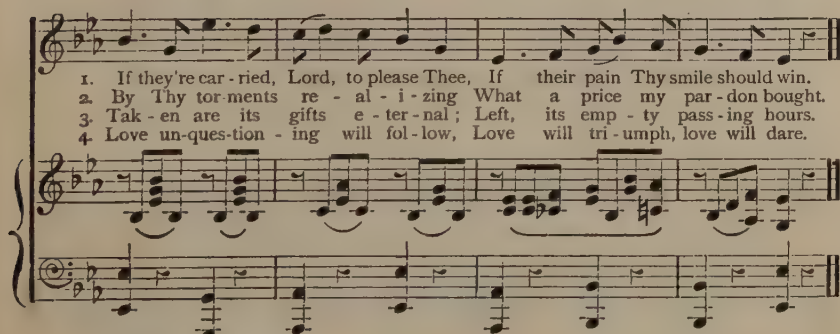
XIV.—GENERAL HYMNS.



1. Let that love in pow'r pre-vail-ing, Ren - der Thee my life, my all :
 2. Help my heart, so un - be-liev-ing, By the sight of Cal - va - ry :
 3. For in sun-shine or in sad-ness I can find in Thee a rest :
 4. By it I shall walk up-right-ly, I shall serve Thee as I ought :

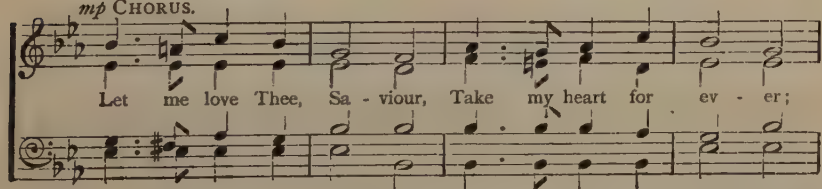


1. For life's bur-dens they are ea - sy, And life's sorrows lose their sting,
 2. Let me see Thy love des-pis-ing All the shame my sins 'had brought ;
 3. But with - out Thee life is fad-ing, Treas - ure - less its choi - cest flowers ;
 4. Love will soft-en ev - 'ry sor-row, Love will light-en ev - 'ry care,

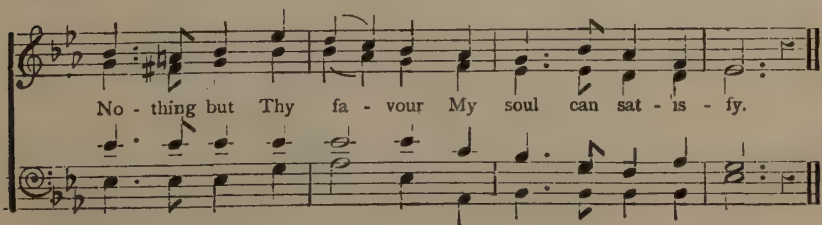


1. If they're car - ried, Lord, to please Thee, If their pain Thy smile should win.
 2. By Thy tor - ments re - al - i - zing What a price my par - don bought.
 3. Tak - en are its gifts e - ter - nal ; Left, its emp - ty pass - ing hours.
 4. Love un - ques - tion - ing will fol - low, Love will tri - umph, love will dare.

mp CHORUS.



Let me love Thee, Sa - viour, Take my heart for ev - er ;



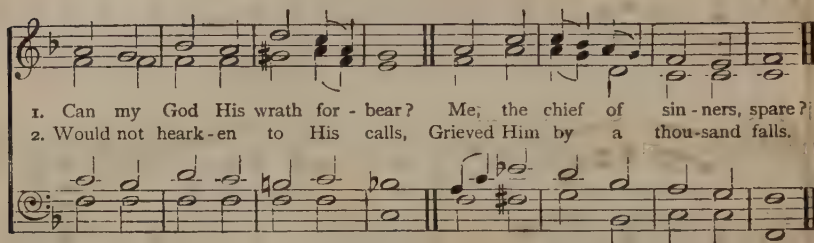
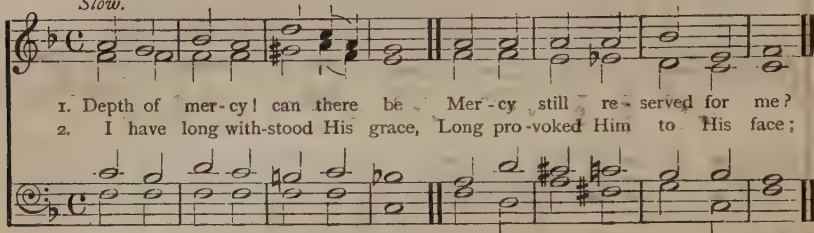
No - thing but Thy fa - vour My soul can sat - is - fy.

No. 603. Depth of Mercy! can there be?

REV. C. WESLEY.

WEBER. 7-7-7-7.

From WEBER.

Slow.

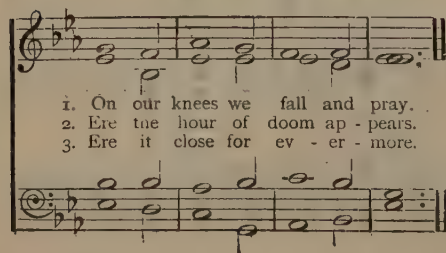
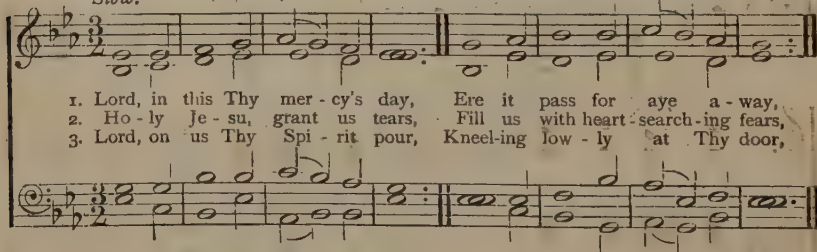
3. Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.
4. There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

5. Jesus, answer from above;
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
6. If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now!

No. 604. Lord, in this, Thy Mercy's Day.

I. WILLIAMS.

ST. PHILIP. 7-7-7.

DR. W. H. MONK.
From "Hymns A. & M." by per.*Slow.*

4. By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die:
5. By Thy tears of bitter wee
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
6. Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

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